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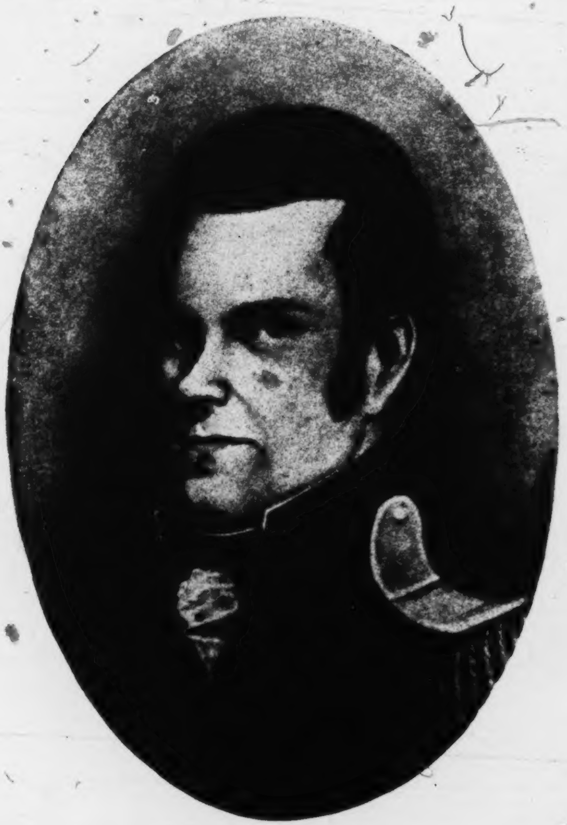

Thomas Forsyth

Redrawn by Miss Martha H. Hoke from portrait
in Stevens' *Black Hawk War.*

THREE YEARS AMONG THE INDIANS AND MEXICANS

By GENERAL THOMAS JAMES

OF MONROE COUNTY, ILLINOIS

Edited, with notes and biographical sketches, by

WALTER B. DOUGLAS

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PREFACE.

Amongst records of personal adventure this book of General James' will hold an assured place. The strange and romantic events which it relates, and the showing it makes of how the Missourians led the way into savage territory, which has become the home of peaceful and prosperous commonwealths, combine to give to it great and abiding interest. The incidents here told, though as far removed from the possibilities of the present day as those of Jason and the Argonauts on their journey for the golden fleece, were of a kind which were not uncommon in the lives of our grandfathers. If the Missourians who went out from home in those days (and there were but few who did not go) to the West, the Northwest and the Southwest, had been skilled in recording their experiences and their observations, they could have made up a body of literature which would have rivalled in interest the collection of Hakluyt. Unfortunately, few of the early Missourians were writers. They mostly combined the qualities of woodsmen and hunters, farmers and fighters, trappers and traders; they were brave and resourceful, living their lives in the manner which they found most inviting without much thought beyond the present. Their training was in the hard school of experience and their limitations, as a rule, were narrow. There are many sources from which glimpses of their lives and adventures may be obtained, but connected narratives like the one here printed are few in number.

For most of the details of the expeditions of which he writes, General James is the sole authority, but some side lights upon them have been found, which are referred to in the notes or printed in the appendix.

The book from which this reprint is made has been in the library of the Missouri Historical Society for six or seven years. During that time careful search has been made for other copies without success. But one was heard of, and that one was sold in Philadelphia in 1912; who is its present possessor has not been learned. The reason for the extreme rarity of the book will be suggested later.

The author, Thomas James, of Welsh descent, was born in Maryland in 1782. His father, Joseph Austin James, and his mother, Elizabeth Hosten, with their family left Maryland in 1803 to look for a new home in the West. They stopped for a time in Kentucky and again in Illinois, reaching Missouri in 1807, where they established themselves near Florissant. At the time when he enlisted for the voyage up the Missouri, Thomas James was about twenty-seven years old. In Chapter III of his book James tells of his employments after his return from the upper Missouri.

After his expedition to the Southwest, he engaged in milling, having bought and rebuilt what was known as Kinney's Mill on a spring branch a short distance southwest of the village of New Design in Monroe County, Illinois. The place was for a time known as James' Mills and later as Monroe City. In 1825 he was elected a general in the Illinois militia, and about the same time to membership in the Illinois legislature, in which he served during the years 1826-1828. In 1827 he was appointed postmaster at James' Mills, which position he held for many years. In the Black Hawk war he served as a Major, having under his command a "spy battalion," composed of three companies, led respectively by Captains Daniel Price and Peter Warren of Shelby County and Thomas Harrison of Monroe. In orders signed by Albert Sidney Johnston he is designated as Colonel James, from which it may be inferred that he held an independent command. At the close of the war he returned to his former employments, and died at Monroe City in December, 1847.

The literary quality of James' book is of a higher grade than would be expected in the production of a man whose opportunities for school training were as scanty as his. The recognition of this fact prompted a letter of inquiry to Dr. John Francis Snyder, whose active brain is a storehouse of information as to the history of southern Illinois, and of southern Missouri as well, and from his reply the following is quoted: "Though I saw General Thomas James on several occasions, and remember him well, I know nothing of his history or personality. He was quite an ordinary looking man, six feet tall, muscular, and of the pioneer or coon hunter type. But I do know something of his book. It was written in Belleville from his dictation by Judge, or Colonel, Nathaniel Niles. Niles was a New Yorker who came to Belleville in 1839 or 1840, a young penniless lawyer. For a while he taught school. I was one of his pupils about the time that he acted as amanuensis for General James. Niles in time married and raised a family; he was a captain in Bissell's regiment at Buena Vista in 1847, and was elected to the legislature, then County Judge, and was colonel of the Fiftieth (I think) regiment of Illinois volunteers in the Civil war. He died at Belleville about six years ago. The book had barely been issued from the press when it was severely attacked by several newspapers—and I think the old Missouri Republican was one of them. Niles immediately suppressed it, gathered all the copies he could secure and destroyed them. For a long time it was a delicate subject to mention to him, but in later years when it *was* mentioned, he did not swear so much but regarded it as a good joke."

The reason for the suppression of the book is not far to seek. General James was evidently a man of bitter prejudices and an unbridled tongue. His statements regarding the gentlemen connected with the Fur Company and regarding Colonel Glenn, even had they been true, were, to say the least, ill advised. But the Chouteaus, Lisa, Labbadie and the others composing the Fur Company were men of high character, ranking among the best citizens of St. Louis, concerning whom James' accusations were entitled to and could obtain no credence whatsoever. Colonel Glenn is not so well known, but the mention made of him by others is always in terms of respect; the charges here made against him should be considered as introduced for dramatic effect only. And the Missionaries, whom James pictures as such undesirable citizens, are, in default of other evidence, entitled at the least to a suspension of judgment. Colonel Glenn was dead when the book was published, but in St. Louis there were many persons who would have been quick to resent such statements as James there made about their kinsmen, and it is not surprising that the book was promptly withdrawn from circulation.

Whether or not these statements should preclude the reprinting of the book, even at this late date, has been much debated, but it has been decided that the lapse of years has deprived James' ill-natured accusations of all power to offend; and that the merits of the book are such as ensure its vitality.

James' attitude towards the Indians, from whom he suffered so much, is in surprising contrast to that which he takes towards the whites. Of the latter, John McKnight is the only one of whom he speaks in terms of affection.

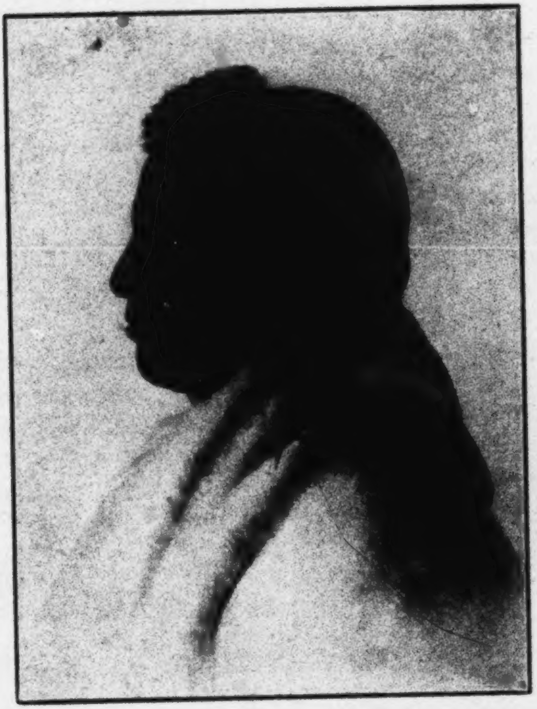
For the Indians, whether he looks upon them as "Chiefs with the dignity of Real Princes, and the eloquence of real orators, and Braves with the valor of the ancient Spartans," or as "simple children of the mountains and prairies," he shows kindness, liking and admiration. While their faults are not overlooked, they are mostly attributed to the evil influences of the whites.

The Waterloo "War Eagle," at the office of which James' book was printed, was a weekly newspaper, edited, published and most likely printed by Elam Rust at Waterloo, Illinois. Rust issued his first newspaper at Waterloo in the spring of 1843 under the name of "The Independent Democrat." In 1845, he changed its name to the "War Eagle," but the Eagle was not long lived, and the publication of the paper ceased about the year 1847.

Grateful acknowledgment and thanks are due to many friends for valuable and kindly suggestions and assistance, and especially to Miss Stella M. Drumm, Librarian of the Missouri Historical Society, whose store of accurate knowledge has been an unfailing resource. To Miss Drumm belongs, also, the credit for the index, which is entirely her work.

W. B. D.

Spot.
Florissant, 23 September, 1916.



SHE-HA-KA.

From McKenney and Hall's
Indian Tribes of North America.

THREE YEARS AMONG

THE

INDIANS AND MEXICANS.

BY GEN. THOMAS JAMES,
OF MONROE COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

WATERLOO, ILL.
PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE "WAR EAGLE."

1846.

CHAPTER ONE

Introduction—Missouri Fur Company—Terms of Engagement With Them—Departure for the Trapping Grounds—Incidents on the Route—The Pork Meeting—Scenery—Cheek, a Western Pioneer—His Affair With the Irishman—A Hunting Excursion—The Rickarees—The Mandans—The Gros-Ventres—The Company's Fort—Cheek and Ried—Friends Between the French and Americans—Violation of Contract by Company—Departure for Upper Missouri—Wintering—Trip Across the Country—Famine and Cold—Scenery on the Yellow Stone—Manuel's Fort—Col. Menard and Manuel Liza—Indian Murders—A Snow Storm In the Mountains—Blindness—Arrival at the Forks of the Missouri—Preparations for Business.

I HAVE often amused myself and friends, by relating stories of my adventures in the West, and am led to believe, by the, perhaps, too partial representations of those friends, that my life in the Prairies and Mountains for three years, is worthy of a record more enduring than their memories. I have passed a year and a half on the head waters of the Missouri and among the gorges of the Rocky Mountains as a hunter and a trapper, and two years among the Spaniards and Camanches. I have suffered much from the inclemency of nature and of man, had many "hair breadth 'scapes" and acquired considerable information illustrative of Indian and Mexican character and customs. By a plain, unvarnished tale of Western life, of perils and of hardships, I hope to amuse the reader who delights in accounts of wild adventure, though found out of the pages of a novel and possessing no attraction but their unadorned truthfulness. I am now on the shady side of sixty, with mind and memory unimpaired. If my reminiscences, as recorded in the following pages, serve to awaken my countrymen of the West and South-west, now thank God, including Texas, to the importance of peaceful and friendly relations with the most powerful tribe of Indians on the continent, the Camanches, I shall not regard the labor of preparing these sheets as bestowed in vain.

In the year 1803, when twenty-two years of age, I emigrated with my father from Kentucky to Illinois. In the spring of 1807 we removed from Illinois to Missouri, which were then, both Territories, and settled in the town of St. Ferdinand,[1] near St. Louis. In the fall of this year,[2] Lewis and Clark returned from Oregon and the Pacific Ocean, whither they had been sent by the administration of Jefferson in the first exploring expedition west of the Rocky Mountains, and their accounts of that wild region, with those of their companions, first excited a spirit of trafficking adventure among the young men of the West. They had brought with them from the Upper Missouri, a Chief named Shehaka,[3] of the Mandan tribe of Indians. This Chief, in company with Lewis and Clark visited the "Great Father" at Washington City, and returned to St. Louis in the following Spring (1807) with Lewis, who, in the mean time had been appointed Governor of Missouri Territory. He sent the Chief Shehaka up the Missouri with an escort of about forty United States troops, under Capt. Prior.[4] On their arrival in the country of the Rickarees,[5] a warlike tribe, next East or this side of the Mandans, they were attacked by the former tribe, and eight or ten soldiers killed. This event so disheartened the rest, that they returned with Shehaka to St. Louis. The Missouri Fur Company had just been formed, and they projected an expedition up the Missouri and to the Rocky Moun-

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[1] St. Ferdinand (San Fernando) is a village about seventeen miles northwestwardly from St. Louis. While its legal name is St. Ferdinand it is known colloquially as Florissant and the post office bears that name. A grant of land at this place was made in 1782 to François Dunnegant *dit* Beaurosier of St. Louis. Col. Auguste Chouteau testified in 1808, "that about the year 1786 Dunnegant was appointed commandant of St. Ferdinand, and continued so from that time until the American Government took place; that from 1782 until Dunnegant was appointed commandant the Indians were troublesome and there were orders for the inhabitants of this country not to settle out of the towns."

The settlement of the village seems to have begun, however, in 1785, and the census of 1787 shows a population of forty-one persons; in 1910 there were seven hundred and sixty-five. There were few of the Florissant creole families of early days who did not send representatives to the far west, where they acquired more or less distinction as "mountain-men," and their names yet survive as place names in the mountain states.

[2] Lewis and Clark on their return arrived at St. Louis, 23 September, 1806. James is consistent in adhering to the date here given in the text, but in other places the liberty has been taken of substituting the correct date.

[3] For sketch of Shehaka, see Appendix.

[4] For sketch of Nathaniel Pryor, see Appendix.

[5] The Rickaree or Arikara village was situated on the right (or north) shore of the Missouri, in a bend where the stream runs nearly westwardly, about six miles above the mouth of the Grand (or We-tar-hoo) river, in what appears on late maps as Corson County, South Dakota. A good account of the Arikaras may be found in Dr. Hodge's *Handbook of American Indians.* When they were first visited by white people they were friendly, but the conduct of the whites engendered in them a bitter and persistent hostility. See Journal of Jean Baptiste Trudeau among the Arikara Indians in 1795. 4 *Missouri Historical Society Collections*, 9.

tains, which was to start in the spring of the following year, 1809. The company consisted of ten partners, among whom was M. Gratiot, Pierre Menard, Sam'l. Morrison, Pierre Chouteau, Manuel Liza, Major Henry, M. L'Abbadeau and Reuben Lewis. Gov. Lewis was also said to have had an interest in the concern.[6] The company contracted with him to convey the Mandan Chief to his tribe, for the sum, as I was informed of $10,000.[7] I enlisted in this expedition, which was raised for trading with the Indians and trapping for beaver on the head waters of the Missouri and Columbia rivers. The whole party, at starting, consisted of 350 men,[8] of whom about one half were Americans and the remainder Canadian Frenchmen and Creoles of Kaskaskia, St. Louis and other places. The French were all veteran *voyageurs*, thoroughly inured to boating and trapping. Manuel Liza, called by the men "Esaw" had enlisted many of them in Detroit for this expedition, and hired them by the year. We Americans

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[6] The partners in the Fur Company were Benjamin Wilkinson, Pierre Chouteau, Manuel Lisa, Auguste P. Chouteau, Reuben Lewis, William Clark, Sylvestre Labbadie, Pierre Menard, William Morrison and Andrew Henry, biographical sketches of whom will be found in the Appendix. The name of Dennis Fitzhugh of Louisville, the third husband of Clark's youngest sister, Fanny, is inserted in the articles of association, but he never became a partner. A copy of the articles is given in the Appendix.

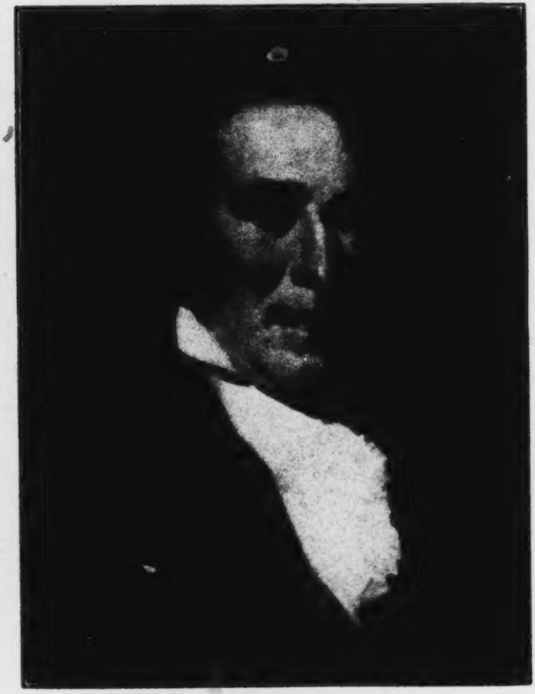
[7] A copy of the contract for the return of Shehaka is given in the Appendix.

[8] The following letter from Lisa gives the number of men and boats:

"Osage River, 24 June, 1809.

Gen. Clark, St. Louis. This is my last moment to write to you and inform you of the situation we found ourselves in at the moment. We are starting with 172 men, nine barges and a canoe. Collins and Cochran have just deserted. My respects to Governor Lewis.

Your humble servant, *Manuel Lisa.*"



Wm Clark

From copy, by Albert Rosenthal, of portrait in Independence Hall, presented to Missouri Historical Society by G. A. Pfeiffer, Esq.

were all private adventurers, each on his own hook, and were led into the enterprise by the promises of the company, who agreed to subsist us to the trapping grounds, we helping to navigate the boats, and on our arrival there they were to furnish us each with a rifle and sufficient ammunition, six good beaver traps and also four men of their hired French, to be under our individual commands for a period of three years. By the terms of the contract[*] each of us was to divide one-fourth of the profits of our joint labor with the four men thus to be appointed to us. How we were deceived and taken in, will be seen in the sequel. The "company" made us the fairest promises in St. Louis, only to break them in the Indian country. Liza, or Esaw, or Manuel as he was variously called, had the principal command. He was a Spaniard or Mexican by birth, and bore a very bad reputation in the country and among the Americans. He had been on the head waters of the Missouri, the year before with a company of about fifty men and had met with great success in catching beaver and trading with the Indians. He had built a Fort, called "Manuel's Fort" at the junction or fork of the Big Horn and Yellow Stone rivers, and left a garrison of hunters in it when he returned in the Spring of this year, and went into the Missouri Fur Company. He was suspected of having invited the Rickarees to attack the Government troops under Capt. Prior, with Shehaka the year before, for the purpose of preventing the traders and trappers who were with the troops from getting into the upper country. Mr. Chouteau and Col. Menard acted jointly with Liza in conducting the expedition. I went as steersman[10] or "captain" of one of the barges, with about twenty-four men, all Americans, under my command. There were thirteen barges and keel boats in all. On my barge I had Doct. Thomas,[11] the surgeon of the company, and Reuben Lewis, brother of Merryweather Lewis, the Governor.

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[*] For copy of James' contract with the company see Appendix.

We started from St. Louis in the month of June, A. D. 1809, and ascended the Missouri by rowing, pushing with poles, *cordeling*, or pulling with ropes, warping, and sailing. My crew were light hearted, jovial men, with no care or anxiety for the future, and little fear of any danger. In the morning we regularly started by day break and stopped generally, late at night. The partners or *bourgoises*, as the French called them, were in the forward barge, with a strong crew of hardy and skillful *voyageurs*, and there Liza and some of his colleagues lorded it over the poor fellows most arrogantly, and made them work as if their lives depended on their getting forward, with the greatest possible speed. They peremptorily required all the boats to stop in company for the night, and our barge being large and heavily loaded, the crew frequently had great difficulty in overtaking them in the evening. We occasionally had races with some of the forward barges, in which my crew of Americans proved themselves equal in a short race to their more experienced French competitors. We thus continued, with nothing of interest occurring till we passed the Platte. Six weeks of hard labor on our part, had been spent, when our allotted provisions gave out and we were compelled to live on boiled corn without salt. At the same time all the other boats were well supplied and the gentlemen proprietors in the leading barge were faring in the most sumptuous and luxurious manner. The French hands were much better treated on all occasions than the Americans. The former were employed for a long period at stated wages and were accustomed to such service and such men as those in command of them, while we were private adventurers for our own benefit, as well as that of the company, who regarded us with suspicion and distrust. Many Americans on the passage up the river, disgusted with the treatment they received, fell off in small companies and went back.[13] At Cote

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[10] "—the steersman or patron is commander of the boat's crew; he is generally the strongest man of the party of which he constitutes himself officer, volunteering to fight any one who offers to supercede him." (1847-8) John Palliser, *The Solitary Hunter*, London, 1856.

"Reuben Lewis commands the boat in which the Americans are together; two men for one oar and they still complain. I am fearful that more will desert and that we will be obliged to leave another boat." Lisa to Clark, 2 July, 1809.

The presence of an owner in a boat did not exclude the authority of the steersman or patroon.

[11] Of Dr. Thomas nothing further is learned except, from the mention in the *Louisiana Gazette* that he returned to St. Louis with Pierre Chouteau, reaching there 20 November, 1809.

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[13] A list of the deserters appears in the Appendix.

Sans Desans,[13] opposite the mouth of the Osage, most of them returned. On reaching the Mandan country we numbered about ten Americans, having started from St. Louis with about one hundred and seventy-five and an equal number of French. After passing the Platte river[14] my crew were worn down with hard labor and bad fare. Their boiled corn without salt or meat, did not sustain them under the fatigue of navigating the barge and the contrast between their treatment and that of the French enraged them. A meeting was the result. The Company had, on our barge, thirty barrels of pork, and one morning my crew came to me in a body demanding some of these provisions. I commanded them not to break into the pork without permission, and promised, if they would work and keep up till noon, to procure some for dinner. At noon when we stopped, the men rolled up a barrel of pork on to the deck and one of them, named Cheek[15] bestrided it with a tomahawk, crying out "give the word Captain." I forbade them, as before, and went ashore to find Lewis, who had left the boat at the beginning of trouble. He said the pork was the Company's and told me not to touch it. I said the men would and should have some of it, and went back to the boat to give the "word" to Cheek. Lewis hastened to the *"bourgeoise"* in their barge close by, to give the alarm. I could see them in their cabin, from the shore where I stood, playing cards and drinking. Lewis entered with the news that "James' crew were taking the provisions." Manuel Liza seized his pistols and ran out followed by the other partners. "What the devil, said he to me, is the matter with you and your men?" We are starving, said I, and we must have something better than boiled corn. At the same time Cheek was brandishing his tomahawk over the pork barrel and clamoring for the "word." "Shall I break it open Captain, speak the word," he cried, while the rest of my crew were drawn up in line on the boat, with rifles, ready for action. The gentlemen *bourgeoise*, yielded before this determined array, and gave us a large supply of pork; that is, as much as we pleased to take. A few days after this we stopped to clean out the barges and the pork in ours was removed to another and its place supplied with lead. The Cheek who figured as ring-leader on this occasion was a Tennesseean, about six feet high and well proportioned. His courage was equal to any enterprise, and his rashness and head-strong obstinacy at last, in the Indian country, cost him his life. I had on my barge a large, lazy, and very impertinent Irishman,[16] who was frequently very sulky and remiss in his duties. I was compelled one day, to call him by name for not working at the oars, saying to him he was not rowing the weight of his head. The heighth of disgrace among boatmen is to be publicly named by the Captain. The Irishman took my treatment in very ill humor and swore he would have satisfaction for the insult. When the boat stopped for breakfast, the men dispersed as usual, to get wood, and with them went Cheek and my friend, the Irishman. Cheek returned without him and informed me, he had whipped him "for saucing the captain." I said, "Cheek I can attend to my own fighting without your assistance, or any other man's." "No by G—d," said he, "my Captain shan't fight while I am about." The Irishman returned, at length, to the boat, but was so badly hurt as to be unable to work for several days.

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[13] "The *Cote sans Dessein*, is a beautiful place situated on the n. e. side of the river and in sight of the Osage. It will, in time, become a considerable village. The beauty and fertility of the surrounding country, cannot be surpassed. It is here that we met with the first appearance of prairie, on the Missouri, but it is handsomely mixed with wood land. The wooded country, on the n. e. extends at least, thirty miles, as far up as this place, and not less than fifteen on the other side. The name is given to this place, from the circumstances of a single detached hill, filled with lime stone, standing on the bank of the river, about six hundred yards long and very narrow. The village has been established about three years; there are thirteen French families and two or three of Indians. They have handsome fields in the prairie, but the greater part of their time is spent in hunting. From their eager inquiries after marchandise, I perceived we were already remote from the settlements." H. M. Brackenridge. *Journal of a Voyage up the Missouri River, in 1811*, Pittsburgh, 1816, p. 209.

Cote Sans Dessein is in Callaway County. It has but few more inhabitants at present than it had in 1811. There is a larger village a short distance to the eastward, which bears the euphonious name of Tebbetts.

[14] A Missouri *voyageur* who had never passed the Platte was called a *blanc-bec;* and upon his first passing he was subjected to an initiation, such as used to be given to sailors when they first crossed the equator.

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[15] James Cheek has left no discoverable record of his existence outside of this book and Col. Menard's letter (printed in Chittenden's *American Fur Trade*) and interview (printed in the Appendix); though the family name is found in St. Louis and other parts of the State at about this time.

The scenery of the Upper Missouri is so familiar to the world as to render any particular description unnecessary. As you ascend the river, the woods diminish in number and extent. Beyond Council Bluffs, about 700 miles above the mouth they entirely disappear, except on the river bottoms, which are heavily timbered. The Prairies were covered with a short thick grass, about three or four inches high. At this time the game was very abundant. We saw Elk and Buffalo in vast numbers, and killed many of them. Prairie dogs and wolves were also very numerous. The Indians have thinned off the game since that time, so much that their own subsistence is frequently very scanty, and they are often in danger of starvation. Their range of hunting now extends far down into the Camanche country and Texas, and the buffalo, their only game of importance, are fast disappearing. When these valuable animals are all gone, when they are extinct on the West as they are on the East side of the Mississippi, then will the Indian race, the aboriginals of that vast region, be near their own extinction and oblivion. They cannot survive the game and with it will disappear.

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[16] See mention of the Irishman in note 24 to this chapter.

The Western declivity of the Mississippi valley from the mountains to the "Father of Waters" is nearly all one great plain, with occasional rocky elevations. We saw hills at the foot of which were large heaps of pumice stone, which had the appearance of having been crumbled off from above by the action of fire.

The scenery of Illinois or Missouri[17] is a fair example of that of the whole country West to the mountains. The Prairies here, however, are vaster and more desolate. One extensive plain is usually presented to the eye of the traveller, and stretches to the horizon, without a hill, mound, tree or shrub to arrest the sight.

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[17] Speaking of Missouri in 1819, Schoolcraft says: "A great portion of the lands in this Territory are of the richest kind, producing

We continued our ascent of the river without any occurrence of importance. Below Council Bluffs we met Capt. Crooks,[18] agent for John J. Astor, and who was trading with the Mohaws. Here all the few Americans remaining, with myself, were on the point of returning. By the solicitations and promises of the Company we were induced to continue with them.

The first Indians we saw were a party of Mohaws hunting; with them were two Sioux Chiefs. They sent forward a runner to their village above, and

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corn, wheat, rye, oats, flax, hemp and tobacco, in great abundance and in great perfection. . . . As you recede from the banks of the river the land rises, passing, sometimes by almost imperceptable gradations, and sometimes very abruptly, into elevated barren, flinty ridges and rocky cliffs. A portion of the Territory is, therefore, unfit for cultivation, but still serves as the matrix of numerous ores, which are distributed abundantly in the hills and mountains of the interior. There is very little land of an intermediate quality. It is either very rich or very poor; it is either bottom land of cliff, prairie or barren; it is a deep black marl or a high bluff rock; and the transition is often so sudden as to produce scenes of the most picturesque beauty. Hence the traveller in the interior is often surprised to behold at one view, cliffs and prairies, bottoms and barrens, naked hills, heavy forests, rocks, streams, and plains all succeeding each other with rapidity, and mingled with the most pleasing harmony. I have contemplated such scenes, while standing on some lofty bluff in the wilderness of Missouri, with unmixed delight; while the deer, the elk and the buffalo, were grazing quietly on the plains below." *Scenes and Adventures in the Semi Alpine Region of the Ozark Mountains of Missouri and Arkansas*, p. 223.

[18] For sketch of Ramsay Crooks, see Appendix.

Isaac Brock

Courtesy of Clarence M. Burton, Esq.

themselves came on board our boats. We found the village at the mouth of the Jacques river,[10] perhaps twelve hundred miles, by its course, from the mouth of the Missouri. They were of the Teton tribe, which is kindred with the Sioux. As we approached the bank, which was lined with hundreds; they fired into the water before the forward barge, and as we landed, they retreated with great rapidity, making a startling noise with whistles and rattles. After landing and making fast the boats, about fifty savages took charge of them, as a guard. They wore raven feathers on the head. Their bodies were naked, save about the middle, and painted entirely black. They presented on the whole a most martial and warlike appearance in their savage mode, and performed their office of guarding the boats so well that not even a Chief was allowed to go onto them. Other Indians came with buffalo skins to be used as pulanquins or litters for carrying the partners to their council house; each was taken up and carried off in state. I was compelled by some Indians to go in the same style to the place of council. Here was a large company of old men awaiting us, and for dinner we had served up a great feast of dog's meat—a great delicacy with the Indians. The rich repast was served in forty-one wooden bowls, as I counted them, and from each bowl a dog's foot was hanging out, evidently to prove that this rarity was not a sham but a reality. Not feeling very desirous of eating of this particular dainty, I stole out and was pulled by a young Indian and invited to his wigwam. I went and partook with him of buffalo meat. We stayed with these hospitable savages two days. On arriving, we found the British flag flying, but easily persuaded them to haul it down. The Hudson's Bay Company had had their emissaries among them and were then dealing with them precisely as they are now dealing with the savages in our territory of Oregon—namely: buying them up with presents and promises, and persuading them to act as allies of Britain, in any future war with the United States. On the third day we left the friendly Tetons and proceeded up the river as before.

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[10] Jacques river, now called James (and colloquially the Jim) river, rises in the central part of North Dakota, and follows in the main a direction east of south, and enters the Missouri in Yankton County, South Dakota, about ten miles below the city of Yankton. Its mouth, according to Lewis and Clark, is nine hundred and fifty miles above the mouth of the Missouri. It was named after an early *voyageur* or trader from St. Louis.

Capt. Chouteau had conceived a prejudice against Cheek, and on one occasion, ordered him to leave the boats. Lewis conveyed the order to me. I remonstrated against the cruelty of sending a man adrift in a wilderness, 1400 miles from home. He insisted, and Cheek took his gun as if he was going to obey. Lewis ordered him to leave the gun behind, which he refused to do. Lewis then commanded me to take it from him. I replied, that he or Chouteau might do that themselves. The men of my boat flew to their arms, and avowed their determination of defending Cheek and sharing his fate. The order was not pursued any further. Such rencontres and difficulties between the Americans and the partners, embittered their hands against us, and ultimately did us no good. Much of the ill treatment we afterwards received from them, was probably owing to the reckless assertion of our independence on every occasion and at every difficulty that occurred. After leaving the Teton village, our boat again failed of provisions, and by request of Lewis I went ashore on the North bank with one of our best hunters, named Brown,[20] to kill some game. We went up the river, and in the evening, killed an elk, brought it to the river bank, and waited there for the boats till morning. They came up on the opposite shore and sent over a canoe to take us and our game across. The wind rose in the mean time, and blew so strong as to raise the waves very high, and render it dangerous for us all to cross together in the same canoe. We sent over the game and Brown and myself continued our course, afoot, expecting to get aboard when the boats crossed at some one of the river bends. By the middle of the day the wind had risen so high that the boats, with sails hoisted, quickly went out of sight. We travelled on till evening, and struck a large bayou, which we could not cross, and took the backward course till we encamped within a mile of the spot where we had stayed the night before. The next morning we struck off from the river into the prairie and took the best course we could, to reach the boats. Seven days elapsed, however, before we overtook them. The wind blew a strong breeze, and drove the boats along very rapidly. We killed another elk and some small game, which subsisted us till the fifth day, when our ammunition gave out. Our moccasins being worn out, fell off and our feet were perfectly cut up by the prickly pear, which abounds on these prairies. At last, nearly famished and worn down, sore, lame and exhausted, we found the boats. My crew had, in vain, requested leave to wait for us, and we might have perished before the *bourgeoise* would have slackened their speed in the least, on our account. We had a narrow escape from starvation in this excursion, and I was ever afterwards careful to have plenty of ammunition with me when I went out—as I frequently did—on similar expeditions.

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[20] There was a William Brown living with John Sullens at Bonhomme settlement St. Louis District in 1805, and about the same time a William Brown from St. Philips, South Carolina, sold two negroes in St. Louis. The name appears in the list of Lisa's *engagées* in 1812-1813. In the St. Louis Directory of 1821, William Brown is listed as a pump-maker on South H. Street above Third. "Boatswain Brown" was killed on the Colorado river by the "Amuchabas" in August 1827, under the leadership of Jedediah S. Smith. The probability is that the Brown living with Sullens, Lisa's *engagé* and James' companion were the same person. That he came from South Carolina, was a pump-maker, and a member of Smith's party is a possibility only.

In two days after this event, we arrived at the country of the Rickarees. On approaching their village, we took precautions against an attack. A guard marched along the shore, opposite to the boats, well armed. My crew composed a part of this force. When within half a mile of the village we drew up the cannon and prepared to encamp. The whole village came out in a body, as it seemed, to meet us. They had not come far toward us when an old chief rode out at full speed and with violent gestures and exclamations, warned and motioned back his countrymen from before our cannon. The event of the year before was fresh in his recollection. He supposed we were about to inflict a proper and deserved punishment for the attack on Capt. Prior's troops and the murder of eight or ten of them, the year before. This old chief drove back all who were coming out to meet us. Capt. Chouteau then sent for the chief to come down to his camp and hold a council. They refused to comply with this request and appeared very suspicious of our designs. After further negotiation, they agreed to come to us and hold a council if the company's force would lay aside their arms and turn the cannon in the opposite direction. This was agreed to by the Company, with the provision that a guard should be on the ground, armed, during the conference. The council was held, and Chouteau harangued them on the crime committed against the government the year before. They promised better conduct for the future, but made no reparation or apology even, for the past.

In a few days we started forward through a country marked by the same general features as that described before. Thousands of buffalo covered the prairies on both sides of the river, making them black as far as the eye could reach. In ten or twelve days the boats reached the Mandan[21] village, where

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[21] "These Indians live in settled villages fortified with palisades, which they seldom ever abandon; and they are the best husbandmen in the whole north west. They raise Indian corn or maize, beans, pumpkins and squashes in considerable quantity, not only sufficient to supply their own wants, with the help of the buffalo, but

I was awaiting them. I had sallied out five days before in a hunting excursion, and arrived at the village of the Mandans in advance of the boats. These are a poor, thieving, spiritless tribe, tributary to the Gros-Ventres, who inhabit the country above them on the river. The village is on the north side of the river. The boats came up on the opposite shore. The wind, as they arrived, blew a hurricane and lashed the waves to a prodigious height. The Indians saw their chief, Shehaka, on our boats, and were almost frantic with joy and eagerness to speak with him. They have a round canoe made of hoops fastened together and a buffalo's skin stretched over them, very light and portable. With these they rowed themselves across the turbulent river, one moment lost from view between the waves, and the next, riding over them like corks. In these tubs of canoes they crossed the stream to our boats. The natives made a jubilee and celebration for the return of Shehaka and neglected every thing and every

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also to sell and give away to all strangers that enter their villages. They are the mildest and most honest Indians upon the whole continent, and, withal, very fond of the white people." John McDonnell, *Some Account of the Red River*, in 1 Masson, *Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest*, p. 272. In Maximilian's *Travels in the Interior of North America* there is an interesting chapter on the Mandans. It was at one time believed by some that they were descended from Welsh people who came to America in pre Columbian time. In 1837, almost the whole nation died of small pox (see account in Audubon's *Missouri River Journals*), and it is said that in 1905 it numbered only 249 persons.

A letter of Pierre Chouteau to William Eustis, Secretary of War, dated St. Louis 22 November 1809, says that the writer returned to St. Louis two days before; that he delivered Shehaka and his wife and children and the interpreter and his family to their people on the 24th day of September last.

body else. They hardly saw or took the least notice of their white visitors. The partners distributed the presents sent by the government and we then made haste to leave this boorish, inhospitable tribe. We ascended the Missouri to the village of the Gros-Ventres,[22] on the south side of the river, fifteen miles above that of the Mandans. Here we found a far different race from the last; a manly, warlike and independent tribe, who might well be called for their daring and enterprising qualities, the *Gros-coeurs* or big hearts instead of big-bellies. Here was our place of stopping for a short time and of preparation for the business which had brought us hither. On our arrival at their village, four or five agents of the Hudson's Bay Company were among them, but immediately crossed the river with their goods, and bore off to the northeast. We suspected them of inciting the Black Feet against us and many of our company attributed our subsequent misfortunes to their hostility. We afterwards heard that a large army of these Indians were encamped at the falls above. They traded regularly with the British traders and procured of them their arms and ammunition. We built a fort[23] near the Gros-Ventres village, and unloaded all the larger boats for the purpose of sending them back to the settlements. Having now arrived at our destination and being near the beaver region, we, the Americans, ten in number, requested the partners to furnish our traps, ammunition, guns and men, according to contract. But this, they seemed to have forgotten entirely, or intended never to fulfil. We found ourselves taken in, cheated, chizzled, gulled and swindled in a style that has not, perhaps, been excelled by Yankees or French, or men of any other nation, at any time in the thirty-six years that have passed over my head since this feat was per-

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[22] "The Minitarees are a noble and interesting people. They are most absurdly termed *Grosventres* by the French traders, there being not the slightest foundation for branding them with that epithet." John Palliser, *The Solitary Hunter*, London, 1856. Palliser was on the upper Missouri in 1848.

"We were not so well received at this village [the Minitaree great village on the Knife River] as at the Mandanes; no attention was shown us after conducting us to the hut where the white people lodged. They do not appear to be of such sociable and affable disposition as their neighbors; they are proud and haughty, and think that there is no race upon earth equal to themselves; they despise other nations. Were it not that they must have traders to bring them the arms and ammunition of which they stand in such great need, being surrounded by enemies, a white man would stand a poor chance for his life and property among this set of savages, whose sole glory is in bloodshed and devastation, . . . upon the whole they appeared to me to be a fierce and savage set of scoundrels, still more loose and licentious than the Mandanes." Alexander Henry the Younger, 1806. *Journals of Henry and Thompson* (Coues' edition), New York, 1897.

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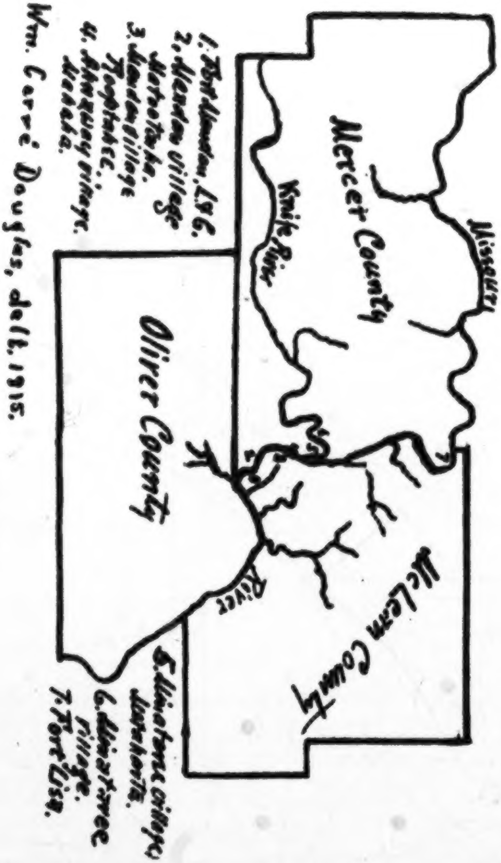
[23] "The fort consisted of a square block house, the lower part of which was a room for furs; the upper part was inhabited by Mr. Lewis and some of the hunters belonging to the establishment. There were some small outhouses, and the whole was surrounded by a palisado, or picquet, about fifteen feet high. I found attached to it a very pretty garden, in which were peas, beans, sallad, radishes and other vegetables, under the care of a gardener, an Irishman, who shewed it to me with much self-importance. I praised his management, but expressed my regret that he had no potatoes, 'Oh!' said he, 'that does not signify; we can soon have them; there is pleanty just over the way.' I did not think the man was serious; but on mentioning the circumstances to Mr. Lewis, he told me that there really were potatoes at an English Fort in the river St. Peters, *only* from two to 300 miles distant." Bradbury, *Travels in the Interior of America*, Liverpool, 1817, p. 143. Bradbury was at the fort in 1811. The Mr. Lewis spoken of was Reuben Lewis. Bradbury, who rode from the Arikara post to the fort in 1811 says that it was seven miles from the third Minitaree village; Chittenden says that it was twelve miles. According to the map the latter seems to be correct.


Missouri
Mercer County
Knife River
McLean County
Oliver County
River
1. Fort Mandan, L & C.
2. Mandan village Matootonha.
3. Mandan village Roop-tahee.
4. Ahnaway village Mahaha.
5. Minatarre village, Metaharta.
6. Minatarree village.
7. Fort Lisa.
Wm. Carré Douglas, delt. 1915.

The Mandan Country, North Dakota.

formed. A stock of old and worthless traps had been brought up the river, apparently to be put off on the Americans. They offered us these traps, which we refused to take. They then endeavored to deprive us of the arms and ammunition belonging to them, in our possession, and they succeeded in getting from most of us all the guns and powder of theirs that we had. Mine were taken from me with the others, by order of the partners. I do not know that all of them consented to this nefarious proceeding; I hope and should have expected that several of them would not sanction such conduct. But I heard of no protest or opposition to the acts of the majority, who behaved toward us with a want of principle and of honor that would shame most gentleman robbers of the highway. They seemed determined to turn us out on the prairie and among the Indians, without arms, provisions or ammunition. Our situation in that event, would have nearly realized the one implied in the popular expression "a cat in hell without claws." We were kept waiting two or three weeks without employment or any provisions, except what we purchased at most exorbitant prices. We bought goods, knives, &c. of the company, on credit, and sold them to the Indians for provisions and in this way were rapidly running in debt, which the company expected us to discharge to them in beaver fur. Their object was to make the most out of us without regard to their previous professions and promises. Finding myself, like most of my comrades, destitute of all means of support and sustenance, of defence and offence, I looked around for something by which I could live in that wild region. On arriving at the Gros-Ventre village we had found a hunter and trapper named Colter,[24] who had been one of Lewis & Clark's men, and had returned thus far with them in 1806. Of him I purchased a set of beaver traps for $120, a pound and a half of powder for $6, and a gun for $40. Seeing me thus equipped, Liza, the most active, the meanest and most rascally of the whole, offered me new and good traps, a gun and ammunition. I told him he appeared willing enough to help when help was not needed, and after I was provided at my own expense. I then selected two companions, Miller and McDaniel,[25] who had been imposed on by the *bourgeoise* in the same manner with myself, and in their company I prepared to begin business. These two had, by good fortune, brought with them six traps, two guns and ammunition of their own. We cut down a tree and of the trunk made a canoe in which we prepared to ascend to the "Forks" and head waters of the Missouri and the mountains. We were young, and sanguine of success. No fears of the future clouded our prospects and the adventures that lay before us excited our hopes and fancies to the highest pitch. "No dangers daunted and no labors tired us." Before leaving the Fort and my old companions, I will relate a characteristic anecdote of Cheek, who so soon after this, expiated his follies by a violent death. In an early part of the voyage, when coming up the river, about two months before, I had sent Cheek to draw our share of provisions from the provision boat. Francois Ried,[26] who dealt them out for the Company, offered Cheek a bear's head, saying it was good enough for "you fellows," by this meaning the Americans. Cheek returned to his boat in great rage at the insult, as he deemed it, and threatened to whip him (Ried) for the said contumely on himself and fellow companions, as soon as he was out of Government employ—that is, as soon as we had delivered up Shehaka to the Mandans. The matter passed on and I supposed was forgotten by Cheek himself, until the Fort was built, and the Americans were about separating with many grievances unredressed and wrongs unavenged. Cheek meeting Ried one morning on the bank of the river, told him that he had promised to whip him and that he could not break his word on any account. He thereupon struck at the audacious Frenchman, who had presumed to call Americans "fellows," and offer them a bear's head. Ried saved himself by running aboard one of the boats, where he obtained a reinforcement. Cheek beat a retreat, and a truce was observed by both parties till night fall. I had encamped with Cheek and two others, a few hundred yards above the Fort. We were all, except Cheek, in the tent, about nine o'clock in the evening, when Ried with a company, all armed with pistols and dirks came up and demanded to see Cheek, saying that he had attacked him within the lines of the Fort, where he knew he could not fight without violating orders. I told him that Cheek was not in the tent. "He is hid, the cowardly rascal," cried Ried, and went to searching the bushes. After he and his company were gone, I found Cheek at Major Henry's tent, amusing himself with cards and wine. I took him with me to our own tent, fearing that Ried's company might kill him if they found him that night. He was silent while hearing my account and for some minutes after entering our tent. He then spoke as if on maturest reflection, and said that he had intended to have let Ried go, with what he had got, "but now I will whip him in the morning if I lose my life by it." In the morning he started unarmed and wrapped in his blanket for the Fort. I with a few others followed to see fair play which is ever a jewel with Americans. Cheek soon found Ried and accosted him in front of the Fort, by informing him that he had come down to accommodate him with the interview which he had understood had been sought for, so anxiously, the night before. Ried said he was in liquor the night before—wanted to have nothing to do with him and began to make for the Fort. "You must catch a little any how" said Cheek, and springing towards Ried like a wild cat, with one blow he felled him to the earth. Capt. Chouteau who had seen the whole proceeding from the Fort, immediately rushed out with about thirty of his men all armed. "Bring out the irons, seize him, seize him," cried Chouteau, frantic with passion, and raging like a mad bull. Cheek prudently retired to our company on the bank of the river, a short distance, and said he would die rather than be ironed. We were ready to stand by him to the last. Chouteau now ordered his men to fire on us and the next moment would have seen bloodshed and the death of some of us, had not L'Abbadieu, Valle,[27] Menard, Morrison, Henry and one of Chouteau's sons[28] thrown them-

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[24] For sketch of John Colter see Appendix.

[25] There was a William Miller who lived at Marais des Liards, and a James McDaniel who lived between Florissant and Fort Bellefontaine, at about this time, but nothing has been found to identify them with the men here mentioned. The note given by James to Colter, October 7, 1809, was signed by W. R. Miller as witness, but the name with those initials does not appear in any of the St. Louis records.

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[26] François Ride was the youngest son of Louis Ride and Veronique Marcheteau *dit* Desnoyer. Louis Ride was one of the thirty men who came with Auguste Chouteau from Fort Chartres in 1764, to begin the building of St. Louis. François was born 12 April, 1771, in St. Louis, at the northeast corner of what are now Main and Elm Streets. His mother died when he was quite young, and his father married, for his second wife, the Widow Hunaut—Charlotte Chassin—, by whom François was brought up. She was a daughter of M. de Chassin of Fort Chartres and his mixed blood wife Agnes Michel. Gayarré quotes an amusing letter of Chassin's to one of the Kings ministers, asking to have a wife sent from France, for whom, however, he did not wait. (*History of Louisiana*, French Domination, p. 286.) François Ride died at St. Louis 12 October, 1828. His elder brother, Laurent Ride, was also on this expedition, and was patroon of one of the boats.

[27] This was François Vallé, son of Don François Vallé, commandant of the post of Ste. Genevieve, and Marie Carpentier. He was born at Ste. Genevieve, 8 December 1779. When he was thirteen years old he was taken to New Orleans in the care of Daniel Clark, Jr., who sent him to New York under the guardianship of Gouverneur Morris who placed him in school at Newark, New Jersey, where he remained several years. He returned home by way of the Ohio River. In 1802 or 1803 he went up the Missouri on a trading voyage and remained there for seven or eight years. Lewis and Clark met him 2 October 1804 near the Cheyenne River. He served in the U. S. Army as an officer in the War of 1812, resigning in 1815, and thereafter devoted himself to mining. He married in 1828, and was the father of the late Captain François Vallé, C. S. A., of St. Louis. See a letter to Vallé from Major Henry, in the Appendix. And see Notes on the Genealogy of the Vallé Family, by Mary Louise Dalton, in 2 *Missouri Historical Society Collections*, Part 7, page 54.

[28] Pierre Chouteau's three elder sons were Auguste Pierre, Pierre, *cadet* (or junior), and Paul Liguest. They were, in 1809, aged respectively twenty-three, twenty, and seventeen years. The next son,

Str Labbadie

From portrait presented to Missouri Historical Society
by Mrs. Virginia Sarpy Peugnet.

Pre Chouteau

1758-1849
From portrait painted for Missouri Historical Society
by M. Hernandez Arevalo.

selves between us and the opposite party and thus preventing the execution of Chouteau's order. Him they forced back, struggling like a mad child in its mother's arms into the Fort. On the next day after this fracas, Miller, McDaniel and myself parted from our companions, after agreeing to meet them again on the Forks or head-waters of the Missouri and started in our canoe up the river. The river is very crooked in this part and much narrower than we had found it below. We came to a Mandan village on the south side of the stream on the day of our departure from the Fort. On arriving here, we were on the north side of the river, and on account of the violence of the wind, did not cross to the village. Late in the evening a woman in attempting to cross in a skin canoe, was overset in the middle of the river. She was seen from the village, and immediately, a multitude of men rushed into the water and seemed to run rather than swim to the woman whom they rescued from the water with wonderful rapidity. Their dexterity in swimming was truly astonishing to us. We pushed or rather paddled on in a shower of rain, till late that night and encamped. In the morning we went on in a snowstorm and in four days the ice floating in the river,

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who was born of Chouteau's second marriage, was at that time only twelve years old. Pierre *cadet*, who showed even at that time the remarkable capacity for business for which he was afterwards so distinguished, took charge during his father's absence of his duties as Indian agent, as appears from letters written by him from St. Louis before any of the party had returned. The two sons here spoken of by James were Auguste Pierre and Paul Liguest. Auguste Aristide Chouteau son of Colonel Auguste Chouteau, who was the same age as Paul Liguest, was also of the party.

prevented further navigation of the stream with the canoe. We stopped on the south side of the river, built a small cabin, banked it round with earth and soon made ourselves quite comfortable. This was in the month of November. We had caught a few beaver skins in our route from the Gros Ventre village, and we employed ourselves in making moccasins and leggings and in killing game which was very plenty all around us. Here we determined to pass the winter and in the Spring continue our ascent of the Missouri to the Forks. On Christmas day I froze my feet and became so disabled as to be confined to the house unable to walk. Miller and McDaniel soon after started back for the Fort, with our stock of beaver skins to exchange them for ammunition. They were gone twice the length of time agreed on for their stay. I began to consume the last of my rations and should have suffered for food, had not a company of friendly Indians called at the cabin and bartered provisions for trinkets and tobacco. My next visitors were two Canadians and an American named Ayers, from the Fort, who were going on with despatches for the main company, that was supposed to be at Manuel's Fort at the mouth of the Big Horn, a branch of the Yellow Stone. These men informed me that Miller and McDaniel had changed their mind; that they did not intend to continue further up the river and seemed to be in no haste to return to me. They urged me to accompany them, and promised me the use of one of their horses till my feet should become well enough for me to walk. I consented to go with them and prepared to leave my cabin. Before doing so, I buried the traps and other accoutrements of my two former companions in a corner of the lodge, and peeling off the bark from a log above them, I wrote on it, "In this corner your things lie." I learned on my return in the Spring that both of them had been killed as was supposed by the Rickarees. Their guns, traps, &c., were seen in the hands of some of that tribe; but they were never heard of afterwards.

On the third of February 1810, eight months after my departure from St. Louis, I started from my winter lodge; but I soon repented my undertaking. The horses were all too weak to carry more than the load appropriated to them, and I was thus compelled to walk. My feet became very sore and gave me great pain, while the crust on the snow made the travelling of all of us, both slow and difficult. I suffered severely at starting but gradually improved in strength and was able in a few days to keep up with less torture to myself than at first. We ascended the south bank of the river till we struck the Little Missouri, a branch from the south. Here we found some Indians who advised us to keep up the banks of this river for two days, and then turning northwardly, a half-day's travel would bring us to the Gunpowder river near its head:[29] this is a branch

[29] The advice of the Indians was either misunderstood or was grossly misleading. The Little Missouri heads in northeast Wyoming and runs nearly north until it gets within about fifty miles of

of the Yellow Stone. We travelled two days as directed and left the Little Missouri in search of the river. We missed it entirely, on account of our traveling so much slower than the Indians are accustomed to do. Our two day's travel was not greater than one of theirs. For five days we kept our course to the north in an open plain, and in the heart of winter. The cold was intense and the wind from the mountains most piercing. The snow blew directly in our faces and ice was formed on our lips and eyebrows. In this high latitude and in the open prairies in the vicinity of the mountains where we then were, the winters are very cold. On the first night we were covered where we lay to the depth of three feet by the snow. No game was to be seen and we were destitute of provisions. For five days

the Missouri where it turns eastward and for about seventy miles its course is nearly due east. It enters the Missouri in Dunn County, North Dakota, in latitude about 47° 50′ north.

The Powder, or Gunpowder, River heads in central Wyoming, and follows a northwardly course, entering the Yellowstone in the northern part of Custer County, Montana. From the point of the bend of the Little Missouri, where it turns to the eastward, to the mouth of the Powder River is about ninety-five miles in a southwestwardly direction. From the mouth of the Powder River to Fort Manuel at the mouth of the Bighorn is about one hundred and five miles. The high mound mentioned by James was probably either the Burning Butte or Bryant's Buttes, which are on the way from the Little Missouri to the mouth of the Powder River. The party could not have gone north for any great distance and have reached the Powder in the time given.

"The country of the Crows,
Through which the Big Horn and the Rosebud run,
Sees over mountain peaks the setting sun;
And southward from the Yellowstone flung wide,
It broadens ever to the morning side
And has the Powder on its vague frontier."

Neihardt, *Song of Hugh Glass*, p. 109.

we tasted not a morsel of food, and had not even the means of making a fire. We saw not a mound or hill, tree or shrub, not a beast nor a bird until the fifth day when we descried afar off a high mound. We were destitute, alone in that vast, desolate and to us limitless expanse of drifting snow, which the winds drove into our faces and heaped around our steps. Snow was our only food and drink, and snow made our covering at night. We suffered dreadfully from hunger. On the first and second days after leaving the Little Missouri for the desert we were now traversing, our appetites were sharper and the pangs of hunger more intense than afterwards. A languor and faintness succeeded which made travelling most laborious and painful. On the fifth day we had lost so much of strength and felt such weakness for want of food, that the most terrible of deaths, a death of famine, stared us in the face. The pangs and miseries we endured are vividly described by Mr. Kendall,[30] from actual experience in his "Santa Fe Expedition." My feet, in addition to all other sufferings, now became sore and more painful than ever. The men had made for me a moccasin of skin taken from the legs of a buffalo, and which I wore with the hair next my feet and legs. I felt the blood gurgling and bubbling in this casing at every step. We were about to ward off starvation by killing a horse, and eating the raw flesh and blood, when on the fifth day of our wandering in this wilderness a mound was seen, as above mentioned, in the distance. We reached and ascended it in the evening, whence we saw woods and buffaloes before us. We hastened to kill several of these noblest of all animals of game, and encamped in the woods, where we quickly made a fire and cut up the meat. We were all so voracious in our appetites, as not to wait for the cooking, but ate great quantities nearly raw. The first taste, stimulated our hunger and appetites to an ungovernable pitch. We ate and ate and ate, as if there were no limit to our capacity, and no quantity could satisfy us. At length when gorged to the full and utterly unable to hold any more, we gave out and sought repose about midnight under our tents. But sleep fled from our eyes and in the morning we arose, without having rested, feverish and more fatigued than when we supped and retired the night before. Our feet, limbs and bodies were swollen and bloated, and we all found ourselves laid up on the sick list, by our debauch on buffalo meat. We had no desire to eat again on that day, and remained in camp utterly unable to travel, till the next morning, when we started forward, travelling slowly. We soon struck the river which we had suffered so much in seeking, and bent our course up the stream, crossing its bends on the ice. On one occasion when saving distance by cutting off a bend of the river, the horse carrying my pack and worldly goods, fell into an air hole and would have instantly disappeared had I not caught him by the tail and dragged him out to some distance, with a risk to myself of plunging under the ice into a rapid current, that made me shudder the moment I coolly looked at the danger. Hair breadth escapes from death are so frequent in the life of a hunter in this wild region as to lose all novelty and may seem unworthy of mention. I shall relate a few as I proceed, for the purpose of showing the slight tenure the pioneer holds of life. And yet Boone, the prince of the prairies, "lived hunting up to ninety."[81] Perhaps pure air and continual exercise are more than a counterbalance toward a long life, against all the dangers of a hunters and trappers existence, even among hostile savages, such as we were now rapidly approaching.

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[30] For quotation from Kendall, see James' note at the end of chapter.

We continued our course up the Yellow Stone, gradually recovering from the effects of our unnatural surfeit and gross gormandizing of buffalo meat. The country here is one immense, level plain, and abounded, at this time, with large herds of buffalo, which subsisted on the buds of trees and the grass which the powerful winds laid bare of snow in many places. The river was skirted on either side by woods. At last, after fifteen days of painful travel and much suffering, we reached "Manuel's Fort," at the mouth of the Big Horn, where I found the most of my crew, and a small detachment of the company's men from whom I had parted the previous fall. This Fort, as before mentioned, was built by Liza in the spring of 1808, and a small garrison left in it, who had remained there ever since. Here I found Cheek, Brown, Dougherty[23] and the rest of my crew rejoicing to see me. I was not a little surprised to find Col. Pierre Menard in command, who was to have returned to St. Louis from the Fort at the Gros Ventre village, and Liza intended to take command of the party on the head waters of the Missouri. Such was the arrangement at the commencement of the voyage. I soon learned from the men what they supposed to be the cause of the change. The next day after I had left the Fort on the Missouri, in the fall, Cheek and several Americans were in the office or *marquée* of the company, endeavoring to get their equipments according to contract. Liza was present. Chouteau's name was mentioned in the course of the conversation, when Cheek coolly remarked that if he caught Chouteau a hundred yards from camp he would shoot him. "Cheek! Cheek!!" exclaimed Liza, mind what you say." "I do that," said Cheek, "and Liza, I have heard some of our boys say that if they ever caught you two hundred yards from camp they would shoot you, and if they don't I will. You ought not to expect any thing better from the Americans after having treated them with so much meanness, treachery and cruelty as you have. "Now Liza," continued he, "you are going to the forks of the Missouri, mark my words, you will never come back alive." Liza's cheeks blanched at this bold and

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[81] Byron's *Don Juan.* Canto VIII. Stanza LXII. See H. M. Brackenridge's *Recollections of Persons and Places in the West,* 2nd Ed., p. 253.

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[23] For sketch of John Dougherty, see Appendix.

Manuel Lisa

From portrait presented to Missouri Historical Society
by Mrs. Nathan Corwith

reckless speech from a man who always performed his promises, whether good or evil. He returned to St. Louis and sent up Col. Menard in his place. Col. M. was an honorable high minded gentleman and enjoyed our esteem in a higher degree than any other of the company. Liza we thoroughly detested and despised, both for his acts and his reputation. There were many tales afloat concerning villainies said to have been perpetrated by him on the frontiers. These may have been wholly false or greatly exaggerated, but in his looks there was no deception. Rascality sat on every feature of his dark complexioned, Mexican face—gleamed from his black, Spanish, eyes, and seemed enthroned in a forehead "villainous low." We were glad to be relieved of his presence. After remaining at this Fort or camp a few days we started westward for the "Forks" and mountains in a company of thirty-two men, French and Americans. On first arriving at the Fort I had learned that two of the men with an Indian chief of the Snake tribe and his two wives and a son had gone forward, with the intention of killing game for our company and awaiting our approach on the route. Our second day's journey brought us to an Indian lodge; stripped, and near by, we saw a woman and boy lying on the ground, with their heads split open, evidently by a tomahawk. These were the Snake's elder wife and son, he having saved himself and his younger wife by flight on horseback. Our two men who had started out in company with him, were not molested. They told us that a party of Gros Ventres had come upon them, committed these murders, and passed on as if engaged in a lawful and praise-worthy business. These last were the most powerful and warlike Indians of that region. The poor Snake tribe, on the contrary, were the weakest, and consequently became the prey and victims of the others. They inhabit the caves and chasms of the mountains and live a miserable and precarious life in eluding the pursuit of enemies. All the neighboring tribes were at war with these poor devils. Every party we met pretended to be out on an expedition against the Snakes, whom they frequently reduce to slavery. Thus the strong prey upon the weak in savage as well as civilized life.

Our course now lay to the north-west for the Forks of the Missouri, which meet in latitude —— among the mountains, whence the last named river runs directly north as high as latitude —— miles, where it turns to the south and south-east, which last course it generally holds to its junction with the Mississippi. On the evening of the day when we left Manuel's Fort, my friend Brown became blind from the reflection of the sun on the snow;[22] his eyes pained him so much that he implored us to put an end to his torment by shooting him. I watched him during that night for fear he would commit the act himself. He complained that his eye balls had bursted, and moaned and groaned most piteously. In the morning, I opened the swollen lids, and informed him to his great joy that the balls were whole and sound. He could now distinguish a faint glimmering of light. I led him all that day and the next, on the third he had so far recovered that he could see, though but indistinctly. Our guide on this route was Colter, who thoroughly knew the road, having twice escaped over it from capture and death at the hands of the Indians. In ten or twelve days after leaving the Fort we re-entered an opening or gap in the mountains, where it commenced snowing most violently and so continued all night. The morning showed us the heads and backs of our horses just visible above the snow which had crushed down all our tents. We proceeded on with the greatest difficulty. As we entered the ravine or opening of the

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[22] "This blindness seems principally confined to high latitudes, but I have heard of occasional cases as far south as the plains of western Kansas. It is mainly brought on by the exposure of the eyes to the glare of the sun upon the snow, but it is accelerated and aggravated by the high wind and flying snow; and it is most likely

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to occur late in the winter season and early in the spring when the sun's rays fall with a more vertical slant. Indeed in early and midwinter, cases of snow blindness are extremely rare. The Indians and even wild animals are subject to it, and to the frequenter of our western plains a snow blind rabbit or even sage or prairie chicken is no uncommon sight. A method of treatment practiced by some of the northwestern Indians is to drop into the corner of the eye a little skunk oil, which they extracted and preserved for this purpose. I have been assured by old hunters who have tried it that it is a sovereign remedy. But prevention is infinitely preferable to cure, and may be effected by blackening the face to the distance of an inch or more around the eyes, close up to the lids. This has never failed me, and I have yet to hear of an instance where it did not secure immunity from this terrible malady. A bit of wet powder or lamp black, the soot off the bottom of a kettle, a charred stick or powdered charcoal will accomplish this. It is the approved method of warding it off practiced by frontier men." Bradley's Journal, 2 Montana Historical Society *Contributions*, p. 144. In the original journals of Lewis and Clark it is said that snow blindness is cured by "jentilley swetting the part affected by throwing snow on a hot stone."

mountain the snow greatly increased in depth being in places from fifty to sixty feet on the ground, a third of which had fallen and drifted in that night. The wind had heaped it up in many places to a prodigious height. The strongest horses took the front to make a road for us, but soon gave out and the ablest bodied men took their places as pioneers. A horse occasionally stepped out of the beaten track and sunk entirely out of sight in the snow. By night we had made about four miles for that day's travel. By that night we passed the ravine and reached the Gallatin river, being the eastern fork of the Missouri. The river sweeps rapidly by the pass at its western extremity, on each side of which the mountains rise perpendicularly from the bank of the river, and apparently stopped our progress up and down the east side of the stream. I forded it and was followed by Dougherty, Ware[34] and another, when Colter discovered an opening through the mountain on the right or north side, and through it led the rest of the company. We however proceeded down the left bank of the river till night, when we encamped and supped (four of us) on a piece of buffalo meat about the size of the two hands. During this and the preceding day we suffered from indistinct vision, similar to Brown's affliction on leaving the Big Horn. We all now became blind as he had been, from the reflection of the sun's rays on the snow. The hot tears trickled from the swollen eyes nearly blistering the cheeks, and the eye-balls seemed bursting from our heads. At first, the sight was obscured as by a silk veil or handkerchief, and we were unable to hunt. Now we could not even see our way before us, and in this dreadful situation we remained two days and nights. Hunger was again inflicting its sharp pangs upon us, and we were upon the point of killing one of the pack-horses, when on the fourth day after crossing the Gallatin, one of the men killed a goose, of which, being now somewhat recovered from our blindness, we made a soup and stayed the gnawings of hunger. The next day our eyes were much better, and we fortunately killed an elk, of which we ate without excess, being taught by experience, the dangers of gluttony after a fast. We continued on down the river and soon came in sight of our comrades in the main body on the right bank. They, like ourselves, had all been blind, and had suffered more severely than we from the same causes. They had killed three dogs, one a present to me from an Indian, and two horses to appease the demands of hunger, before they had sufficiently recovered to take sight on their guns. While in this distressed situation enveloped by thick darkness at midday, thirty Snake Indians came among them, and left without committing any depredation. Brown and another, who suffered less than the others, saw and counted these Indians, who might have killed them all and escaped with their effects with perfect impunity. Their preservation was wonderful. When we overtook them they were slowly recovering from blindness, and we all encamped together, with thankful and joyous hearts for our late and narrow escape from painful and lingering death. We proceeded on in better spirits. On the next day we passed a battle field of the Indians, where the skulls and bones were lying around on the ground in vast numbers. The battle[35] which had caused this terrible slaughter, took place in 1808, the year but one before, between the Black-Feet to the number of fifteen hundred on the one side, and the Flat-Heads and Crows, numbering together about eight hundred on the other. Colter was in the battle on the side of the latter, and was wounded in the leg, and thus disabled from standing. He crawled to a small thicket and there loaded and fired while sitting on the ground. The battle was desperately fought on both sides, but victory remained with the weaker party. The Black-Feet engaged at first about five hundred Flat-Heads, whom they attacked in great fury. The noise, shouts and firing brought a reinforcement of Crows to the Flat-Heads, who were fighting with great spirit and defending the ground manfully. The Black-Feet, who are the Arabs of this region, were at length repulsed, but retired in perfect order and could hardly be said to have been defeated. The Flat-Heads are a noble race of men, brave, generous and hospitable. They might be called the Spartans of Oregon. Lewis & Clark had received much kindness from them in their expedition to the Columbia, which waters their country; and at the time of this well fought battle, Colter was leading them to Manuel's Fort to trade with the Americans, when the Black Feet fell upon them in such numbers as seemingly to make their destruction certain. Their desperate courage saved them from a general massacre.

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[34] For sketch of William Weir, see Appendix.

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[35] "It is an act of justice due to the memory of the late Captain Lewis, to state that the Blackfeet Indians (in whose vicinity Lisa now lives) were so convinced of the propriety of his conduct in the rencounter between him and a party of their people, in which two of them were killed, that they did not consider it a cause of war or hostility on their part; this is proved, in as much as the first party of Lisa's men that were met by the Blackfeet were treated civilly. This circumstance induced Lisa to despatch one of his men (Coulter) to the forks of the Missouri to endeavor to find the Blackfeet nation, and bring them to his establishment to trade. The messenger unfortunately fell in with a party of the Crow nation, with whom he stayed several days. While with them they were attacked by their enemies the Blackfeet. Coulter, in self defence, took part with the Crows. He distinguished himself very much in the combat; and the Blackfeet were defeated, having plainly observed a white man fighting in the ranks of their enemy. Coulter returned to the trading house. In traversing the same country a short time after, in company with another man a party of the Blackfeet attempted to stop them, without, however, evidencing any hostile intentions; a rencounter ensued, in which the companion of Coulter and two Indians were killed, and Coulter made his escape. The next time whites were met by the Blackfeet the latter attacked without any parley." Letter of Major Thomas Biddle to Col. Henry Atkinson, written from Camp Missouri, 29 October 1819, *American State Papers, Indian Affairs*, Vol. II, p. 201. Thereafter the Blackfeet killed the whites like the white man kills snakes; the inoffensive are made to suffer because some are poisonous. The naturally kindly disposition of the Blackfeet is shown in Schultz's *My Life as an Indian*, and McClintock's *The Old North Trail;* two delightful books.

The following day we reached the long sought "Forks of the Missouri," or the place of confluence of the Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson rivers. Here at last, after ten months of travel, we encamped, commenced a Fort[38] in the point made by the Madison and Jefferson forks, and prepared to begin business. This point was the scene of Colter's escape in the fall of the year but one before, from the Indians and a death by torture; an event so extraordinary and thrilling, as he related it to me, that it deserves a brief narration.

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[38] The fort built by this company at the three forks of the Missouri is the establishment whose traces still remain near Gallatin City and which is popularly ascribed to Lewis and Clark. In 1870, the outlines of the fort were still intact, from which it appears it

NOTE.—The following is the description given by G. W. KENDALL, of the sufferings from starvation, referred to on the forty-second page.

"For the first two days through which a strong and hearty man is doomed to exist upon nothing, his sufferings are, perhaps, more acute than in the remaining stages. He feels an inordinate, unappeasable, craving at the stomach, night and day. The mind runs upon beef, bread and other substantials; but still in a great measure, the body retains its strength. On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accom-

was a double stockade of logs set three feet deep, enclosing an area of about 300 feet square, situated upon the tongue of land (at that point half a mile wide) between the Jefferson and Madison Rivers, about two miles above their confluence, upon the south bank of a channel of the former stream now called the Jefferson slough. Since then the stream has made such inroads upon the land that only a small portion of the fort—the southwest angle—remains. It is probable that every vestige of this old relic will soon disappear, except the few stumps of stockade logs that have been removed by two or three gentlemen of antiquarian tastes. When Henry abandoned the fort a blacksmith's anvil was left behind, which remained there for thirty or forty years undisturbed, gazed upon only by the Indains who regarded it with superstition and awe. At last it disappeared and it is said to have been found and removed by a party of white men." Bradley's Journal, 2 *Montana Hist. Soc. Contributions*, p. 148. Mr. Peter Koch, writing in 1884, says: "Twenty years ago I saw the remains of his [Lisa's] stockade on the banks of the Madison, but I believe they have now been washed away by the encroachments of the river." *Ib.*, p. 131.

panied by nausea. The unfortunate sufferer still desires food, but with loss of strength he loses that eager craving which is felt in the earlier stages. Should he chance to obtain a morsel or two of food, as was occasionally the case with us, he swallows it with a wolfish avidity; but five minutes afterwards his sufferings are more intense than ever. He feels as if he had swallowed a living lobster, which is clawing and feeding upon the very foundations of his existence. On the fifth day his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated, his color an ashy pale, and his eye wild, glassy, cannibalish. The different parts of the system now wage war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go with it, in quest of food; the legs from very weakness refuse. The sixth day brings with it incessant suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering langor and sickness. The head becomes giddy—the ghosts of well remembered dinners pass in hideous procession through the mind. The seventh day comes bringing in train lassitude and further prostration of the system. The arms hang listlessly, the legs drag heavily. The desire for food is still left, to a degree, but it must be brought, not sought. The miserable remnant of life which still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grievous to be borne; yet his inherent love of existence induces a desire still to preserve it, if it can be saved without a tax upon bodily exertion. The mind wanders. At one moment he thinks his weary limbs cannot sustain him a mile—the next he is endowed with unnatural strength, and if there be a certainty of relief before him, dashes bravely and strongly onward, wondering where proceeds this new and sudden impulse. Farther than this my experience runneth not."—Vol. 1 p. 226. The whole of the company—ninety eight men—subsisted for thirteen days on what was "really not provisions enough for three, and then came upon a herd of 17,000 sheep, about eighty miles south east of Santa Fe. Here a scene of feasting ensued which beggars description. . . . Our men abandoned themselves at once to eating—perhaps I should rather call it gormandizing or stuffing. . . . Had the food been anything but mutton, and had we not procured an ample supply of salt from the Mexicans to season it, our men might have died of the surfeit."—p. 265.

This lively writer, Geo. W. Kendall, has told a tale in the book just quoted, of prairie life and adventure as well as of Mexican barbarity and treachery, and has embellished his story with all the graces of style and description calculated to render it a work of enduring interest. (Author's note.)

"Kendall, George Wilkins, *Narrative of the Texas Santa Fé Expedition, comprising a description of a Tour Through Texas and Across the Great Southwestern Prairies, the Comanche and Cayuga Hunting Grounds; with an account of the sufferings from want of food, losses from hostile Indians, and final capture of the Texans, and their march, as prisoners, to the City of Mexico.* 2 vols. 8 vo. Pp. 405, 406. Map and Illustrations. N. Y. 1844." The foregoing is taken from Raines' Texas Bibliography. The book is not mentioned in the A. L. A. Guide to the Literature of American History. The copy in the library of the Missouri Historical Society is of the seventh edition, and bears date 1856.

CHAPTER TWO.

Colter's Race and Escapes—Separation for Trapping—Descent of the Missouri—A Fine Landscape—Bad Luck—Alarm From Indians—Retreat to the Fort—Death of Cheek—Pursuit of the Indians—Return—The White Bears—Incidents of Hunting—Return to the Twenty Five Yard River—A Party of Gros-Ventres—Suspected Robbery—Interview With the Crows—Rapid Crossing of the Yellow Stone—Descent to the Fort and the "*Cache*"—Robbery Made Certain—Passage to the Missouri—Indian Character and Customs—A Spree, Ending Almost Tragically—Generosity of the Company—Settlement With Them—A Sage Reflection.

WHEN Colter was returning in 1806, with Lewis and Clark, from Oregon, he met a company of hunters ascending the Missouri, by whom he was persuaded to return to the trapping region, to hunt and trap with them. Here he was found by Liza in the following year, whom he assisted in building the Fort at the Big Horn. In one of his many excursions from this post to the Forks of the Missouri, for beaver, he made the wonderful escape[1] adverted to in the last chapter and which I give precisely as he related it to me. His veracity was never questioned among us and his character was that of a true American back-woodsman. He was about thirty-five years of age, five feet ten inches in height and wore an open, ingenious, and pleasing countenance of the Daniel Boone stamp. Nature had formed him, like Boone, for hardy indurance of fatigue, privations and perils. He had gone with a companion named Potts[1] to the Jefferson river, which is the most western of the three Forks, and runs near the base of the mountains. They were both proceeding up the river in search of beaver, each in his own canoe, when a war party of about eight hundred Black-Feet Indians suddenly appeared on the east bank of the river. The Chiefs ordered them to come ashore, and apprehending robbery only, and knowing the utter hopelessness of flight, and having dropped his traps over the side of the canoe from the Indians, into the water, which was here quite shallow, he hastened to obey their mandate. On reaching the shore, he was seized, disarmed and stripped entirely naked. Potts was still in his canoe in the middle of the stream, where he remained stationary, watching the result. Colter requested him to come ashore, which he refused to do, saying he might as well lose his life at once, as be stripped and robbed in the manner Colter had been. An Indian immediately fired and shot him about the hip; he dropped down in the canoe, but instantly rose with his rifle in his hands. "Are you hurt," said Colter. "Yes, said he, too much hurt to escape; if you can get away do so. I will kill at least one of them." He leveled his rifle and shot an Indian dead. In an instant, at least a hundred bullets pierced his body and as many savages rushed into the stream and pulled the canoe, containing his riddled corpse, ashore. They dragged the body up onto the bank, and with their hatchets and knives cut and hacked it all to pieces, and limb from limb. The entrails, heart, lungs &c., they threw into Colter's face. The relations of the killed Indian were furious with rage and struggled, with tomahawk in hand, to reach Colter, while others held them back. He was every moment expecting the death blow or the fatal shot that should lay him beside his companion. A council was hastily held over him and his fate quickly determined upon. He expected to die by tomahawk, slow, lingering and horrible. But they had magnanimously determined to give him a chance, though a slight one, for his life. After the council, a Chief pointed to the prairie and motioned him away with his hand, saying in the Crow language, "go—go away." He supposed they intended to shoot him as soon as he was out of the crowd and presented a fair mark to their guns. He started in a walk, and an old Indian with impatient signs and exclamations, told him to go faster, and as he still kept a walk, the same Indian manifested his wishes by still more violent gestures and adjurations. When he had gone a distance of eighty or a hundred yards from the army of his enemies, he saw the younger Indians throwing off their blankets, leggings, and other incumbrances, as if for a race. Now he knew their object. He was to run a race, of which the prize was to be his own life and scalp. Off he started with the speed of the wind. The war-whoop and yell immediately arose behind him; and looking back, he saw a large company of young warriors, with spears, in rapid pursuit. He ran with all the strength that nature, excited to the utmost, could give; fear and hope lent a supernatural vigor to his limbs and the rapidity of his flight astonished himself. The Madison Fork lay directly before him, five miles from his starting place. He had run half the distance when his strength began to fail and the blood to gush from his nostrils. At every leap the red stream spurted before him, and his limbs were growing rapidly weaker and weaker. He stopped and looked back; he had far outstripped all his pursuers and could get off if strength would only hold out. One solitary Indian, far ahead of the others, was rapidly approaching, with a spear in his right hand, and a blanket streaming behind from his left hand and shoulder. Despairing of escape, Colter awaited his pursuer and called to him in the Crow language, to save his life. The savage did not seem to hear him, but letting go his blanket, and seizing his spear with both hands, he rushed at Colter, naked and defenceless as he stood before him and made a desperate lunge to transfix him. Colter seized the spear, near the head, with his right hand. and exerting his whole strength, aided by the weight of the falling Indian, who had lost his balance in the fury of the onset, he broke off the iron head or blade which remained in his hand, while the savage fell to the ground and lay prostrate and disarmed before him. Now was his turn to beg for his life, which he did in the Crow language, and held up his hands imploringly, but Colter was not in a mood to remember the golden rule, and pinned his adversary through the body to the earth by one stab with the spear head. He quickly drew the weapon from the body of the now dying Indian, and seizing his blanket as lawful spoil, he again set out with renewed strength, feeling, he said to me, as if he had not run a mile. A shout and yell arose from the pursuing army in his rear as from a legion of devils, and he saw the prairie behind him covered with Indians in full and rapid chase. Before him, if anywhere, was life and safety; behind him certain death; and running as never man before sped the foot, except, perhaps, at the Olympic Games, he reached his goal, the Madison river and the end of his five mile heat. Dashing through the willows on the bank he plunged into the stream and saw close beside him a beaver house, standing like a coal-pit about ten feet above the surface of the water, which was here of about the same depth. This presented to him a refuge from his ferocious enemies of which he immediately availed himself. Diving under the water he arose into the beaver house, where he found a dry and comfortable resting place on the upper floor or story of this singular structure. The Indians soon came up, and in their search for him they stood upon the roof of his house of refuge, which he expected every moment to hear them breaking open. He also feared that they would set it on fire. After a diligent search on that side of the river, they crossed over, and in about two hours returned again to his temporary habitation in which he was enjoying bodily rest, though with much anxious foreboding. The beaver houses are divided into two stories and will generally accommodate several men in a dry and comfortable lodging. In this asylum Colter kept fast till night. The cries of his terrible enemies had gradually died away, and all was still around him, when he ventured out of his hiding place, by the same opening under the water by which he entered and which admits the beavers to their building. He swam the river and hastened towards the mountain gap or ravine, about thirty miles above on the river, through which our company passed in the snow with so much difficulty. Fearing that the Indians might have guarded this pass, which was the only outlet from the valley, and to avoid the danger of a surprise, Colter ascended the almost perpendicular mountain before him, the tops and sides of which a great way down, were covered with perpetual snow. He clambered up this fearful ascent about four miles below the gap, holding on by the rocks, shrubs and branches of trees, and by morning had reached the top. He lay there concealed all that day, and at night proceeded on in the descent of the mountain, which he accomplished by dawn. He now hastened on in the open plain towards Manuel's Fort on the Big Horn, about three hundred miles ahead in the north-east. He travelled day and night, stopping only for necessary repose, and eating roots and the bark of trees, for eleven days. He reached the Fort, nearly exhausted by hunger, fatigue and excitement. His only clothing was the Indian's blanket, whom he had killed in the race, and his only weapon, the same Indian's spear which he brought to the Fort as a trophy. His beard was long, his face and whole body were thin and emaciated by hunger, and his limbs and feet swollen and sore. The company at the Fort did not recognize him in this dismal plight until he made himself known. Colter now with me passed over the scene of his capture and wonderful escape, and described his emotions during the whole adventure with great minuteness. Not the least of his exploits was the scaling of the mountain, which seemed to me impassible even by the mountain goat. As I looked at its rugged and perpendicular sides I wondered how he ever reached the top—a feat probably never performed before by mortal man. The whole affair is a fine example of the quick and ready thoughtfulness and presence of mind in a desperate situation, and the power of endurance, which characterise the western pioneer. As we passed over the ground where Colter ran his race, and listened to his story an undefinable fear crept over all. We felt awe-struck by the nameless and numerous dangers that evidently beset us on every side. Even Cheek's courage sunk and his hitherto buoyant and cheerful spirit was depressed at hearing of the perils of the place. He spoke despondingly and his mind was uneasy, restless and fearful. "I am afraid," said he, "and I acknowledge it. I never felt fear before but now I feel it." A melancholy that seemed like a presentiment of his own fate, possessed him, and to us he was serious almost to sadness, until he met his death a few days afterwards from the same Blackfeet from whom Colter escaped. Colter told us the particulars of a second adventure which I will give to the reader. In the winter when he had recovered from the fatigues of his long race and journey, he wished to recover the traps which he had dropped into the Jefferson Fork on the first appearance of the Indians who captured him. He supposed the Indians were all quiet in winter quarters, and retraced his steps to the Gallatin Fork. He had just passed the mountain gap, and encamped on the bank of the river for the night and kindled a fire to cook his supper of buffalo meat when he heard the crackling of leaves and branches behind him in the direction of the river. He could see nothing, it being quite dark, but quickly heard the cocking of guns and instantly leaped over the fire. Several shots followed and bullets whistled around him, knocking the coals off his fire over the ground. Again he fled for life, and the second time, ascended the perpendicular mountain which he had gone up in his former flight fearing now as then, that the pass might be guarded by Indians. He reached the top before morning and resting for the day descended the next night, and then made his way with all possible speed, to the Fort. He said that at the time, he promised God Almighty that he would never return to this region again if he were only permitted to escape once more with his life. He did escape once more, and was now again in the same country, courting the same dangers, which he had so often braved, and that seemed to have for him a kind of fascination. Such men, and there are thousands of such, can only live in a state of excitement and constant action. Perils and danger are their natural element and their familiarity with them and indifference to their fate, are well illustrated in these adventures of Colter.

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[1] John Bradbury says that he saw Colter at St. Louis on his arrival from the upper Missouri and received from him an account of his adventures after he had separated from Lewis and Clark's party. One of these, the story of the race, "from its singularity," Bradbury printed in his interesting and valuable *Travels in the Interior of America* (Liverpool, 1817), at page 17. Washington Irving copied the story, from Bradbury, into his *Astoria*.

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[1] John Potts emerges from obscurity on two occasions; first as a member of Lewis and Clark's party, and second by the circumstances of his death. After his return from the Pacific he entered Lisa's employ and went up the river with the expedition of 1807. His estate was administered upon in St. Louis by Rufus Easton, but the files in the estate are missing and nothing has been learned of his antecedents. The land warrant issued to him under the Act of Congress "making compensation to Messrs. Lewis and Clark and their companions," was sold at public sale by the administrator, 11 November, 1810.

A few days afterward, when Cheek was killed and Colter had another narrow escape, he came into the Fort, and said he had promised his Maker to leave the country, and "now" said he, throwing down his hat on the ground, "if God will only forgive me this time and let me off I *will* leave the country day after to-morrow— and be d—d if I ever come into it again." He left accordingly, in company with young Bryant[8] of Philadelphia, whose father was a merchant of that city, and one other whose name I forget. They were attacked by the Blackfeet just beyond the mountains, but escaped by hiding in a thicket, where the Indians were afraid to follow them, and at night they proceeded towards the Big Horn, lying concealed in the day-time. They reached St. Louis[4] safely, and a few years after I heard of Colter's death by jaundice.

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[8] William Bryan (not Bryant) was a kinsman of the Morrisons. He was the bearer of Col. Menard's letter to Pierre Chouteau, printed in Chittenden's History of the American Fur Trade (Vol. 3, p. 893), and from that his first name is obtained. Nothing further has been learned about him.

We arrived at the Forks of the Missouri on the third day of April, 1810, ten months after leaving St. Louis and two months and one day after quitting my cabin above the Gros Ventre village. We had now reached our place of business, trapping for beaver, and prepared to set to work. Dougherty, Brown, Ware and myself agreed to trap in company on the Missouri between the Forks and the Falls, which lie several hundred miles down the river to the north, from the Forks. We made two canoes by hollowing out the trunks of two trees and on the third or fourth day after our arrival at the Forks we were ready to start on an expedition down the river. The rest of the Americans with a few French, in all eighteen in number, determined to go up the Jefferson river for trapping, and the rest of the company under Col Menard remained to complete the Fort and trading house at the Forks between the Jefferson and Madison rivers. On parting from Cheek, he said in a melancholy tone, "James you are going down the Missouri, and it is the general opinion that you will be killed. The Blackfeet are at the falls, encamped I hear, and we fear you will never come back. But I am afraid for myself as well as you. I know not the cause, but I have felt fear ever since I came to the Forks, and I never was afraid of anything before. You may come out safe, and I may be killed. Then you will say, there was Cheek afraid to go with us down the river for fear of death, and now he has found his grave by going up the river. I may be dead when you return." His words made little impression on me at the time, but his tragical end a few days afterwards recalled them to my mind and stamped them on my memory forever. I endeavored to persuade him to join our party, while he was equally urgent for me to join his, saying that if we went in one company our force would afford more protection from Indians, than in small parties, while I contended that the fewer our numbers the better would be our chance of concealment and escape from any war parties that might be traversing the country. We parted never to meet again, taking opposite directions and both of us going into the midst of dangers. My company of four started down the river and caught some beaver on the first day. On the second we passed a very high spur of the mountain on our right. The mountains in sight on our left, were not so high as those to the east of us. On the third day we issued from very high and desolate mountains on both sides of us, whose tops are covered with snow throughout the year, and came upon a scene of beauty and magnificence combined, unequalled by any other view of nature that I ever beheld. It really realized all my conceptions of the Garden of Eden. In the west the peaks and pinnacles of the Rocky Mountains shone resplendent in the sun. The snow on their tops sent back a beautiful reflection of the rays of the morning sun. From the sides of the dividing ridge between the waters of the Missouri and Columbia, there sloped gradually down to the bank of the river we were on, a plain, then covered with every variety of wild animals peculiar to this region, while on the east another plain arose by a very gradual ascent, and extended as far as the eye could reach. These and the mountain sides were dark with Buffalo, Elk, Deer, Moose, Wild Goats and Wild Sheep; some grazing, some lying down under the trees and all enjoying a perfect millenium of peace and quiet. On the margin the swan, geese and pelicans, cropped the grass or floated on the surface of the water. The cotton wood trees seemed to have been planted by the hand of man on the bank of the river to shade our way, and the pines and cedars waved their tall, majestic heads along the base and on the sides of the mountains. The whole landscape was that of the most splendid English Park. The stillness, beauty and loveliness of this scene, struck us all with indescribable emotions. We rested on the oars and enjoyed the whole view in silent astonishment and admiration. Nature seemed to have rested here, after creating the wild mountains and

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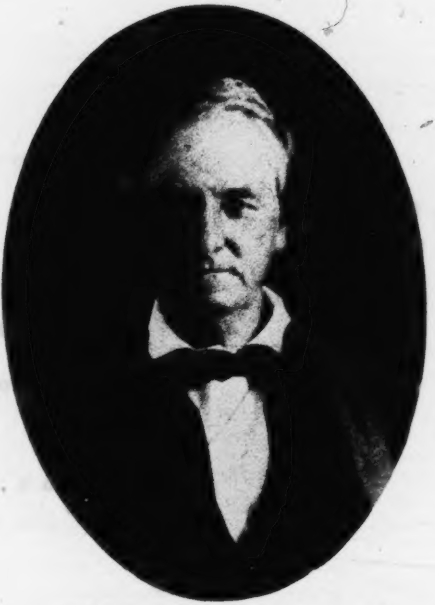
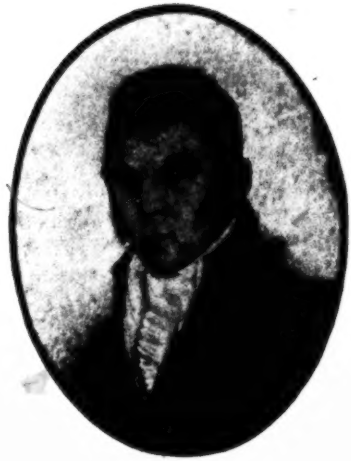
[4] Bradbury says, "This man came to St. Louis in May 1810, in a small canoe, from the head waters of the Missouri, a distance of three thousand miles, which he traversed in thirty days."



Tho. Dougherty

chasms among which we had voyaged for two days. Dougherty, as if inspired by the scene with the spirit of poetry and song, broke forth in one of Burns' noblest lyrics, which found a deep echo in our hearts. We floated on till evening through this most delightful country, when we stopped and prepared supper on the bank of the river. We set our traps and before going to rest for the night we examined them and found a beaver in every one, being twenty-three in all. In the morning we were nearly as successful as before and were cheered with thoughts of making a speedy fortune. We determined to remain in this second paradise as long as our pursuits would permit. We skinned our beaver, ate breakfast and started to go further down the river in search of a good camp ground. Brown and Dougherty started in a canoe, before Ware and I were ready, and after going about two hundred yards, they struck a rock concealed under the water, overturned the canoe, and lost all our skins and ammunition except the little powder in our horns and few skins left behind. They also lost their guns, but saved themselves and the canoe. Ware and I soon followed them, and we all encamped at the mouth of a small creek on the left side of the river. Here Ware and I remained while the two others went back to the Fort to procure other guns and ammunition, taking with them one of our guns. They reached the Fort the first night, having saved a great distance by crossing the country and cutting off the bend of the river which here makes a large sweep to the east. They went up on the west side or that next to the mountains waded Jefferson's Fork and entered the Fort late at night. Early the next morning the whole garrison was aroused by an alarm made by Valle and several Frenchmen who came in, as if pursued by enemies, and informed them that the whole party who had gone up the Jefferson, at the time of our departure down the Missouri, had been killed by the Indians, and that they expected an immediate attack on the Fort. The whole garrison prepared for resistance. The next morning after Valle's arrival, Colter came in unhurt, with a few others, and said there were no Indians near the Fort. Col. Menard despatched Dougherty and Brown, on the same day, to us with the request that we should hasten to the Fort to assist in its defence. Being well mounted, they came up to our camp as we were preparing dinner. Their faces were pale with fright, and in great trepidation they told us they had seen Indian "signs" on the route from the Fort—that a horse with a rope about his neck had run up and snuffed around them as if in search of his master, and then disappeared—that an Indian dog had performed the same action. Every thing indicated that Indians were near, and we hastened to depart for the Fort. We proceeded up the creek near whose mouth we had encamped, and were screened from view on the north by the willows on our right. We had gone very cautiously four miles, when we left the river, and I perceived a small herd of buffalo in the creek bottom far to our right, start bounding off



Vallé

From miniature presented to Missouri Historical Society
by Mrs. Minnie Vallé Fairfield.

as if from pursuers in the rear, and immediately after, I descried through an opening in the willows, eight Indians, walking rapidly across the plain in the direction of our late camp. I informed the others of my observation, and Ware horror stricken proposed immediate flight. I protested against this course and no one seconded him, but we were all alarmed and the chins and lips of some quivered as they spoke. I said that we could not all escape, having but two horses among us, that we had, perhaps, seen the whole force of the Indians, and that they might not have seen us at all; that we could fight eight with success. I proposed that if attacked we should make a breast-work of our horses and two of us should fire upon them at a hundred yards, that the other two should fire at fifty yards, that the reloaded guns should despatch the third couple, and our knives and pistols finish the seventh and eighth. This Bobadil proposition revived their spirits wonderfully, and they instantly dismissed all thoughts of flight. Ware and I ascended a small height to watch the Indians, while the rest went on with the horses, which travelled slowly with packs. Here we saw the Indians go up to our deserted camp, the smoke from which had attracted them thither. The smoke in this clear atmosphere is visible to a great distance. The hunters said they had seen the smoke from an ordinary fire in the prairies for three hundred miles. We proceeded without pursuit, and at two o'clock the next morning we reached the Jefferson Fork, opposite the Fort. Unwilling to risk the danger of an attack by delay we forded the river with great difficulty, and went towards the Fort, whence some dogs rushed upon us barking furiously. I spoke to the dogs, and a voice hailed us from the Fort with "who's there?" I answered promptly, and thus saved ourselves from a volley, for when we entered the Fort, the whole garrison was drawn up with fingers upon triggers. They were expecting an attack every moment, and did not look for us so soon. They were all in the greatest consternation. Lieutenant Emmel[5] with those before mentioned of the trapping party up the river, had come in and they supposed that all the rest had been killed. They had had a very narrow escape themselves, as all but Colter probably considered it; he with his large experience, naturally looked upon the whole as an ordinary occurrence. During the day others came in and we

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Michl E Immell.

[5] MICHAEL E. IMMELL was one of the subordinates in the Fur Company, but he possessed many of the qualities of a great leader. He was loyal, brave, resourceful and persistent. He went up the river with the Fur Company in 1809, and was killed in battle with the Blackfeet 31 May, 1823. There is no record of his having returned to St. Louis after his departure in 1809, though, in 1812, he came as far down as St. Charles, where, meeting the upward bound party, he turned back. For many years he was Lisa's trusted lieutenant. He was born, probably, in Pennsylvania, but the year of his birth is not known. He came to St. Louis in the early part of 1804, and later became a member of the 1st Infantry (Colonel Thomas Hunt's regiment), in which he was appointed ensign 10 June, 1807, and second lieutenant 14 October, 1808. He resigned from the army 30 October, 1808. During the period of his army service he was stationed at Fort Bellefontaine, though for a short time, in 1808, he commanded the small garrison at St. Louis.

learned from them the extent of our losses. The company consisting of eighteen, had proceeded up the bank of the Jefferson, trapping, and on the third day had pitched their tents for the night, near the river, and about forty miles from the Fort. Cheek, Hull[6] and Ayers[7] were employed in preparing the camp, while the rest had dispersed in various directions to kill game, when some thirty or forty Indians appeared on the prairie south of them, running afoot and on horses, toward the camp. Vallé and two men whose names I forget, came running up to Cheek and others and told them to catch their horses and escape. This Cheek refused to do, but seizing his rifle and pistols, said he would stay and abide his fate. "My time has come, but I will kill at least two of them, and then I don't care." His gloomy forebodings were about to be fulfilled through his own recklessness and obstinacy. Ayers ran frantically about, paralysed by fear and crying, "O God, O God, what can I do." Though a horse with within reach he was disabled by terror from mount-ing and saving his life. Courage and cowardice met the same fate, though in very different manners. Hull stood coolly examining his rifle as if for battle. The enemy were coming swiftly toward them, and Vallé and his two companions started off pursued by mounted Indians. The sharp reports of Cheek's rifle and pistols were soon heard, doing the work of death upon the savages, and then a volley of musketry sent the poor fellow to his long home.

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[6] In the lists of the Fur Company's employees for 1812-13 is the name François Oul and François Oulle. In the journal of these years, this person is called "Woahl." To American ears the sound of Oul would suggest Hull. The writer of the journal who calls it Woahl, seems to have been a German. There was a François Oule, and also a family named Hull, in St. Clair County, Illinois, about this time. Whether the man mentoined by James as Hull and the Oul who was with the expedition of 1812 are identical, is a matter of conjecture only, with the probabilities in favor of the affirmative. The St. Louis records afford no help.

[7] Ayers has not been identified. There was an Ebenezer Ayers who settled with his family in St. Charles County in Spanish times, and a George Ayers on the Perruque in 1803, Houck's *History of Missouri.*

Lieutenant Emmel and another came in from hunting, about dusk, ignorant of the fate of their fellows, and seeing the tent gone they supposed the place of the camp had been changed. Hearing a noise at the river, Emmel went down to the bank, whence he saw through the willows, on the opposite side, a camp of thirty Indian lodges, a woman coming down to the river with a brass kettle which he would have sworn was his own, and also a white man bound by both arms to a tree. He could not recognize the prisoner, but supposed he was an American. On returning to the place where Cheek had pitched his tent, he saw his dead body without the scalp, lying where he had bravely met his end. He then hastened to the Fort where his arrival has been noticed before. A greater part of the garrison, with myself, started out on the morning of my coming in to go in pursuit of the Indians, up the river, and to bury our dead. We found and buried the corpses of our murdered comrades, Cheek and Ayers; the latter being found in the river near the bank. Hull was never heard of, and two others, Rucker[8] and Fleehart were also missing; being killed or taken prisoners by the Indians. An Indian was found dead, with two bullets in his body, supposed to be from Cheek's pistol. The body was carefully concealed under leaves and earth, and surrounded by logs. We followed the trail of the savages for two days when we missed it and gave up the chase. Many of the men wished to pursue them into the mountains, but Col. Menard judged it imprudent to go farther in search of them, as we should, probably, come upon an army of which this party was but a detachment. He thought the main body was very large, and not distant from us or the Fort, and therefore determined to return and await them there. We accordingly retraced our steps to the Fort, and remained in it, with our whole force, for several days, expecting an attack. No attack was made, however, nor did an enemy make his appearance afterwards, except in the shape of white, grey, brown and grizzly bears. Seeing nothing of our enemies, the Blackfeet, we soon became emboldened and ventured out of the Fort to hunt and trap, to the distance of about six miles. In these short expeditions the men had frequent encountres with bears, which in this region are of enormous size, sometimes weighing 800 pounds each, and when wounded, are the most terribly ferocious and dangerous to the hunter of all other animals. The African Lion and Bengal Tiger are the only beasts of prey, that in ferocity and power, can be compared with the Grey or Grizzly Bear of the Rocky Mountains. These were the terrors of our men as much as were the Indians, and they usually spoke of them both as equally terrible and equally to be avoided. The great strength of the Bear, his swiftness and utter insensibility to danger when wounded, render him as dangerous to the hunter as the Tiger or the Lion. The first shot is seldom fatal upon him, on account of the thickness of his skin and skull, and the great quantity of fat and flesh that envelope his heart, and make an almost impenetrable shield in front. I will relate a few adventures with this North American king of beasts, and then proceed with my narrative.

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[8] Rucker is an old name in Missouri. Fleehart was probably a Pennsylvanian. Neither have been identified.

Ware, an American, was hunting on an island in the Madison river, a short distance from the Fort and came suddenly, in a buffalo path, upon a white or grey Bear. He fired at the monster, wounded him in the breast, and then ran for his life, with the Bear at his heels, and saved himself by plunging into the river. His pursuer laid himself down on the bank and in the last struggle of death, fell into the water, where he died. Ware drew him out, took off the skin and was cutting and hanging up the meat, when he heard the noise of another Bear in the thicket near by. He hastened to the Fort for assistance and a party, with me, went over to the island. When there, we separated in our search, and in beating about the bushes, I, with my dog, entered a narrow path, and had gone some distance, when I saw the dog ahead, suddenly bristle up, bark and walk lightly as if scenting danger. I called to the men to come up, and watched the dog. He soon found the bear guarding a dead elk, which he and his dead companion had killed and covered with leaves. As soon as he saw the dog he plunged at him, and came furiously toward me, driving the dog before him and snorting and raging like a mad bull. I leveled my gun and snapped, and then ran with the bear at my heels, and his hot breath upon me. I reached the river bank, and turned short up a path, in which I met my companions coming to my call. They, however, seeing me running, were panic stricken and took to their heels also, thus were we all in full retreat from bruin, who crossed the river and fled through the willows on the other side. We heard him crashing his way for many hundred yards. On another occasion, a party had wounded a bear which instantly gave chase and overtook a Shawnee Indian in the company named Luthecaw, who had stumbled over some brush, and fallen. He grasped the Indian by the double capeau and coat collar and stood over him, while we fired six shots into the bear, which fell dead upon the Indian, who cried out that the bear was crushing him to death, but arose unhurt, as soon as we removed the tremendous weight of the dead monster from his body. His jaws were firmly closed upon the Shawnee's "capeau" and coat collar, who arose at last with *"sacre moste, l'est crazy monte"*—"damn the bear, he, almost mashed me."

We kept the flag flying a month, frequently seeing Indians without getting an interview with them; they always fleeing at our approach. We then pulled down the flag and hoisted the scalp of the Indian whom Cheek had killed. By this time the Fort was completed and put in a good state of defence. We subsisted ourselves in the meantime, by hunting in small parties, which started out of Fort before day and went some twenty or thirty miles, and after having killed a buffalo or elk, come back with the meat loaded on the horses.

The Grizzly Bears frequently made their appearance and we killed great numbers of them. A Yankee, named Pelton,[9] was remarkable for his contracted, narrow eyes, which resembled those of a bear. He was a jovial, popular fellow, and had greatly amused the company in coming up the river, by his songs and sermons. At every stopping place he held a meeting for the mock trial of offenders and exhorted us in the New England style to mend our courses and eschew sin. He had an adventure with a bear, about this time, which is worth relating. While trapping near the Fort with a small party, including myself, he was watching his traps alone, a short distance from us, when he heard a rustling in the bushes at his right, and before turning around he was attacked by a large bear, which grasped him by the breast, bore him to the earth and stood over him with his head back and eyes fixed on his face as if observing his features; Pelton screamed and yelled in a most unearthly manner, and his new acquaintance, as if frightened by his appearance and voice, leaped from over his body, stood and looked at him a moment over his shoulder, growled and then walked off. We ran in the directions of the cries and soon met Pelton coming towards us in a walk, grumbling and cursing, with his head down, as if he had been disturbed in a comfortable sleep, and altogether wearing an air of great dissatisfaction. He told us the story, and thought he owed his escape to his bearish eyes which disconcerted his friendly relation in the act of making a dinner of him.

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[9] Archibald Pelton was born at Groton, Connecticut, probably between 1790 and 1796. His parents were David Pelton and Hannah Millikin. David Pelton was a Revolutionary soldier. When a section of the Astoria party were making their way along the Snake river in December 1811, they encountered "a young American who was deranged, but who sometimes recovered his reason. This young man told them, in one of his lucid intervals, that he was from Connecticut and was named Archibald Pelton; that he had come up the Missouri with Mr. Henry; that all of the people at the post established by that trader were massacred by the Blackfeet; that he alone had escaped and had been wandering for three years since with the Snake Indians. Our people took this young man with them." Franchere's *Narrative* (Huntington's tr.), 148. See also Ross Cox, *Adventures on the Columbia*, Vol. 1, p. 91.

The Indians, we thought, kept the game away from the vicinity of the Fort. Thus we passed the time till the month of May, when a party of twenty-one, of whom I was one, determined to go up the Jefferson river to trap. By keeping together we hoped to repel any attack of the savages. We soon found the trapping in such numbers not very profitable, and changed our plan by separating in companies of four, of whom, two men would trap while two watched the camp. In this manner we were engaged until the fear of the Indians began to wear off and we all became more venturous. One of our company, a Shawnee half-breed named Druyer,[10] the principal hunter of Lewis & Clark's party, went up the river one day and set his traps about a mile from the camp. In the morning he returned alone and brought back six beavers. I warned him of his danger. "I am too much of an Indian to be caught by Indians," said he. On the next day he repeated the adventure and returned with the product of his traps, saying, "this is the way to catch beaver." On the third morning he started again up the river to examined his traps, when we advised him to wait for the whole party, which was about moving further up the stream, and at the same time two other Shawnees left us against our advice, to kill deer. We started forward in company, and soon found the dead bodies of the last mentioned hunters, pierced with lances, arrows and bullets and lying near each other. Further on, about one hundred and fifty yards, Druyer and his horse lay dead, the former mangled in a horrible manner; his head was cut off, his entrails torn out and his body hacked to pieces. We saw from the marks on the ground that he must have fought in a circle on horseback, and probably killed some of his enemies, being a brave man, and well armed with a rifle, pistol, knife and tomahawk. We pursued the trail of the Indians till night, without overtaking them, and then returned, having buried our dead, with saddened hearts to Fort.

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[10] For sketch of George Drouillard, see Appendix.

Soon after this time, Marie[11] and St. John, my two Canadian companions on the route from my winter quarters on the Missouri to the Big Horn, came to the Fort at the Forks. Marie's right eye was out and he carried the yet fresh marks of a horrible wound on his head and under his jaw. After I had left them at the Big Horn to come to the Forks, they came on to the Twenty-five Yard river,[12] the most western branch of the Yellow Stone, for the purpose of trapping. One morning after setting his traps, Marie strolled out into the prairie for game, and soon percevied a large White Bear rolling on the ground in the shade of a tree. Marie fired at and missed him. The bear snuffed around him without rising, and did not see the hunter until he had reloaded, fired again and wounded him. His majesty instantly, with ears set back, flew towards his enemy like an arrow, who ran for his life, reached a beaver dam across the river, and seeing no escape by land, plunged into the water above the dam. The Bear followed and soon proved himself as much superior to his adversary in swimming as in running. Marie dove and swam under the water as long as he could, when he rose to the surface near the Bear. He saved himself by diving and swimming in this manner several times, but his enemy followed close upon him and watched his motions with the sagacity which distinguishes these animals. At last he came up from under the water, directly beneath the jaws of the monster, which seized him by the head, the tushes piercing the scalp and neck under the right jaw and crushing the ball of his right eye. In this situation with his head in the Bear's mouth and he swimming with him ashore, St. John having heard his two shots in quick succession, came running to his rescue. St. John levelled his rifle and shot the Bear in the head, and then dragged out Marie from the water more dead than alive. I saw him six days afterwards, with a swelling on his head an inch thick, and his food and drink gushed through the opening under his jaw, made by the teeth of his terrible enemy.

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[11] There were families by the name of Marie in St. Louis and St. Charles about this time. In St. Louis was the family of Laperche *dit* St. Jean. But the individuals here named have not been identified.

[12] "Shield's River received its name from Captain Clark, in 1806, in honor of one of his men [John Shields]. The trappers of early times called it Twenty five Yard creek, and it was a famous resort for them, abounding as it did with innumerable beaver. Two reasons are assigned for the name: its width, which *isn't* twenty five yards, but much less; and the asserted fact that it rises only twenty five yards from the source of another stream, which I can neither affirm nor deny. Many sharp conflicts occurred here in olden times between the resolute trapper bands that were wont to frequent the locality and the vengeful Blackfeet who then lorded over it." Bradley's Journal, 2 Montana Historical Society *Contributions*, p. 152. Father de Smet visited the locality in 1842, and says of it: "At the mouth of the Twenty five Yard River, a branch of the Yellow Stone, we found 250 huts, belonging to the several nations all friendly to us—the Flat Heads, Kalispels, Pierced Noses, Kayuses and Snakes. I spent three days amongst them to exhort them to perseverance, and to make some preparations for my long journey" [to St. Louis]. *Letters and Sketches,* 1843, p. 234. Its junction with the Yellow Stone is in Gallatin County, Montana.

We made frequent hunting excursions in small parties, in which nothing of consequence occurred. Many of us had narrow escapes from Indians and still narrower from the Grizzly and White Bears. Game became very scarce and our enemies seemed bent upon starving us out. We all became tired of this kind of life, cooped up in a small enclosure and in perpetual danger of assassination when outside the pickets. The Blackfeet manifested so determined a hatred and jealousy of our presence, that we could entertain no hope of successfully prosecuting our business, even if we could save our lives, in their country. Discouraged by the prospect before us most of the Americans prepared to go back to the settlements, while Col. Henry and the greater part of the company,[13] with a few Americans were getting ready to cross the mountains and go onto the Columbia beyond the vicinity of our enemies. A party which had been left at Manuel's Fort, for the purpose, had brought up one of the boats and part of the goods from the "*cache*" on the Yellow Stone below the Fort, as far as Clark's river,[14] where, on account of the rapidity of the current, they had been compelled to leave them. Thither Menard went with men and horses to get the goods for the trip to the Columbia, and I accompanied him with most of the Americans on our way back to civilized life and the enjoyments of home. When we reached the Twenty-five Yard river we met one hundred and fifty Indians of the Gros Ventre tribe. One of the men observing a new calico shirt belonging to him, around the neck of an Indian, informed Menard of his suspicions that this party had robbed the "*cache*" (from the French, *cacher* to hide) of the goods which they had hid in the earth near the bank of the Yellow Stone, in the fall before. Menard questioned them, but they denied the theft, saying they got the calico at the trading house. In the evening they entrenched themselves behind breastworks of logs and brush, as if fearing an attack from us, and in the morning, departed on an expedition against the Snakes, of which miserable nation, we heard afterwards, they killed and took for slaves a large number. Thus the whales of this wilderness destroy the minnows. Here we made three canoes of buffalo bull's skins, by sewing together two skins, for each canoe, and then stretching them over a frame simcilar in shape to a Mackinaw boat. Our canoe contained three men, about sixty steel traps, five hundred beaver skins, our guns and amunition, besides other commodities. Nine of us started down the river in these canoes and in two days reached Clark's river where the boats with the goods was awaiting us. The rest with the horses by land. Clark's river enters the Yellow Stone from the south; near its mouth we found an army of the Crow nation encamped. This is a wandering tribe like most of the Indians in this region, without any fixed habitation. These were then at war with the Blackfeet, whom they were seeking to give battle. Having remained with us a few days, they went off towards the south. One of our hunters came into camp, on the evening of the day when they had departed, and informed us of a large force of Indians about four miles to the north, stationed behind a breast-work of rock and earth near a cliff. These were supposed to be Blackfeet, and early in the morning, the land party with the horses, having arrived, we mustered our whole force and went out to attack them in their entrenchment. We were all eager for the fight, and advancing upon them in Indian style, we discovered instead of Blackfeet, about a hundred warriors of the Crow nation, who had been out in an expedition against the Blackfeet and had just returned. They were a detachment from the army which had left us the day before. They marched into our camp on horse, two abreast, and there learning from us the news of their comrades, they immediately crossed the river in pursuit of them. Their manner of crossing the river was singular, and reminded me of the roving Tartars. They stripped themselves entirely naked, and every ten piled their accountrements together, blankets, saddles, weapons, &c., on a tent skin made of buffalo robes, and tying it up in a large round bundle, threw it into the river and plunged after, some swimming with these hugh heaps, floating like corks, and others riding the horses or holding by the tails till they had all crossed the river. Arrived on the opposite bank, which they reached in little less time than I have taken to describe their passage, they dressed, mounted their horses, and marched off two and two, as before, and were quickly out of our sight.

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[13] Henry's party. "They proceeded in a southwardly direction, crossed the mountains near the source of the Yellow Stone river, and wintered in 1810-11 on the waters of the Columbia. At this position they suffered much for provisions, and were compelled to live for some months entirely upon their horses. The party by this time had become dispirited, and began to separate; some returned into the United States by way of the Missouri, others made their way south into the Spanish settlement, by way of the Rio del Norte." Letter of Major Thomas Biddle, *American State Papers, Indian Affairs,* Vol. 2, p. 201. The names of the party, so far as recovered, were Andrew Henry, Michael E. Immel, John Dougherty, William Weir, Nicholas Glineau, Archibald Pelton, Edward Robinson, John Hoback and Jacob Reasoner.

[14] Clark's river, or fork, heads in the northern part of Yellowstone Park and runs for about thirty miles in a southeastern direction then with a wide bend turns northeastwardly for about sixty five miles, entering the Missouri near the northeast corner of Carbon County, Montana.

Here we parted from our companions, who were going to the Columbia, and who returned hence to the Forks with the goods and ammunition for thier trip, while we, the homeward bound, continued our course down the river in the canoes and the boats they had left, to the Fort on the Big Horn. We remained here several days, repairing a keel boat left by Manuel two years before, which we loaded with the goods from the canoes, and then recommenced our descent of the Yellow Stone with the canoes and two boats. Col. Menard accompanied us in one of the boats, and I with two companions kept to our canoe in advance of the others for the purpose of killing game. On reaching the place *cacheing* the goods and leaving the boats, on account of the ice the year before, Menard verified his suspicions of the Gros Ventres whom he met on the Twenty-five Yard river. The pit containing the goods and effects of the men had been opened and forty trunks robbed of their contents. Another pit containing the company's goods had also been opened, and the most valuable of its store left by Menard, was taken off by the Gros Ventres. They had also cut up and nearly destroyed the boats. We repaired one with the fragments of the other, and then passed down the river with three boats. I kept ahead as before in my skin canoe. This river is very rapid throughout its whole course, and very shallow. We were now near the Falls which are difficult and dangerous of navigation. In the morning I killed two buffalo with my pistol and rifle, and my two companions killed two more, which we cut up and stowed away. We approached the Falls sooner than we expected, and were directing our course to the left side among the sunken rocks and breakers, where we would certainly have been lost, when we heard a gun behind and saw the men on the boats waving us with handkerchiefs to the right. We were barely able to gain the channel, when the canoe shot down the descent with wonderful rapidity. We flew along the water like a sledge down an icy hill. My two companions lay in the bottom of the canoe, which frequently rebounded from the waves made by the rocks under the water and stood nearly upright. The waves washed over us and nearly filled the canoe with water. The boats behind commenced the descent soon after we had ended it in safety. They several times struck and one of them hung fast on a concealed rock. We hauled our canoe ashore, carried it above, and coming down to the foundered boat and lighting it of part of its load, we got it off the rocks. We now passed rapidly down to the Missouri river, where I left my friendly canoe and went aboard one one the boats. Here my spirits were cheered with the near prospect of home. I longed to see the familiar faces of kindred and friends with a yearning of the heart, which few can realize who have not wandered as I had done, among savages and wild beasts and made the earth my bed and the sky my canopy for more than a year. My way homeward was clear and comparatively safe; the tribes along the river being friendly, or if hostile, unable to annoy us as the Blackfeet had done so long in the prairies.

In my wanderings in this expedition I saw much of the Indians and their manner of living. Those in this region were then more savage, less degraded, and more virtuous than they are at the present time. The white man and his "fire water" have sadly demoralized them, thinned their numbers, and will soon sink them into oblivion. They are no longer the proud, haughty, simple minded warriors and orators that I found so many of them to be in 1809-'10. Sunk in poverty and intemperance, they are fast dwindling away. I have seen some of the finest specimens of men among our North American Indians. I have seen Chiefs with the dignity of real Princes and the eloquence of real orators, and Braves with the valor of the ancient Spartans. Their manner of speaking is extremely dignified and energetic. They gesticulate with infinite grace, freedom and animation. Their words flow deliberately, conveying their ideas with great force and vividness of expression, deep into the hearts of their hearers. Among their speakers I recognized all the essentials in manner of consumate orators. I shall have occasion, in the following chapters to bring out some of their nobler qualities in bolder relief than was possible in the preceding, on account of the more intimate relations I afterwards formed with these children of nature and the prairies.

In five days after entering the Missouri, we descended to the Gros Ventres village and our Fort, and were there joyfully received by our old companions. Whiskey flowed like milk and honey in the land of Canaan, being sold to the men by the disinterested and benevolent gentlemen of the Missouri Fur Company, for the moderate sum of twelve dollars per gallon,[18] they taking in payment beaver skins at one dollar and a half each, which were worth in St. Louis, six. Their prices for every thing else were in about the same proportion. Even at this price some of the men bought whiskey by the bucket full, and drank

> "'Till they forgot their loves and debts
> And cared for grief na mair."

During the carousal an incident occurred that nearly brought ruin upon us all. Three Shawnese Indians in the company from Kaskaskia, had started from the Upper Yellow Stone in a skin canoe, in advance, and had arrived a day or two before us. In their way down, one of them named Placota had wantonly killed a Crow Indian on the Yellow Stone, and a Gros Ventre on the Missouri, about sixty miles above the village, and taken their scalps. In his drunken fit Placota brought out one of these scalps in full view of the friendly Gros Ventres. Menard caught it out of his hand and hid it from view. The Indians became greatly excited, crowded around us and demanded to know whose scalp it was. Menard then produced to them the scalp of the Indian whom Cheek had killed and which they had seen before. They said this was a "dry" and the other a "green" scalp. We at last, and with great difficulty, pacified them and quieted their suspicions. Placota, who was raging mad, by Menard's orders was tied behind the trading house till he became sober, when I released him on his promise of good behavior.

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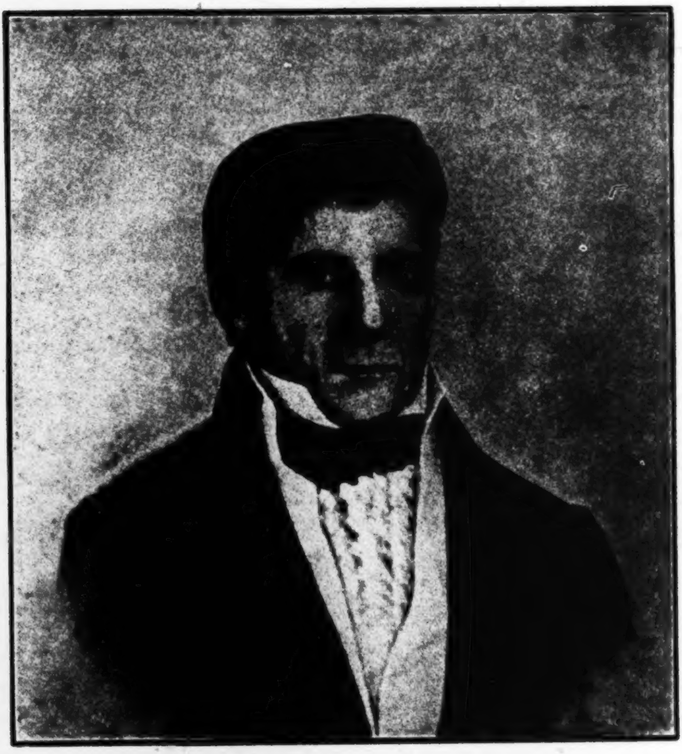
[18] "Mountain prices," of which those here mentioned are not unusual, prevailed in the Upper Missouri Country for many years. See Schultz's *My Life as an Indian,* Chapter 1; Wislizenus, *A Journey to the Rocky Mountains in 1839,* p. 87, and Townsend's *Narrative* (Thwaites' Early Western Travels), p. 195.

This tribe was then very powerful, having in all five villages, and mustering, in case of emergency, as many as three thousand warriors. I have already noticed their character and warlike qualities. A singular custom prevails among them in cutting off a finger or inflicting a severe wound in remembrance of any severe misfortune. Few of the men thirty years of age, were without the marks of these wounds, made on the death of some near relation, or on occasion of a defeat of the nation in war. Some I saw with three and one with four fingers cut off. I saw a young man bewailing the death of his father in a battle with the Blackfeet. He had compelled his friends to draw leather cords through the flesh under his arms and on his back, and attaching three Buffalo skulls, weighing at least twenty-five pounds, to the ends of the cords he dragged them over the ground after him through the village, moaning and lamenting in great distress. At their meals, the Indians on the Missouri, throw the first piece of



Pierre Menard

meat in the direction of an absent friend. In smoking they send the first whiff upwards in honor of the Great Spirit, the second downward as a tribute to their great mother, the third to the right and the fourth to the left, in thanks to the Great Spirit for the game He sends them so abundantly on the bosom of the earth. Their name for Chief is *Inca,* the same as that of the South American and Mexican Indians.[16] For knife they say *messa;* for horses, *cowalla.* A comparison of their languages will show an identity in their origin and race. They secure their dead by setting four poles, forked at the top, and about twenty-five feet in height, in the ground. On these they put a scaffold of buffalo skin, fastened to the poles, and on this the corpse is placed, covered by a buffalo skin bound around it very tightly. In this way the corpse is protected from from the birds and beasts, and this it remains till the scaffold falls by decay. The bones are then gathered by the relatives and put into a common heap. I saw in the rear of the Gros Ventre village an immense extent of ground covered by these tombs in the air, and near by was a heap of skulls and bones which had fallen to the earth from these air graves.

After a few day's stay at the Fort and village, we again started down the river with Col. Menard and two boats. We arrived at St. Louis in the month of

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[16] James' recollection of the Minitaree (or Hidatsa) language was evidently influenced by his southwestern experiences. Dr. Matthews says that the Minitaree word for chief is *matseetsi;* for knife is *maetsi,* and for horse is *ita-sua-suka.* Maximilian gives the same words in this way: chief, *uassa-issis;* knife, *mahtsi;* horse, *eisoh-waschakak.* It seems like each is trying to express in European characters the same sounds.

August, A. D. 1810, without any occurrence of interest on the voyage. We never got our dues or any thing of the least similitude to justice from the company. They brought me in their debt two hundred dollars, and some of the other Americans, for still larger sums. The reader may ask how this could be. He can easily imagine the process when he is told that the company charged us six dollars per pound for powder, three dollars for lead, six dollars for coarse calico shirts, one dollar and a half per yard for coarse tow linen for tents, the same for a common butcher knife, and so on, and allowed us only what I have mentioned for our beaver skins, our only means of payment. Capt. Lewis told me not to lay in any supplies in St. Louis, as the Company had plenty and would sell them to me as cheaply as I could get them in St. Louis, or nearly so, allowing only for a reasonable profit. Lewis did not intend to deceive us and was chagrined at the villanous conduct of the Company afterwards. This, with the fraudulent violation of their contracts and promises in the Indian country, by this concern, makes up a piece of extortion, fraud and swindling, that ought to consign the parties engaged in it to eternal infamy. The heaviest blame must rest on the unprincipled Liza; but the rest of the company must suffer the stigma of having connived at and profited by the villany, if they did not actually originate and urge it onward. I sued them on my contract,[17] and was the only one who did so. After many delays and continuances from term to term, I was glad to get rid of the suits and them, by giving my note for one hundred dollars to the Company. This, with my debt to Colter,[18] made me a loser to the amount of three hundred dollars by one years trapping on the head water of the Missouri. Some of the Americans, however, fared much worse, and were deterred from returning to the settlement at all, by their debts to the Company, which they were hopeless of discharging by any ordinary business in which they could engage. Such is one instance of the kind and considerate justice of wealth to defenceless poverty, beautifully illustrating the truth of the sentiment uttered by somebody, "take care of the rich and the rich will take care of the poor."

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[17] After James' return to St. Louis, William Clark, as agent for the Fur Company, sued him on a note for $249.81. This suit was brought in September 1810. The next month James sued the part-

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ners in the company for breach of contract, laying his damages at the sum of $750. The cases were set for trial several times, but the witnesses subpoenaed by both parties were, excepting one on each side, not to be found, and both cases were finally dismissed. The witnesses subpoenaed by James were John Colter, Daniel Larrison, Solomon Thorn and John A. Graham. Graham was a lawyer and the attesting witness to the contract between the parties. Larrison was one of Lisa's men, and it is to be inferred that Thorn was also. Colter was the only one found. The company subpoenaed Paul Liguest Chouteau and Duverge de Villemont. They could have known nothing about the matter unless they were up the river, but the subpoena is the only evidence of the fact that de Villemont was there. In October 1814, the company again brought suit on James note, and this is probably the case which he settled, as the records show no judgment. Thorn, mentioned above, was a gunsmith. He came to Louisiana in 1798 or 1799, and made his home at Cape Girardeau, where he died about 1821. De Villemont was the son of a Spanish commandant of Arkansas.

[18] In October 1814, Colter's administrator brought suit in the St. Louis Court of Common Pleas aganist James on a note given by James to Colter, dated 7 October, 1809, for one hundred and forty dollars. The case was settled without a trial.

CHAPTER THREE

Employment From 1810 to 1821—The First Santa Fé Traders—Members of the Fourth Santa Fé Expedition—Ascent of the Arkansas—Vaugean—Removal of the Town of Little Rock—Fort Smith and Major Bradford—Trading With the Osages—Capt. Prior—Salt River—Salt Plains and Shining Mountains—Robbery by the Indians—Sufferings From Thirst—Attack by the Indians—Further Robberies—The One Eyed Chief and Big Star—Indian Council—Critical Situation—Rescue by Spanish Officers—Cordaro—Journey Continued—San Migual—Peccas and Its Indian Inhabitants—Santa Fé—Farming.

AFTER my return from the Upper Missouri, I went in the fall of 1810 to Pennsylvania, where I remained two years and married. I returned to St. Louis, in the fall of 1813, procured a keel-boat and with it, navigated the Ohio and Mississippi, between Pittsburgh and St. Louis, carrying goods for large profits. I continued in this business till the fall of 1815, when I took a stock of goods from McKnight & Brady[1] of St. Louis, and opened a store in

Jno McKnight

[1] JOHN MCKNIGHT was born in Augusta County, Virginia. He came to St. Louis on 1 April, 1809, in company with Thomas Brady, with whom he had formed a mercantile partnership. They brought with them a Keel boat load of merchandise, and from that small beginning they built up the largest mercantile business in St. Louis. They acquired a large amount of land in Missouri and in Illinois, and the towns of East St. Louis and Harrisonville in Illinois were built

Harrisonville,[2] Illinois, dividing profits equally among us. In the fall of 1818, I went to Baltimore with letters of recommendation and bought goods for cash and on credit to the amount of seventeen thousand dollars, and brought them in waggons to Pittsburgh where I left them to await a rise of the river, which was too low for navigation, and came to St. Louis. My goods were not sent on till the following spring, when they had greatly fallen in price and the market was filled with a large supply. I was unable to dispose of my stock even at cost. I struggled on through the years 1819-'20, with the certain prospect of bankruptcy before my face, amid the clamors of creditors, and without the hope of extricating myself from the impending ruin. About this time Baum, Beard, and Chambers,[3] with some others, came to St. Louis from Santa Fé, where they had been imprisoned by the Government ever since the year 1810. They, with Robert, brother of John McKnight of the firm of McKnight and Brady, and

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on land which had belonged to them. McKnight's parents, Timothy McKnight and Eleanor Griffin, with five other sons and six daughters, also came to Missouri at about the same time with himself, and made their homes in St. Louis County where some of their descendants still live. John McKnight never married.

Thomas Brady died near St. Louis 11 October, 1821, leaving a widow and five children. His widow, who was a daughter of Judge John Rice Jones, later married Hon. John Scott.

[2] Harrisonville, is situated on the Mississippi River in the American Bottom, in Monroe County, Illinois, thirty miles south of St. Louis. In 1823 it contained thirty or forty houses, was a shipping point for the interior country and was a place of considerable business importance. It was subject to inundation, and that, with the building of railroads, caused it to decline. It now has a population of about one hundred and fifty persons.

[3] See sketch of James Baird, in Appendix.

eight others, were the first American Santa Fé traders[4] that carried goods from St. Louis to New Mexico. Immediately on reaching Santa Fé their goods were confiscated by the Governor, sold at public auction, and themselves taken to Chihuahua and there thrown into prison, where they were kept in more or less strict confinement for the space of ten years, being supported during that time by the proceeds of McKnight's goods, the Government allowing 18¾ cents per day to each man. This, I believe, was the second company of Americans that ever entered Santa Fé. Clem Morgan,[5] a Portuguese and very wealthy, made his way thither at a very early day, while Louisiana belonged to Spain, and returned in safety, making a good venture. Gen. Zebulon Pike was the first American visitor to that country. He went in the year 1807, and on his arrival was marched through Mexico as a prisoner of war, but was soon after released on demand of our Government. One of his men was detained thirteen years by the Spaniards, and returned with Chambers to St. Louis. Pike in the beginning of our last war with England, met a soldier's death at Queenston

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[4] The Santa Fé Trade. The history of the trade from Missouri to Santa Fé is so well presented in Chittenden's *American Fur Trade of the Far West* (Volume 2), that there is no occasion to restate it here. Extracts from the *Louisiana Gazette* (of St. Louis) relating to the expedition of Messrs. Smith, McLanahan and Patterson are given in the Appendix. Further information relating to the trade can be found in Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies*, Becknell's *Journal* in 2 Missouri Historical Society *Collections*, No. 6, p. 55, and Col. Marmaduke's *Journal* in 6 *Missouri Historical Review* 1. Inman's *The Santa Fé Trail* is a readable, popular account of the subject, but not at all to be depended upon for facts.

[5] For sketch of Jacques Clamorgan, see Appendix.

Heights. The second company from the United States was McKnight's and their treatment has been noticed. The third was under the command of Augustus Chouteau and Demun* of St. Louis, and was composed entirely of French. They made a very unsuccessful venture, being deprived of their goods worth $40,000, without the least remuneration, and themselves imprisoned for a short time. I commanded the fourth expedition to Santa Fé from the United States, and the first that was made after the Mexican Revolution and the declaration of their independence of Spain, and I was the first American that ever visited the country and escaped a prison while there. John McKnight desired to go to Mexico to see his brother, procure his release if he were still in prison, and return with him to the States. The first information he had received, concerning Robert, in ten years, came by his companions above named, who had left him in the interior of Mexico. He proposed that I should take my goods and accompany him, and supposed that under Spanish protection we could go unmolested by the Government. The news of the Revolution had not yet reached this country. This appeared to be the best course to retrieve my affairs, and I prepared for the journey by procuring a passport from Don Onis, the Spanish Minister, countersigned by John Q. Adams, then Secretary of State under Monroe. I loaded a keel boat with goods to the value of $10,000, and laid in a large quantity of biscuit, whiskey, flour, lead and powder, for trading with the Indians on the route. I started from St. Louis on the 10th day of May, A. D. 1821, and descended the Mississippi to the mouth of the Arkansas. The company consisted, besides myself, of McKnight, my brother, John G. James,[7] David Kirker,[8] Wm. Shearer,[9] Alexander Howard, Benjamin Potter,[10] John Ivy, and Francois Maesaw, a Spaniard. Two joined us after starting, Frederick Hector at the mouth of the Ohio, and James Wilson in the Cherokee country, making eleven in all, young and daring men, eager for excitement and adventure. Ascending the Arkansas, the first settlement we reached was "Eau Post,"[11] inhabited principally by French. A few days afterwards we arrived in the country of the Quawpaws, where we met with a Frenchman named Veaugean,[12] an old man of considerable wealth, who treated us with hospitality. His son had just returned from hunting with a party of Quawpaws and had been attacked by the Pawnees, who killed several of his Indian companions. Pawnee was then the name of all the tribes that are now known as Camanches. I had never known or heard of any Indians of that name before I visited their country on my way to Santa Fé. The Americans previously knew them only as Pawnees. The account brought by Veaugean's son surprised me, as we had heard that all the Indians on our route were friendly. Leaving Veaugean's, we proceeded up the river through a very fertile coun-

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* Sketches of Auguste Pierre Chouteau and Jules de Mun will be found in the Appendix.

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[7] John G. James married, 4 February, 1812, Julie Creely, of Florissant, and lived on the Charbonnière Road near that village. He died in February 1834, leaving his widow, five sons and four daughters surviving. One of his sons was Samuel James, a sketch of whose life appears in Scharf's History of St. Louis.

[8] David Kirker, of St. Louis, was an Irishman from Belfast, and was a kinsman of James Kirker, also of St. Louis, who became famous or notorious in the Southwest. David Kirker was a farmer, and lived in the McKnight neighborhood in St. Louis County; he married 2 March, 1826, Mariah Robinson; a daughter, Anne Jane, was born to them 28 November, 1828. Kirker died within a few years after his marriage and his widow married John Z. Mackay, 3 February 1831.

[9] The estate of William Shearer was administered upon in the St. Louis Probate Court, but the files are missing excepting the administration bond which bears date 26 February, 1825. Hamilton Carruthers was the administrator, and James Kirker and James Lansdell were his sureties.

[10] Fowler says, under date 7 May, 1822, "Potter Came to Camp with Conl. glann's Horse," *Journal*, p. 137. No other mention of Potter has been found. Neither Howard, Ivy, or Maesaw have been identified.

[11] *Au Poste*, or the *Poste aux Arkansas*, now called Arkansas Post, is a small village on the north side of the Arkansas River about forty five miles from the Mississippi. It is supposed to be the oldest white settlement in the Mississippi Valley; its first European in-

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habitants were some of Tonti's men who established themselves there in 1686. The number of its inhabitants in recent years has been about one hundred persons.

[12] The first of the Vaugines in Louisiana was a French officer, said to have borne the title of Marquis and to have been a chevalier of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, who remained in the country and held command of a body of troops under the King of Spain. His wife was Antoinette Pelagié d'Eliverliers. The Vaugine (Veaugean), mentioned here by James, was their son, François Nuisment Vaugine.

He went with Don Joseph Bernard Valliére to Arkansas in 1787, Valliére being then the commandant of the country, and under him Vaugine held the rank of Adjutant Major. He married Marie Felicité, daughter of Valliére and Marie Felicite Moran, by whom he had six children, of whom the eldest, Etienne, was probably the one who had been out with the hunting party.

Nuttall (*Travels in Arkansas Territory*, p. 138, Thwaites' ed.) met the elder Vaugine at his home, four miles below Pine Bluff, and speaks of him as Major Lewismore Vaugine, Nuisment evidently having the sound of Lewismore to his English ears. Vaugine died in the early part of 1831. Descendants of the name are still living in Arkansas.

try. Dense and heavy woods of valuable timber lined both sides of the river, both below "Eau Post" and above as far as we went, and the river bottoms, which are large, were covered by extensive canebrakes, which appeared impenetrable even by the rattlesnake. Small fields of corn, squash and pumpkins, cultivated by Indians, appeared in view on the low banks of the river. Since entering the Arkansas we had found the country quite level; after sailing and pushing about three hundred miles from the mouth, we now reached the first high land, near Little Rock,[18] the capital of the Territory as established that spring. The archives had not yet been removed from Eau Post, the former capital. As we approached Little Rock we beheld a scene of true Western life and character, that no other country could present. First we saw a large wood and stone building in flames, and then about one hundred men, painted, masked and disguised in almost every conceivable manner, engaging in removing the town. These men, with ropes and chains, would march off a frame house on wheels and logs, place it about three or four hundred yards from its former site and then return and move off another in the same manner. They all seemed tolerably drunk, and among them I recognized almost every European language spoken. They were a jolly set indeed. Thus they worked amid songs and shouts, until by nightfall they had completely changed the site of their town. Such buildings as they could not move they burned down, without a dissentient voice. The occasion of this strange proceeding was as follows: The Territorial Court was then in session at Diamond Hill, about thirty miles distant on the river above, and the news had reached Little Rock on the morning of our arrival, that a suit pending in this court and involving the title to the town, wherein one Russell[14] of St. Louis was the claimant, had gone against

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[18] Little Rock owed its beginning mainly to Missourians. The first town was laid out in 1820 by William O'Hara of St. Louis and James Bryan of Washington County, Missouri. Stephen F. Austin, Bryan's brother in law, was also interested. To this new town they gave the name of Arkopolis. The title to the ground was claimed by William Russell, whose claim was sustained by the Court. Russell and his associates laid out a town on the site of Arkopolis in 1821 and named it Little Rock. There was no stone house there when James visited the place in 1821, and what he remembered as such was a log structure, too heavy too move, which was destroyed by the explosion of gunpowder which set fire to the ruins. The main town grew up on Russell's land, and he gave the ground on which the capitol was built. See Hempstead's *History of Arkansas.*

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[14] William Russell was born in Frederick County, Virginia, 3 June 1777, and died at St. Louis, 14 July 1857. In his youth he adopted the calling of surveyor. He left Virginia in 1803 to seek a new home in the Southwest. He travelled on horseback, visiting and examining the towns on the way, and reached Kaskaskia in November. After a short stay at that place he started for St. Louis, but when he reached Cahokia he found the Mississippi impassible because of the running ice. He spent sometime at Prairie du Rocher and at Kaskaskia and finally succeeded in crossing the river early in February, reaching St. Louis on the eighth of that month, while the country was still under Spanish rule. Here he found a situation answerable to his desires, and here he made his home. His services as land surveyor were soon in demand, and he presently began to purchase land on his own account.

On 3 July 1811, he was licensed by Judge Lucas to practice law, but he never actively identified himself with the bar. He followed his original bent, and became the owner of a great amount of land in both Missouri and Arkansas. In 1829, he bought a farm in the Petite Prairie, in what is now South St. Louis, and there established his home. His house, now in ruins, still stands at Russell Avenue and Ninth Streets. Mr. Russell was a man of education, and the possessor of a good library, a portion of which is now owned by the Missouri Historical Society. He had but one child, a daughter, the citizens of Little Rock and in favor of Russell. The whole community instantly turned out en masse and in one day and night Mr. Russell's land was disencumbered of the Town of Little Rock. They coolly and quietly, though not without much unnecessary noise, took the town up and set it down on a neighboring claim of the Quawpaw tribe, and fire removed what was irremovable in a more convenient way. The free and enlightened citizens of Little Rock made a change of landlords more rapidly than Bonaparte took Moscow.

Here I saw Matthew Lyon,[15] then quite an old man, canvassing for Congress. He was a man of some note in John Adam's administration, by whom he was imprisoned under the Alien and Sedition Law. He came into Little Rock, with the judge and lawyers, from Diamond Hill, the day after the grand moving of the town. He rode a mule, which had thrown him into a bayou, and his appearance as he came in, covered with mud from head to foot, was a subject of much laughter for his companions and the town of Little Rock, which had now begun to assume a look of some age, being just twenty-four hours old. Lyon was not returned to Congress and he died a few years afterwards. In 1824 I saw his grave at Spadre, in the Cherokee country, where he had kept a trading establishment.

Before I left Little Rock I procured a license

Ann, who on 12 July 1842, became the wife of Thomas Allen. A number of their descendants are now living in St. Louis.

[15] A sketch of Lyon will be found in the Appendix.

to trade with all the Indian tribes on the Arkansas and its tributaries, from Secretary Charles Crittenden,[16] Governor Miller being out of the Territory. I gave bond in the sum of $3,000, with Judge Scott[17] as security, to observe the laws of the United States, and it always appeared to me that I was entitled to indemnity from my country for the robberies which I suffered from the Indians. My losses in this way were tremendous and have weighed me down to the earth from that day to this, the best portion of my life; but not one cent have I ever been able to obtain from the justice of Congress, whose laws I was bound to obey, whose license from the hands of a government officer I carried with me, and who by every rule of justice was bound to protect me in a business which it authorized by license and regulated by heavy penalties.

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[16] Robert Crittenden (not Charles) was born in Kentucky in 1797 and died at Vicksburg 18 December, 1834. He was a brother of John J. Crittenden, the famous Kentucky Senator. He served in the army in the war of 1812. He was appointed secretary of Arkansas Territory 3 March, 1819, and continued in that office until 1829. During a considerable portion of his term he was the acting governor. He was a brilliant lawyer and a popular man.

[17] Andrew Scott was born in Hanover County, Virginia, in 1788. He came to Missouri about 1805 and made his home at Potosi in Washington County, where he entered upon the practice of law. In 1812 he was elected clerk of the Territorial Legislature, and was re-elected from time to time until he vacated the office by leaving the Territory. In 1808 he was appointed, by President Monroe, Judge of the Superior Court of the Territory of Arkansas and removed from Potosi to Arkansas Post. He was a man of much legal and judicial ability, and of the highest character, and throughout a long life was a universally respected citizen. He died in Pope County, Arkansas, at his farm, to which he gave the name Scotia, 13 March 1851. He married at Potosi, Eliza, the eldest daughter of John Rice Jones. Several children survived him. His portrait is given in 5 Houck's *History of Missouri*, p. 5.

Continuing our course up the river, we passed through a more rocky and uneven country than that below Little Rock. The Maumel mountain,[18] some fifty or sixty miles above this town, and a mile from the south bank of the river, is a great curiosity. It rises six hundred feet above the level of the river, and in shape resembles a coal pit. A large spring of fresh water gushes from the top and runs down its side to the river. We now passed through the country of the Cherokees,[19] whose farms and log houses made a fine appearance on the banks of the river, and would compare favorably with those of any western State. They were at this time highly civilized and have since made great advances in the arts. These were that part of the nation called the Rogers party, who just emigrated from the east to the west side of the Mississippi, and ultimately, about the year 1833, with the powerful agency of the General Government, caused the removal of the whole nation to this country, where they are making rapid progress in national prosperity. Their Delegate will take his seat in our next Congress as Representative of the first Indian Territory ever organized. If this nation shall form a nucleus for the preservation of the race from annihilation, the cheerless predictions of the Physiologists will be most fortunately falsified, and the Philanthropist will rejoice in the perpetuation of the true Indian race and character.

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[18] The Mamelle or Maumelle Mountain is in Pulaski County, Arkansas, at the junction of Maumelle Creek with the Arkansas River. Nuttall describes it as a lofty, conic and broken hill, probably more than one thousand feet in height, presenting the appearance of a vast pyramid hiding its summit in the clouds.

[19] The Cherokees first came into Arkansas as early as 1785. Dissatisfied with the treaty of Hopewell, S. C., a few of this nation entered the Spanish country and formed a settlement on the St. François River. This was shortly afterwards abandoned and a new settlement made on White River. Jefferson encouraged other Cherokees to follow their kinsmen to the West, until, in 1817, they numbered nearly three thousand. In 1817 a treaty was made by which a large tract of the Cherokees' land east of the Mississippi was ceded to the United States in exchange for a tract in Arkansas, and a large immigration took place. For some account of the life of the Cherokees in Arkansas in early times, see Abney's *Life and Adventures of L. D. Lafferty.*

Fort Smith[20] lies about six hundred miles from the mouth of the Arkansas and on the western confines of the Cherokee country, and near that of the Osages, which tribes were now at war with each other. We stopped a few days at this post, where we were well received by Lieutenant Scott[21] and the commandant, Major Bradford,[22] who examined and approved our license. The Major was a small, stern-looking man, an excellent disciplinarian and a gallant officer. He invited McKnight and me to make his house our home until we had rested our company and put our guns in good order preparatory to entering the Indian country. He and his wife treated us with the utmost kindness and hospitality, and on leaving, presented us a large supply of garden vegetables, with a barrel of onions, which we were not to broach until we had killed our first buffalo, when we were enjoined to have "a general feast in honor of old Billy Bradford." His kindness made a deep impression on us. We here tried to mark out our course for the future, which we determined should be the Arkansas to within sixty miles from Taos in New Mexico, Baum having told me that this river was navigable thus far, and the Canadian being too shallow for our boat. Parting from the hospitable old Major, we ascended the river to the Salt Fork,[23] which enters from the south,

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[20] Fort Smith, at the junction of the Poteau with the Arkansas river, about one hundred and thirty miles west-northwest from Little Rock, was built in 1817. The site, then called Belle Pointe, was chosen by Major Stephen H. Long, and the fort erected under the direction of Major William Bradford. A town was laid out in 1838, on land adjoining the United States reservation, which has grown into a beautfiul and prosperous city of about thirty thousand inhabitants.

[21] Martin Scott of Vermont entered upon his military career as second-lieutenant of the 4th U. S. Infantry 21 April, 1814. Promotion came to him slowly, and he did not become a captain until 1828. In the Mexican War, however, he received three promotions in one year for gallant conduct, and became lieutenant-colonel 23 September, 1846. He was killed in action at Molino del Rey, 8 September, 1847. Colonel Marcy devotes the whole of an interesting chapter in his book, *Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border*, to Scott's adventures and peculiarities.

William Bradford

[22] **William Bradford** was born in Virginia. He removed to Kentucky and was appointed, 12 March, 1812, captain in the 17th U. S. Infantry. He saw much service and was promoted to the rank of

major, 10 November, 1818. He was a candidate for Congress in 1823, but was defeated by Henry W. Conway, by a majority of three hundred votes. He resigned from the army 1 May, 1824, and died 20 October, 1826. Travellers who visited Fort Smith while he was in command there all commend his generous hospitality.

[23] There is much confusion in the old maps as to the names of the rivers in this part of the country. Long's map, which was drawn about 1820, calls the river here referred to as the Salt Fork, the *Nesuketonga* or Grand Saline. Tixier gives it *Niskureh-tonga*, from the Osage words *nhi*, water, *skureh*, salt, and *tonga*, big. Gregg, on a map published 1844, calls it the Red Fork, of the Arkansas. What is now called the Salt Fork (or Negraka), Gregg calls in its lower reaches the Salt Fork, and in its upper, the Cimarron. For a detailed account of the vagaries of map makers regarding these rivers, see 2 *Pike's Expeditions* (Coues' Ed.), p. 552, note 10. The details hereinafter given by James demonstrate that what he here calls the Salt Fork is what is now the Cimarron. This river rises among the

passing in our way the Grand River,[24] then called the Six Bulls, and the Verdigris,[25] at whose mouth Fort Gibson[26] has since been built. The waters of the Salt Fork are very much saturated with salt, tasting like strong brine where they enter the Arkansas. After this we proceeded with great difficulty, and about thirty miles above the South [Salt?] Fork our further progress was entirely stopped by the lowness of the water. There being no prospect of a speedy rise in the river at this time, which was the month of August, we returned four miles to an Osage road, which we had observed in going up,

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Raton Mountains near the boundary line between Colorado and New Mexico; its general course is southeastwardly entering Kansas near its southwest corner, then passing into what used to be called "No-mans-land," then back into Kansas, then through the present Oklahoma to its confluence with the Arkansas River at about 36° 10′ north latitude. Its length is estimated at six hundred and fifty miles.

[24] Neosho River rises in Morris County, Kansas, a few miles from Council Grove (famous in the annals of the Santa Fé Trail). Its course is generally south-eastward, and it unites with the Arkansas River near Fort Gibson; the Arkansas, the Neosho and the Verdigris forming what James calls the Three Forks. The name, Neosho, is from the Osage *nhi*, water, and *ska*, white. The French called it Grande, or big; and for a time it also bore the name Six Bulls, the outcome, no doubt, of a buffalo hunt.

[25] The Verdigris River heads in Chase County, Kansas, about eighteen miles southwest of Emporia, and flows generally southward, entering the Arkansas River about one mile above the mouth of the Neosho, and three miles from Fort Gibson. It is about two hundred and eighty miles in length.

[26] Fort Gibson was established by Col. Mathew Arbuckle of the 7th U. S. Infantry in April, 1824. It is situated on the Neosho River about two miles above its mouth. James Hildreth, who was in camp near the Fort in 1833, describes the situation and the life at the post in his *Dragoon Campaigns to the Rocky Mountains*. N. Y. 1836. Jefferson Davis was at one time stationed here, and the house occupied by him and his wife (who was a daughter of President Taylor) was for many years an object of great interest, but it was finally carried away, even the foundation stones, by relic hunters.

and here I sent three men to the Osage village,[27] which I knew could not be far distant, for the purpose of opening a trade with this tribe. In five or six days these men returned to me with forty Osages and a Capt. Prior, formerly of the United States Army. I mentioned him in the first chapter as the commander of the escort of the Mandan Chief, She-haka. He was a Sergeant in Lewis & Clark's expedition, and a Captain at the Battle of New Orleans. On the reduction of the army after the war, he was discharged to make way for some parlor soldier and sunshine patriot, and turned out in his old age upon the "world's wide common." I found him here among the Osages, with whom he had taken refuge from his country's ingratitude, and was living as one of their tribe, where he may yet be, unless death has discharged the debt his country owed him.

I took out some goods, and with McKnight, my brother and the Spaniard Maesaw, accompanied Capt. Prior and the Indians to their village, to the southeast, which we reached in two days. Here we found our old friend, Maj. Bradford, Hugh Glenn[28] from Cincinnati, with goods and about twenty men, on his way to the Spanish country, and also Capt. Barbour,[29] an Indian trader from the mouth of the

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[27] The Osage village was on the west side of the Verdigris River about sixty miles from its mouth, in what is now Mayes County, Oklahoma, and was said to contain (in 1819) seven or eight hundred men and their families. (Nuttall.)

[28] Hugh Glenn. Nuttall was at Cincinnati in November, 1818, and says: "Here I had the good fortune through Dr. Drake, to be introduced to Mr. H. Glenn, lately sutler to the garrison of Arkansas." Long's party, who met Glenn at Cincinnati in May 1819, speak of being indebted to him for many friendly attentions. In September 1820 Captain Bell and others of Long's Company visited Glenn's trading house near the Verdigris River about a mile above its confluence with the Arkansas, and a few days later they met

Glenn at Fort Smith. The story of Glenn's expedition to Santa Fé is told in *The Journal of Jacob Fowler,* edited by Dr. Elliott Coues. The St. Louis records show the marriage of Hugh Glenn to Elizabeth McDonald on 26 January 1813, and a number of transfers of land made by him both before and after his marriage. On 19 February 1835 letters of administration upon his estate were granted in Callaway County, Missouri; and the last entry in the St. Louis records is of a conveyance of land by his administrator to Jacob Fowler. At the time of Glenn's death he owned thousands of acres of land in Missouri, in Lincoln, Warren, Montgomery, Gasconade, Osage, Cole, Moniteau, Saline, Boone, Callaway, and St. Louis Counties. No list of his heirs has been found. There is good reason for believing that James' charges against him are inspired by personal dislike and are not to be accepted as veracious.

Since the foregoing was written, the Ohio Historical and Philosophical Society has reprinted Gorham A. Worth's *Recollections of Cincinnati, from a Residence of Five Years, 1817 to 1821,* in which Mr. Glenn is characterized as follows: Mr. Glenn, possessed in an eminent degree, the qualities that in those days characterized a great majority of the landholders and gentlemen traders of the west, qualities that might be stereotyped, as applicable to nearly all, and as forming a part of the character of each. These qualities, if I may venture to name them, were, a confidence in the increasing value of their lands, growing out of the tide of emigration which was then setting strongly in; a self-appreciation, arising from the consciousness of the fact that they had made themselves what they were; a frankness and an unceremonious cordiality of manner, the natural offspring of ease and independence; a hospitality, unequalled in any other part of the Union; springing in the first place from the necessity, and continued from a sense of its liberality and dignity, until it became in time the law of the land; a spirit of enterprize, or disposition to go ahead and make a fortune; a readiness to embark in large and hazardous operations, with borrowed means, or even with no means at all. To these may be added a disregard for trifles,—by which they meant anything short of positive ruin; and a sovereign contempt for prudence and small change! By the latter was understood any sum less than five thousand dollars! It is hardly necessary to add to these, the then invariable characteristic of a western gentleman, a high sense of honor, which was in many cases, better than his bond. Mr. Glenn was a gentleman both in his appearance and manner."

[29] "On the fourth of January 1820, after waiting about a month for an opportunity of descending, I now embraced the favorable advantage of proceeding in the boat of Mr. Barber, a merchant of

Verdigris, and formerly of Pittsburgh. I proposed to Glenn, whom I shall have to mention unfavorably hereafter, to travel in company to the Spanish country; but he appearing averse to the arrangement, I did not urge it upon him. I bought twenty-three horses of the Osages at high prices, for packing my goods, and agreed with Barbour to *cache* (hide in the earth) my heaviest and least portable goods near the Arkansas, for him to take in the following spring down to his store at the mouth of the Verdigris, sell them and account to me for the proceeds on my return. I returned with my companions to the river and carefully concealed my flour, whiskey, lead, hardware and other heavy goods. I showed Capt. Prior, who came up the next day with a party of Osages going out on their fall hunt, the place where I had hid these goods, and packing the rest on my horses, we left the Arkansas to our right, or the north, and travelled with Prior and the Indians for two days toward the southwest. We then left them and bore directly to the west in the direction as pointed out to us by the Indians, of the Salt Plains and Shining Mountains.[30] In eleven days we struck

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New Orleans, to whose friendship and civility I am indebted for many favors." Nuttall.

[30] After leaving the Arkansas River, James started on his overland journey from some place in the present Pawnee County, Oklahoma, *north* of the Cimarron River, and first struck that river in sight of the "Shining Mountains." He says that he followed the *right* bank for two days and then crossed the river and followed a branch which led towards the *north*. This is irreconcilable unless he crossed the river to the south side without mentioning having done so. The "Shining Mountains" are in Major County, south of the Cimarron, not far from where the Rock Island rail road now crosses that river. George C. Sibley visited the "mountains" in 1811, and

the Salt Fork, mentioned before, and which is set down on the latest maps as the Cimarron River. In the distance before us we discerned the bright mountains before mentioned, which the Indians had directed us to pass in our route.

We held on our course for two days along the right bank of the Salt Fork, over mounds and between hills of sand which the wind had blown up in some places to the height of one hundred feet. Our progress was very slow, the horses sometimes sinking to their breasts in the sand. The bed of the river in many places was quite dry, the water being lost in the sand, and as we advanced, it appeared covered over with salt, like snow. The water, mantled over with salt, stood in frequent pools, from the bottom of which we could scoop up that mineral in bushels. The channel of the Salt River became narrower and more shallow as we proceeded. The sand so obstructed our progress that we crossed the river where travelling was less difficult, and soon struck a branch of the Salt Fork,[31] equally impreg-

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describes them as follows:—"One might imagine himself surrounded by the ruins of some ancient city, and that the plains had sunk by some convulsion of nature, more than 100 feet below its former level; for some of the huge columns of red clay rise to the height of two hundred feet perpendicular, capped with rocks of gypsum, which the hand of time is ever crumbling off, and strewing in beautiful transparent flakes along the declivities of the hill, glittering like so many mirrors in the sun." H. M. Brackenridge, *Views of Louisiana Together with a Journal of a Voyage up the Missouri River in 1811*, p. 294.

[31] The branch here referred to seems to have been what is now Eagle Chief Creek. The course is untraceable unless what James here calls the "Salt Branch," is what he also designates as the Salt Fork, or the Cimarron. If this is so, then the meeting with the Indians was in what is now Major County, some twenty five miles

nated with salt as the main stream. Large crusts of salt lay at the water's edge. Proceeding on, we came to the Shining Mountains, and a high hill evidently based upon salt. It stands near the salt branch, the banks of which were composed of salt rocks, from which the men broke off large pieces with their tomahawks. Here, and in the Salt River was enough of this valuable mineral to supply the world for an indefinite period. The Shining Mountains lay south of us about four miles and had been visible for several days. We visited them and found one of the greatest curiosities in our country. I have never seen them nor the salt plains in which they stand put down on any map or described by any white man. All of our travellers in this region appear to have passed to the north or south of them, as I have never seen or heard of a description of them, except by the Indians, who come here regularly and in great force, for salt. The mountains stand separate from each other, are about three hundred feet in height, and are quite flat on the summit. They are composed, in part, of a shining, semi-transparent rock, which reflects the rays of the sun to a great distance. It is soft, being easily cut with a knife, and the hand is visible through thin pieces of it when held in the sunlight. They extend about thirty miles on the left of Salt River in a northwest and southeast direction, are all of an equal height, containing an area on the

west of the "mountains." If by Salt Branch he means Eagle Chief Creek, then the meeting was some where in Woods County, north of the Cimarron.

top of from ten rods to a hundred acres, and are entirely destitute of timber. The tops of most of them were inaccessible. With great difficulty we ascended one of about ten acres in extent, from which we saw along the tops of the others, they all being on the same plane. We found the short, thin grass of the prairie below, but no shrub except the prickly pear. The ground was covered with immense quantities of buffalo manure, when left there, it would be vain to conjecture. The substance from the ground was clay for upwards of two hundred feet, then came the rock from ten to twenty feet thick, projecting over the earth, and the soil above was about ten feet in depth. The rock is fast crumbling away by the action of water, which seems to dissolve it, as we found very few fragments at the foot of the mountains and none of any considerable size. The whole country was evidently at one time on a level with these singular elevations.

We continued our course up the bank of the same branch of Salt River by which we had come. Its water was now, after leaving the salt plains, fresh and wholesome, and we travelled along its bank two days, when finding it took us too much to the north, we left it and bore to the southwest. This was the sixth day after reaching the Salt Fork, and seventeen after parting with Capt. Prior and the Osages. We killed seven buffalo after leaving the Shining Mountains, and dried the meat. The carcasses of the buffaloes attracting the buzzards, with some old shoes and other small articles left on the ground by the men, served to discover us to a war party of Camanches,[22] who were now on our trail. After leaving the Salt Branch, we travelled till near night without finding wood or water, and then bore again to the northwest till we struck the branch. We cooked our meat with fuel of buffalo manure, which we gathered for the purpose. Towards the morning we were all alarmed by the barking of our dogs, followed by a clapping noise and the sound of footsteps. We slept no more on that night, and in the morning saw upwards of a hundred Indians at a short distance coming with the design of intercepting our horses, which were some distance from camp. One horse was pierced by a lance. I exhibited the flag, which diverted their course, and they came among us in a very hostile manner, seizing whatever they could lay their hands on. The interpreter told us they were a war party and advised me to make peace with them by giving them presents. I did so, distributing about three thousand dollars' worth of goods among them. There were two chiefs in this party, one of whom was friendly and the other, called the one-eyed chief, seemed determined to take our lives. His party, however, was in a minority and soon after went off. The friendly chief then came up to me and on account of his interference in our behalf demanded more presents, which I made to him. He told me that if I came to the village I should be well treated and implored me not to go up the Arkansas. I afterwards learned that the one-eyed chief had left me with the purpose of waylaying us on that river and taking our lives, which was the reason of the friendly chief's advice. Those who were hostile, and they were the whole of the one-eyed chief's party, seemed perfectly infuriated against us. They scrutinized our equipments, said we had Osage horses and were spies of that nation, with whom they were then at war. At last we were rid of the presence of these unpleasant visitors, with many dismal apprehensions for the future. The friendly chief left a Mexican Indian, an interpreter, with us as a guide. With him we struck from the south branch[23] of Salt River, for the north Fork of the Canadian,[34] which the Indians told us we should reach in one day's travel. Going in a direction west of south, we struck the river on the second day, having suffered dreadfully for want of water.

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[22] "About 1700 the Comanché, an off-shoot of the Shoshoni of Wyoming, reached New Mexico and the Panhandle country. Next they attacked the Apache and crowded them southward, destroying the extensive Apache settlements of southwestern Kansas, and occupying the northern Apache lands themselves." "The Comanché are scattered from the great Missuris River to the neighborhood of the frontier presidios of New Spain. They are a people so numerous and so haughty that when asked their number, they make no difficulty of comparing it to that of the stars. They are so skillful in horsemanship that they have no equal; so daring that they never ask for or grant truces; and in the possession of such territory that, finding in it an abundance of pasturage for their horses and an incredible number of cattle which furnish them raiment, food, and shelter, they only just fall short of possessing all of the conveniences of the earth, and have no need to covet the trade pursued by the rest of the Indians whom they call, on this account, slaves of the Europeans, and whom they despise." (*Athanase de Mézières and the Louisiana-Texas Frontier 1768-1780.* Edited by Herbert Eugene Bolton. Vol. 1, pp. 24, 25, 218, 219.)

In 1835 they made their first treaty with the United States, and in 1868 agreed to go on a reservation, but it was not until about 1875 that they finally settled upon it.

They were probably never a large tribe, although supposed to be populous on account of their wide range. Within the last 50 years they have been terribly wasted by war and disease. They numbered 1400 in 1904, attached to the Kiowa agency, Oklahoma.

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[23] There is no stream in this neighborhood of sufficient importance to be called *the* south branch. Ewers' Creek is probably what is meant. By Salt river, James here, undoubtedly, means the Cimarron.

McKnight and I went forward to find water and killed a buffalo. We drank large draughts of the blood of this animal, which I recollect tasted like milk. We found several ponds of water, so tainted with buffalo manure as to cause us to vomit on drinking of it. We missed the party on that night and found them on the next day, all sick from the water they had drunk, and exhausted by previous fatigue and thirst. The horses were nearly worn out by the same causes.

We travelled along the North Fork of the Canadian for seven or eight days, until we reached its head[35] in a large morass, or swamp, about two miles wide, and five or six long, situate in a valley which gradually narrows and disappears at last in the vast plain to the west. We went up this valley, which was now dry, but in the spring is filled with a rapid stream. We saw thousands of buffalo along its course, and found a large pond about an acre in extent, but the water was so spoiled by manure as to sicken us all. After passing through this valley we bore for the Canadian River towards the south, and on the second day, after intense suffering from thirst, we struck a fine spring of fresh water. This was a rich source of real refreshment and enjoyment. Following the stream made by this spring, we reached the Canadian, and travelled up its course for several days. We had encamped for the night on the twenty-first day after meeting the Camanches who had robbed us on the branch of Salt River, when we saw a great number of mounted Indians coming over a rising ground in our front,[56] and at their head the friendly chief, who advanced with outstretched hand crying *towaue, towaue*—"good, good." Coming up, he embraced me in Indian custom, and requested me to go with him to his village. Here an Indian seized a brass kettle and rode off with it. This act alarmed me, and I asked the chief if he could protect my property if I went with him. He said he could not, and I declined his invitation for that night, and requested him to leave a body of trusty Indians, to defend me till morning. He did so, and we were not molested that night.

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[34] The Canadian River (South Fork) rises in the northeastern part of New Mexico and runs eastwardly through the panhandle of Texas (the former *Llano Estacado*) and through Oklahoma, entering the Arkansas River about forty five miles above Fort Smith. Its length is about nine hundred miles. The North Fork of the Canadian heads in the same district as the South Fork and takes a more northerly and extremely tortuous course between the Cimarron and the South Fork and unites with the latter, in McIntosh County, Oklahoma, about fifty miles above its mouth. The North Fork is a much smaller stream than the South, but, owing to its bends, it is longer. The name comes from the peninsular Spanish word *cañada*, meaning a valley between mountains; a word which has been supplanted in this country by *cañon*.

[35] The head of the North Fork is many miles beyond the point here reached by James. He was probably deceived by finding the bed beyond the morass without water at this time. The upper part of the stream is laid down on some maps as Beaver Creek.

In the morning we marched with our guard from the left bank of the river, where we had encamped, to the right bank, and in two miles above we found the whole village of the Indians, numbering a thousand lodges, situated in the bottom near the base of a large mound. We were met by one of the principal chiefs, whose looks were to me ominous of evil. He was a little, vicious-looking old man and eyed me most maliciously. We were taken close to the foot of the mound near this chief's lodge, and there we encamped, having piled up my goods and covered them with skins. The Indians then demanded presents and about a thousand chiefs and warriors surrounded us. I laid out for them tobacco, powder, lead, vermillion, calico and other articles, amounting to about $1,000 in value. This did not satisfy them, and they began to break open my bales of cloth and divide my finest woolens designed for the Spanish market, among them. After losing about $1,000 more in this way, I induced them to desist from further robbery. The principal chief, named Big Star, now appeared and said they had enough. They divided the spoil among two or three thousand, of whom all got some. They tore up the cloth into garments for the middle and blankets. They tied the silk handkerchiefs to their hair as ornaments, which streamed in the wind.

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[56] The place of their second meeting with the Indians was in the Texas panhandle near the New Mexican border.

This robbery over, I smoked with them and prepared to go on my journey. This they forbade and we were compelled to stay over that day. We kept a strong guard through the night on our goods and horses. On the next morning they pretended that another party had arrived who required presents.

This information was brought by a one-eyed Spaniard, who acted as interpreter and had got from me as a present a whole suit of cloth and a large supply of ammunition. He was the instigator of this new demand. The Indians began to gather around us, and break open and drag about the goods. The chiefs stood off, taking no part. I then made them another set of presents, worth, probably, a thousand dollars more. We now hoped to be allowed to pass on, and requested leave to go, but they refused it; and the friendly chief advised us to stay. I had seen many savages, but none so suspicious and little as these. They seemed to regard us as spies in their country. We stayed with them the second day and night without any further robbery than that I have mentioned. On the third day of my stay, the one-eyed chief came into the village from the Arkansas, where he had been with a hundred men, awaiting us with murderous designs. On his coming in, the interpreter, Maesaw, ran to me, saying we should certaily be killed, and the women and children ran from their lodges like chickens before a hawk. I had made the Big Star chief my friend my presenting him with a splendid sword. He now came up and took me into the little old chief's lodge, saying I would be shot if I remained out. Our time seemed nearly come. In the distance we saw the one-eyed with his troop approaching, all painted black and armed with guns, bows and arrows and lances. We were eleven against a hundred at least, perhaps thousands. The Big Star sent a messenger to my enemy and asked him what would satisfy him in lieu of our lives. He replied that he must have for each of his men as much cloth as his outstretched arms would once measure; an equal quantity of calico; powder, lead, vermillion, knives, beads, looking glasses, etc., and for himself the sword which he had seen on the south branch of Salt River. I sent him word that I had not the vermillion, knives, beads and looking glasses, nor the sword, which I had presented to the Big Star. He said the story about the sword was a lie, that I had given it to Big Star to prevent him from getting it, and that he would have it or my scalp, and as to the other articles, he would take cloth instead of them. The Big Star here sent to his lodge for the sword, and taking it in his hand, he pressed its side to his heart and then handed it to me, saying, "Take it and send it to the one-eyed chief. You have no other way of saving your life and the lives of your people." I did as he advised, and measured off about five hundred yards of cloth and calico, of which the former cost me seven dollars per yard in Baltimore, and sent them to my deadly enemy.

This appeared to pacify him and again I proposed to go on my way. To this they again objected, saying that the whole village would go down the river in the morning, and we should then be permitted to part from them and continue our course up the river as before meeting with them. We had the horses brought up and prepared, that evening, for an early start in the morning. One-half kept guard while the rest of our party endeavored to sleep. But there was no rest for any of us on that most dismal night. This was the third sleepless night which we had passed with these ferocious savages, and we were nearly worn down by fatigue, anxiety and watching. Before daylight a party of boys ascended the mound in our rear, and from the top stoned our company until they were dislodged and driven down by the exertions of the friendly chief. Uncertain of our fate and nearly exhausted, we awaited in sullen patience, the issue of events. The sun as he rose seemed to wear an aspect of gloom, and everything portended evil to our little band. Six of my horses had been taken in the night, and I ordered my men out to find and bring them back. The friendly chief now came to me with great concern and dejection in his countenance, and begged of me not to leave my station or allow the men to go out.

"Keep together," said he, "or you will be killed. The men that go out will be murdered. Don't try to get back to your horses." I saw that the whole army were preparing to decamp, and pulling down their lodges. Some time after sunrise, I perceived about fifty of the chiefs and older Indians going up unto the mound above us, in our rear, followed by a multitude of young warriors and boys. An old man turned and drove them back; the two friendly chiefs did not go up. Arrived at the top, this company formed the circle, sat down and smoked. Then one of their number commenced what seemed to us, from his gestures, to be a violent harangue, designed to inflame their passions. I told my company that this council would decide our fate. They asked me how I knew this. If they come down, said I, friendly, we shall have nothing to fear; but if sulky, and out of humor, we have nothing to hope. Put your guns in good order, and be prepared for the worst. We must sell our lives as dearly as possible. In this sentiment they all agreed with me, and we prepared to meet our fate, whatever it should be, like men. During this time, the lodges, with the women and children, were fast disappearing, and the men assembling before us on horseback and afoot, armed with guns, bows and lances. The council on the hill, after an hour's consultation, descended, and we soon learned that our deaths were determined upon. Those Indians who before were sociable were now distant and sulky. When spoken to by any of us they made no answer.

The friendly chief and Big Star, who had taken no part in the council, now came and shook hands, and bade us farewell. I besought them to stay with us; shaking their heads sorrowfully, they went away. The press in front now greatly increased. Nearly two thousand warriors stood before and around us, with the evident intention of making an attack, and appeared to be waiting the signal for the onslaught. We stood in a circle with our back to the goods and saddles heaped up above all our heads; and with out rifles raised to our breasts and our fingers on the triggers. We were also armed with knives and tomahawks. Old Jemmy Wilson seized an axe, having no gun, and swore he would hew his way as far as he could. Thus we stood, eleven against two thousand, with death staring us in the face. All seemed unwilling to commence the bloody work. The suspense was awful. I stood between John McKnight and my brother, and noticed their countenances. McKnight's face was white, and his chin and lips were quivering. My brother, as brave a man as ever lived, looked desperate and determined. Not a man but seemed bent to die in arms and fighting, and none were overcome by fear.

Thus we stood near half an hour in deadly silence; at length the White Bear warrior, a chief dressed in a whole bear skin, with the claws hanging over his hands, rode swiftly toward us, through the crowd, with his lance in his hand, as if to annihilate us at once; but seeing the dangerous position he was in, he stopped short about five paces from us, and glared upon me with the most deadly malignity. Finding he could not reach me with his lance, he took out his pistol, examined the priming, tossed out the powder from the pan, reprimed, and again fixed his devilish eyes full upon me. But he saw that I could fire first and he kept his pistol down. Here McKnight first broke the dreadful silence, saying, "Let us commence, James, you will be the first one killed—this suspense is worse than death; the black chief is my mark." I said no, McKnight, let us forbear as long as they do; for us to begin is folly in the extreme; but as soon as a gun is fired we must fire, rush in and sell our lives as dearly as possible. Here Kirker walked out with his gun over his head, gave it up, and passed into the crown unmolested. In a minute afterwards we heard a cry from a distance, approaching nearer and nearer, of *Tabbaho, Tabbaho.**[57] This I supposed was on account of Kirker's surrender. The cry increased and spread throughout the crowd. Looking towards the southwest, whence the cry arose, while the White Bear's attention was withdrawn, I saw six horsemen riding at full speed, and as they came nearer, we heard the words in Spanish, save them! save them! In a moment a Spanish officer rushed into our arms, exclaiming, "Thank God we are in time; you are all safe and unhurt." He said that he had heard of our danger by accident, that morning, and ridden twenty miles to save us. All the circumstances of our rescue we learned the next day. With joyous and thankful hearts for our escape from a death that five minutes before seemed inevitable, we prepared to depart with our preservers. I had bidden farewell, as I thought, forever, to my wife, child, home and all its endearments, and the thoughts of them were now overpowering to me. The Spaniards asked the Indians why they were going to kill us. They answered that the Spanish governor at Santa Fe had commanded them not to let any Americans pass, but that we were determined to go in spite of them, so that to stop us and keep their promise to the Spanish governor, they thought they were compelled to take our lives. The Spaniards told them that this was under the government of Spain, but that they were now independent and free, and brothers to the Americans. This was the first news I had heard of the Mexican revolution.

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* White men.

[57] In Lewis and Clark it is said that Tabba-bone in the Shoshonee language means white man. In Long's *Expedition* the word Tabbaboos or Tabby-boos is said to have been the designation of Anglo-Americans as distinguished from French or Spanish. In the Shoshone vocabulary in 4 Long's *Expedition*, the word Tab-ba-bo is defined as white people, people of the sun. This last definition, "people of the sun," is probably a fanciful idea of the Whites. The Indian conceded no superiority to the Whites in those days. The Crows and Cheyennes, neighbors of the Shoshonees, called the Whites "yellow eyes."

The two friendly chiefs now returned, and I showed the Spaniards our passport. The Indians brought in and delivered up four of my horses. The whole village, soon after the arrival of the Spaniards, went down the river; and our party, except Maesaw and myself, with two of the Spanish officers, started forward towards the Spanish camp, about twenty miles distant. We four remained behind to recover the two missing horses, and then followed our companions. We were lost, at dark, among the cliffs bordering the river, where we made fire for cooking our suppers, and encamped for the night. Early the next morning we reached the Spanish encampment, where our party was awaiting us. As we approached the camp, there came out to meet us, a tall Indian of about seventy years of age, dressed in the complete regimentals of an American Colonel, with blue coat, red sash, white pantaloons, epaulets and sword. He advanced with an erect military air and saluted us with great dignity and address. His eyes were still bright and piercing, undimmed in the least by age, and he had a high, noble forehead and Roman nose. His whole port and air struck me forcibly as those of a real commander and a hero. After saluting us he handed me a paper which I read as follows, as nearly as I now remember:

"This is to certify that Cordaro, a Chief of the "Camanches, has visited the Fort at Nacotoche with "fifteen of his tribe; that he remained here two "weeks, and during the whole time behaved very "well. It is my request that all Americans who meet "him or any of his tribe, should treat him and them "with great respect and kindness, as they are true "friends of the United States.

"JOHN JAMESON,"[86]

"U. S. Indian Agent at Nacotoche on Red River."

This chief, Cordaro, was the cause of our being then in existence. He told us he had promised his "great friend at Nacotoche" that he would protect all Americans that came through his country, and he very earnestly requested us to inform his "great friend" that he had been as good as his word. On entering the encampment, we found about fifty Spaniards and three hundred Camanche warriors, who had just returned from an expedition against the Navahoes, a tribe inhabiting the country west of Santa Fé and the mountains, and who were then at war with the Spaniards. On their return from this campaign this party had come from Santa Fé with

[86] A John Jamison of Virginia was appointed ensign in the 5th U. S. Infantry, 1 July, 1808. He was promoted from time to time until he became a major in 1814. He was honorably discharged 15 June, 1815. He died in October 1819. No mention of a John Jamison in the Indian service has been found outside of the present work.

their Camanche allies into their country to hunt for buffalo and had encamped the night before our rescue from the Camanches, on the spot where we now found them. On the next morning a party of Indians belonging to this band were hunting their horses in the prairie and met another party from the army below, who had us in custody, engaged in the same manner, who informed them that their countrymen had taken a company of American prisoners, and were going to kill them all that morning, and divide their goods among the army; that the whole village was breaking up and preparing to go down the Canadian, and that the pulling down of the last lodge was to be the signal for our massacre. On hearing this, the first party hastened back to their camp with the news which brought out most of the young warriors to come down for a share of the plunder of my goods. The chief, Cordaro, went instantly, on hearing this account, to the Spanish officers, told them that a company of Americans were to be murdered that morning by his countrymen, mentioned the signal for the attack, said he was too old to ride fast, or he would go himself to the rescue, and adjured them to mount and ride without sparing the horses, as not a moment was to be lost. Six of them mounted and rode as Cordaro had told them to do, and we saw their foaming steeds and heard the cry of *Tabbaho* (white men) just in time to save us from extermination. A minute after would probably have been too late. Our determined attitude averted the blow and prolonged our time to the last moment, when our deliverers appeared; but without them, the next instant would have seen a volley of shot and arrows lay most of us low and the lance and tomahawk would have soon completed the work on us all.

Cordaro, the noble and true-hearted savage, appeared to rejoice at our escape as much as we. He desired particularly that his "great friend" at Nacotoche should hear of his agency in saving us, and I had to promise him repeatedly that I would surely inform Col. Jameson when I saw him, of the manner in which his friend, Cordaro, had performed his promise to him. If John Jameson be still alive and this page meet his eye, I shall have cause to felicitate myself in having at last kept my word to my Camanche preserver.

We spent that day with Cordaro and the Spaniards, and held a council or "talk" with them. Cordaro made a speech dissuading me from going to Santa Fé on account of the treatment which the Americans had always received from the government there. "They will imprison you," said he to me, "as they have imprisoned all Americans that ever went to Santa Fé. You will meet the fate of all your countrymen before you." The Spanish officers, who were all present at this harangue, smiled and said there was no danger of any ill-treatment to us, now that they had an independent government. Cordaro shook his head incredulously and told them that we were under his protection; that he would himself go to Santa Fé after we had arrived there, and if he found us imprisoned, he would immediately go to war with them. "The Americans are my friends," said he, "and I will not permit them to be hurt. I have promised my great friend of Nacotoche to protect all Americans that come through my country." The Spaniards promised to treat us well, but our protector seemed to be very suspicious of them and evidently gave little faith to their promises. We found at this camp an excellent Spanish interpreter, who spoke the Camanche language as well as his own. By him I was informed that the Indians took me for the Frenchman, Vaugean, whom we had seen in the country of the Quawpaws, a tribe of kin to the Osages, and who, while hunting on the Canadian in the spring before with a party of thirty French and Indians of the former tribe, had been attacked by the Camanches, who were defeated and driven back with considerable loss. Vaugean, like myself, was a tall man, and the Indians here and those we had met before, considered me the commander in this battle. The one-eyed interpreter had concealed this fact from me, and we now had some difficulty in satisfying the Indians that we were not the same party who with Vaugean were in alliance with their enemies, the Osages. The charge was frequently renewed, but we at last succeeded in repelling it and quieting their suspicions. On the next day, the third day after meeting with the Spanish officers, we parted with Cordaro, who followed his countrymen down the Canadian, with the Spanish force in his company. Two of the Spanish officers remained to accompany us to Santa Fé. They were all very gentlemanly and liberal-minded men. One Spanish citizen of Santa Fé had hired to return with me as a guide. We once more took up our march along the Canadian and over the immense plains by the trail of the Spaniards we had just parted with. The whole country here is one immense prairie. I observed many huge granite rocks standing like stone buildings, some of them one hundred feet high. The earth seemed to have been washed from around them and the prairie below to have been formed by deposits of earth and crumbled rocks from these and similar elevations. Some were covered with earth and cedar trees, but most of them were entirely bare. In three days after leaving Cordaro we came in sight of the Rocky Mountains, whose three principal peaks, covered with perpetual snow, were glittering in the sun. The most northern and highest of these peaks is set down on the latest map I have seen as "James' Peak or Pike's."[89] Gen. Pike endeavored to reach its top, but without success. After my return I made a rough map with a pen, of this country, for the use of Senator Kane of Illinois, and in the next map published by government, I saw my name affixed to this peak, as I supposed by the agency of Mr. Kane. The peak bore no name known to our company when we saw it and I gave it none then or afterwards. In two days more we came to an old Spanish fort, dismantled and deserted, which had been built many years before in expectation of an invasion from the United States. This was about one hundred miles from Santa Fé. We soon encountered large herds of sheep, attended by shepherds, and on the second day after passing the fort, came to a small town[40] in a narrow ravine on the Peccas River and at the foot of a high cliff. Here I became acquainted with an old Spaniard, named Ortiso, who in his youth had been captured by the Pawnees and sold to Chouteau of St. Louis, where he had learned French and whence he returned home by the way of New Orleans, St. Antoine in Texas and the interior of Mexico. He informed me more particularly than I had yet heard of the Mexican Revolution, and foretold that Iturbide would be elected president at the ensuing election. We proceeded up the bank of the Peccas by a narrow road, impassable for waggons. One of the horses with all my powder and some of the most valuable goods, here fell down a precipice into a beaver dam in the river. The horse was uninjured but the goods were nearly all spoiled. The next town on our route was San Miguel, fifteen miles from the last, an old Spanish town of about a hundred houses, a large church and two miserably constructed flour mills. Here was the best water power for mills, and the country in the vicinity abounded in the finest pine timber I had ever seen. But no attempt is made to improve the immense advantages which nature offers. Everything that the inhabitants were connected with seemed going to decay. We left San Miguel[41] on the following morning with the Alcalde and a company of Spaniards bound for Santa Fé. We stopped at night at the ancient Indian village of Peccas[42] about fifteen miles from San Miguel. I slept in the fort, which encloses two or three acres in an oblong, the sides of which are bounded by brick houses three stories high, and without any entrances in front. The window frames were five feet long and three-fourths of a foot in width, being made thus narrow to prevent all ingress through them. The lights were made of izing-glass and each story was supplied with similar windows. A balcony surmounted the first and second stories and movable ladders were used in ascending to them on the front. We entered the fort by a gate which led into a large square. On the roofs, which, like those of all the houses in Mexico, are flat, were large heaps of stones for annoying an enemy. I noticed that the timbers which extended out from the walls about six feet and supported the balconies, were all hewn with stone hatchets. The floors were of brick, laid on poles, bark and mortar. The brick was burned in the sun and made much larger than ours, being about two feet by one. The walls were covered with plaster made of lime and izing-glass. I was informed by the Spaniards and Indians that this town and fort are of unknown antiquity, and stood there in considerable splendor in the time of the Conquerors. The climate being dry and equable and the wood in the buildings the best of pine and cedar, the towns here suffer but little by natural decay. The Indians have lost all tradition of the settlement of the town of Peccas. It stood a remarkable proof of the advance made by them in the arts of civilization before the Spaniards came among them. All the houses are well built and showed marks of comfort and refinement. The inhabitants, who were all Indians, treated us with great kindness and hospitality. In the evening I employed an Indian to take my horses to pasture, and in the morning when [illegible] brought them up I asked him what I should pay him. He asked for powder and I was about to give him some, when the Spanish officer forbade me, saying it was against the law to supply the Indians with ammunition. Arms are kept out of their hands by their masters, who prohibit all trade in those articles with any of the tribes around them. On the next day in the evening, we came in sight of Santa Fé, which presented a fine appearance in the distance. It is beautifully situated on a plain of dry and rolling ground, at the foot of a high mountain and a small stream which rises in the mountains to the west runs directly through the city. It contained a population at this time of six thousand. The houses were all whitewashed outside and in, and presented a very neat and pleasing sight to the eye of the traveller.[48] They were all flat on the roof and most of them one story in height. There are five very splendid churches, all Roman Catholic, which are embellished with pictures, and ornaments of gold and silver in the most costly style. The chalices were of pure gold and candlesticks of silver. The principal buildings, including the fort, are built around the public square in the middle of the city. The fort, which occupies the whole side of this square, encloses about ten acres, and is built on the plan of the Peccas Fort, above described. There is an outer wall about eight feet in height, enclosing the build-

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[89] Dr. Edwin James of Long's Expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains, was the first American to make the ascent of Pike's Peak, which he did on 13-14 July 1820. In honor of this achievement Major Long thought proper to call the peak by his name and on the early maps it appears as James' Peak. This name was not accepted, however, by the "mountain men," the traders and trappers who resorted to the country; they called it Pike's Peak after Gen. Z. M. Pike who visited it in November 1806. On the map in 1 Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies* (1844) the name given is Pike's Peak (or James')." Captain Ruxton who camped where Manitou now is in 1846, speaks of the mountain first as James' or Pike's Peak, and later only by the latter name. *Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains*, London, 1849, pp. 215, 218, 259. It is likely that the peak which was seen by Thomas James was not Pike's Peak, but one further to the South.

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[40] This is Cuesta. For a description of it, see 1 Mollhausen's *Diary of a Journey from the Mississippi to the Coasts of the Pacific*, p. 317.

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[41] "San Miguel consists of irregular clustres of mud-wall huts, and is situated in the fertile valley of *Rio Pecos,* a silvery little river which ripples from the snowy mountains of Santa Fé—from which city this frontier village is nearly fifty miles to the south east. The road makes this great southern bend to find a pass-way through the mountains." San Miguel was the scene of the first imprisonment and shameful mistreatment of the men composing the Texas Santa Fé expedition in 1841. There is a picture of the village in Emory's *Notes of a Military Reconnoissance &c.*

[42] Pecos was an ancient Indian pueblo around which grew up a New Mexican village. It was in ruins when visited by Colonel Emory in 1846. It is about twenty five miles by road from Santa Fé. A picture of the place is given in Emery's *Notes.* And see *Handbook of American Indians.* Vol. 2, p. 220.

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[48] "The first sight of Santa Fé is by no means prepossessing. Viewed from the adjacent hills as you descend into the valley, whence it falls for the first time under your glance, it has more the appearance of a colony of brick kilns than a collection of human habitations. You see stretching before you, on both side of the little river of the same name, a cluster of flat roofed mud houses, which in the distance you can hardly distinguish from the earth itself." *El Gringo,* by W. W. H. Davis, N. Y. 1857, p. 234.

ings, which, like those at Peccas, bound the inner square. The whole was falling to decay and but few soldiers were stationed in it. The farms are without fences or walls, and the cattle, hogs, etc., have to be confined during the raising and harvesting of crops. They raise onions, peas, beans, corn, wheat and red pepper—the last a principal ingredient in Spanish food. Potatoes and turnips were unknown. I saw peach trees, but none of apples, cherries or pears. The gardens were enclosed.

The country is entirely destitute of rains except in the month of June and July, when the rivers are raised to a great height. A continual drought prevails throughout all the rest of the year, not even relieved by dews. Consequently, the ground has to be irrigated by means of many streams which rise in the mountains and flow into the Rio Grande; and for this purpose canals are cut through every farm. Land that can be watered is of immense value, while that which is not near the streams is worthless. While in Santa Fé a Spaniard took me sixteen miles south, to show me his farm of 15 acres, for which he had just paid $100 per acre, and which lay conveniently to water. Hogs and poultry are scarce, while sheep, goats and cattle are very abundant.

CHAPTER FOUR

Interview With Governor Malgaris—Commencement of Business—Departure of McKnight—Arrival of Cordaro—His Speech—His Visit to Nacotoche—His Death and Character—Hugh Glenn—Celebration of Mexican Independence—Gambling and Disipation—Mexican Indians—Domestic Manufactures—Visit of the Utahs—Their Horses—Speech of the Chief Lechat—War With the Navahoes—Cowardly Murder of Their Chiefs by the Spaniards—Militia of Santa Fé—Attempt to go to Sonora—Stopped by the Governor—Interview With the Adjutant—Selling Out—Hugh Glenn Again—How the Governor Paid Me a Debt—Spanish Justice—Departure for Home.

I ENTERED Santa Fé on the first day of December, A. D. 1821, and immediately went with Ortise as interpreter, to the Governor's *palacio* or house, to whom I made known my object in visiting his country, and showed my passport. He remarked on reading it that they were entirely independent of Spain, that the new government had not laid any duties on imports and gave me permission to vend my goods. I rented a house, and on the next day commenced business. In about two weeks I took in $200, which I advanced to John McKnight for the expenses of his journey to Durango, about sixteen hundred miles south, where his brother Robert was living after his enlargement from prison. They both returned in the month of April following. Soon after McKnight's departure, I heard of Hugh Glenn's arrival at Taos, sixty miles north of Santa

Fé and was soon after favored with a visit from him.[1] He came down to Santa Fé, borrowed $60 from me, and at the end of a week returned to Taos.

About six weeks after I reached Santa Fé my true friend and protector, Cordaro, came in according to promise, with thirty of his tribe, to ascertain if we were at liberty. He was dressed in his full regimentals and commanded the respect of the Spanish officials, who behaved towards him with great deference. By his request a council was held, which convened in the Spanish Council House on the public square, and was attended by the Spanish officers, magistrates and principal citizens of Santa Fé. Cordaro made the speech for which he had caused the council to be held. He expressed his pleasure at finding that we and the Spaniards were friends; that he would be pleased to see us always living together like brothers and hoped that the American trade would come to his country as well as to the Spaniards. He complained that we traded with their enemies, the Osages, and furnished them with powder, lead and guns, but had no intercourse with the Camanches. He hoped the Government of the United States would interfere and stop the depredations of the Osages upon his nation. "They steal our horses and murder our people," said he, "and the Americans sell them the arms and ammunition which they use in war upon us. We want your trade, and if you will come among us we will not cheat nor rob you. I have had a talk with my nation and told them they had done a great wrong in treating you as they did, and they promised never to do so again. They say they will pay you in horses and mules for the goods they took from you on the Canadian, if you will only come once more into our country. Come with your goods among us; you shall be well treated. I pledge you my word, the word of Cordaro, that you shall not be hurt nor your goods taken from you without full payment. Each of my nation promises to give you a horse if you will come and trade with us once more, and though poor, and though I got none of your goods, yet I will give you two of the best horses in the nation. Come to our country once more and you shall find friends among the Camanches. Come and you shall be safe. Cordaro says it." The old warrior spoke like an orator and looked like a statesman. He appeared conscious of the vast superiority of the whites, or rather of the Americans, to his own race and desired the elevation of his countrymen by adopting some of our improvements and customs. For the Spaniards he entertained a strong aversion and dislike; not at all mingled with fear, however, for he spoke to them always as an equal or superior. They refused to trade with his nation in arms and had nothing besides which his people wanted. Their remarkable disposition to treachery appeared to be perfectly known to the old chieftain.

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[1] Fowler says that when he went into San Fernandez de Taos on 1 May, he found that Colonel Glenn had gone to Sta. Fé, and on 7 May he mentions his return. *The Journal of Jacob Fowler* (Coues' ed.), N. Y. 1878.

After the council, Cordaro desired me to write a letter for him to his great friend, Colonel Jameson of Nacatoche, and make known to him the manner in which he had remembered his promise to protect the Americans in his country, by saving me and my company from death at the hands of his countrymen. I wrote the letter and delivered it to him. On the next day we parted, and I never saw him again. On my trip to the Camanche country in 1822 I was informed by the Indians that he went to Nacatoche with my letter to Col. Jameson, who gave him three horses, loaded with presents. By this means he returned to his country a rich man, and soon after became sick and died. He was a sagacious, right-hearted patriot and a brave warrior, who in different circumstances might have accomplished the destiny of a hero and savior of his country.

I continued my trading, though without much success on account of the scarcity of money. I had seen enough of Mexican society to be thoroughly disgusted with it. I had not supposed it possible for any society to be as profligate and vicious as I found all ranks of that in Santa Fé. The Indians are much superior to their Spanish masters in all qualities of a useful and meritorious population.

On the fifth of February a celebration took place of Mexican Independence.[2] A few days before this appointed time, a meeting of the Spanish officers and principal citizens was held at the house of the Alcalde to make arrangements for the celebration. They sent for me, asked what was the custom in my country on such occasions, and requested my advice in the matter. I advised them to raise a liberty pole, hoist a flag and fire a salute for each Province. They counted up the Provinces or States, and discovered that Mexico contained twenty-one, including Texas. They said they knew nothing of the rule of proceeding in such cases and desired me to superintend the work. I sent out men to the neighboring mountains for the tallest pine that could be found. They returned with one thirty feet long. I sent them out again, and they brought in another much longer than the first. I spliced these together, prepared a flag rope and raised the whole, as a liberty pole, about seventy feet high. There was now great perplexity for a national emblem and motto for the flag, none having yet been devised, and those of Spain being out of the question. I recommended the eagle, but they at last agreed upon two clasped hands in sign of brotherhood and amity with all nations. By daylight on the morning of the fifth I was aroused to direct the raising of the flag. I arose and went to the square, where I found about a dozen men with

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[2] "The 6th of January 1822, was set apart for a formal celebration. At dawn the salute of artillery and the marching of processions began; and with dawn of the next day ended the grand *baile* at the *palacio*. Never did Santa Fé behold such a splendid display. . . . All through the day and night the villa was painted red

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with independence or death, and Governor Melgares wrote a flaming account of the whole affair for the *Gaceta Imperial*. Doubtless, Don Facundo, realising on which side his bread was buttered, saw to it that nothing was lost in telling the story; and presumably the fall of Iturbide, a little later, was celebrated with equal enthusiasm. There was nothing mean or one-sided in New Mexican patriotism." Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico*, 309.

the Governor, Don Facundo Malgaris,[3] all in a quandary, not knowing what to do. I informed the Governor that all was ready for raising the flag, which honor belonged to him. "Oh, do it yourself," said he, "you understand such things." So I raised the first flag in the free and independent State of New Mexico. As the flag went up, the cannon fired and men and women from all quarters of the city came running, some half dressed, to the public square, which was soon filled with the population of this city. The people of the surrounding country also came in, and for five days the square was covered with Spaniards and Indians from every part of the province. During this whole time the city exhibited a scene of universal carousing and revelry. All classes abandoned themselves to the most reckless dissipation and profligacy. No Italian carnival ever exceeded this celebration in thoughtlessness, vice and licentiousness of every description. Men, women and children crowded every part of the city, and the carousal was kept up equally by night and day. There seemed to be no time for sleep. Tables for gambling surrounded the square and continually occupied the attention of crowds. Dice and faro banks were all the time in constant play. I never saw any people so infatuated with the passion for gaming. Women of rank were seen betting at the faro banks and dice tables. They frequently lost all their money; then followed the jewelry from their fingers, arms and ears: then the ribose or sash edged with gold, which they wear over the shoulders, was staked and lost, when the fair gamesters would go to their homes for money to redeem the last pledge and if possible, continue the play. Men and women on all sides of me were thus engaged, and were all equally absorbed in the fluctuating fortunes of these games. The demon of chance and of avarice seemed to possess them all, to the loss of what little reason nature had originally made theirs. One universal jubilee, like bedlam broke loose, reigned in Santa Fé for five days and nights. Freedom without restraint or license was the order of the day; and thus did these rejoicing republicans continue the celebration of their Independence till nature was too much exhausted to support the dissipation any longer. The crowds then dispersed to their homes with all the punishments of excess with which pleasure visits her votaries. I saw enough during this five days' revelry to convince me that the republicans of New Mexico were unfit to govern themselves or anybody else.

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[3] "Don Facundo Malgares was a European (his uncle was one of the royal judges in the kingdom of New Spain), and had distinguished himself in several long expeditions against the Apaches and other Indian nations with whom the Spaniards were at war; added to these circumstances he was a man of immense fortune, and generous in its disposal, almost to profusion; possessed of a liberal education, high sense of honor, and a disposition formed for military enterprise; a gentleman, a soldier and one of the most gallant men you ever knew." 2 *Pike's Expeditions,* Coues' Ed. 413. Malgares commanded an expedition from Santa Fé to the Pawnee village in Kansas, which he left a few weeks before Pike reached it. After Pike and his men were taken by the Spaniards, Malgares commanded the party which conducted them from Santa Fé to Chihuahua. His treatment of Pike was courteous and Pike parted with him with "the greatest friendship." Malgares was the last civil and military governor of New Mexico under the Spanish crown, the period of his governorship covering the years 1818-1822.

The Indians acted with more moderation and reason in their rejoicing than the Spaniards.

On the second day of the celebration a large company of men and women from San Felipe,[4] an Indian town forty miles south of Santa Fé, marched into the city, displaying the best-formed persons I had yet seen in the country. The men were a head taller than the Spaniards around them, and their women were extremely beautiful, with fine figure and a graceful, elegant carriage. They were all tastefully dressed in cotton cloth of their own weaving and decorated with coral beads of a brilliant red color. Many wore rich pearl necklaces and jewelry of great value. I was told by Ortise that the ornaments of stone, silver and gold which some of these Indian ladies wore were worth five hundred dollars. The red coral was worth one hundred dollars per pound. Many of the Indians, as the reader may suppose from this description of their women, are very wealthy. The men were also elegantly dressed in fine cloth, manufactured by their own wives and daughters. The Americans with their tariff and "protection of home industry," might learn a lesson from these wise and industrious Indians. I heard nothing among them of a tariff to protect their "domestic manufactures." They worked and produced and protection came of itself without the curse of government interference.

This Indian company danced very gracefully upon the public square to the sound of a drum and the

[4] San Felipe was a village on the west side of the *Rio Grande*, about thirty five miles from Santa Fé. It was visited and described by Pike (2 Pike's *Expedition* (Coues' Ed.) 616). Emory gives a picture of the village in his *Notes*.

singing of the older members of their band. In this exercise they displayed great skill and dexterity. When intermingled in apparently hopeless confusion in a very complicated figure, so that the dance seemed on the point of breaking up, suddenly at the tap of the drum, each found his partner and each couple their place, without the least disorder and in admirable harmony. About the same time the Peccas Indians came into the city, dressed in skins of bulls and bears. At a distance their disguise was quite successful and they looked like the animals which they counterfeited so well that the people fled frightened at their appearance, in great confusion from the square.

I have spoken before, in favorable terms of the Mexican Indians. They are a nobler race of people than their masters, the descendants of the conquerors; more courageous and more generous; more faithful to their word and more ingenious and intellectual than the Spaniards. The men are generally six feet in stature, well formed and of an open, frank and manly deportment. Their women are very fascinating, and far superior in virtue, as in beauty, to the greater number of the Spanish females. I was informed that all the tribes, the Utahs, the Navahoes, and others inhabiting the county west of the mountains to the Gulf of California, like those in Mexico, lived in comfortable houses, raised wheat and corn, and had good mills for grinding their grain. I saw many specimens of their skill in the useful arts, and brought home with me some blankets and counterpanes, of Indian manufacture of exquisite workmanship, which I have used in my family for twenty-five years. They are generally far in advance of the Spaniards around them, in all the arts of civilized life as well as in the virtues that give value to national character.

In the latter part of February I received a deputation of fifty Indians from the Utah[8] tribe on the west side of the mountains. They came riding into the city and paraded on the public square, all well mounted on the most elegant horses I had ever seen. The animals were of a very superior breed, with their slender, tapering legs and short, fine hair, like our best blooded racers. They were of almost every color, some spotted and striped as if painted for ornament. The Indians alighted at the Council House and sent a request for me to visit them. On arriving I found them all awaiting me in the Council House, with a company of Spanish officers and gentlemen led hither by curiosity. On entering I was greeted by the chief and his companions, who shook hands with me. The chief, whose name was Lechat, was a young man of about thirty and of a right princely port and bearing. He told me in the Spanish language, which he spoke fluently, that he had come expressly to see me and have a talk with me. "You are Americans, we are told, and you have come from your country afar off to trade with the Spaniards. We want your trade. Come to our country with your goods. Come and trade with the Utahs. We have horses, mules and sheep, more than we want. We heard that you wanted beaver skins. The beavers in our country are eating up our corn. All our rivers are full of them. Their dams back up the water in the rivers all along their course from the mountains to the Big Water. Come over among us and you shall have as many beaver skins as you want." Turning round and pointing to the Spaniards, in most contemptuous manner and with a scornful look, he said, "What can you get from these? They have nothing to trade with you. They have nothing but a few poor horses and mules, a little puncha, and a little tola (tobacco and corn meal porridge) not fit for anybody to use. They are poor—too poor for you to trade with. Come among the Utahs if you wish to trade with profit. Look at our horses here. Have the Spaniards any such horses? No, they are too poor. Such as these we have in our country by the thousand, and also cattle, sheep and mules. These Spaniards," said he, turning and pointing his finger at them in a style of contempt which John Randolph would have envied, "what are they? What have they? They won't even give us two loads of powder and lead for a beaver skin, and for a good reason, they have not as much as they want themselves. They have nothing that you want. We have everything that they have, and many things that they have not." Here a Spaniard cried out, "You have no money." Like a true stump orator the Utah replied, "And you have very little. You are *depicca.*" In other words, you are poor, miserable devils and we are the true capitalists of the country. With this and much more of the same purport, he concluded his harangue, which was delivered in the most independent and lordly manner possible. He looked like a king upbraiding his subjects for being poor, when they might be rich, and his whole conduct seemed to me like bearding a wild beast in his den. The "talk" being had, Lechat produced the *calama* or pipe, and we smoked together in the manner of the Indians. I sent to my store and procured six plugs of tobacco and some handkerchiefs, which I presented to him and his company, telling them when they smoked the tobacco with their chiefs to remember the Americans, and treat all who visited their country from mine as they would their own brothers. The council now broke up and the chief, reiterating his invitations to me to visit his country, mounted his noble steed, and with his company rode out of the city, singing and displaying the handkerchiefs I had presented them from the ends of their lances as standards. They departed without the least show of respect for the Spaniards, but rather with a strong demonstration on the part of Lechat of contempt for them. I noticed them at the council inquiring of this chief with considerable interest what the Navahoes were doing, and whether they were preparing to attack the Spanish settlements. They had been at war with this tribe for several years, and seemed to fear that the

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[8] Beckwourth had no such exalted opinion of the Utes. He says, "I had no manner of fear of them, for I knew them to be great cowards; with one hundred and fifty good Crow warriors I would have chased a thousand of them." *Life and Adventures.* p. 457.

Utahs might take part in it as allies of the Navahoes, for which reason they conducted themselves with the utmost respect and forbearance towards Lechat and his band. What was the immediate cause of this war, I did not learn, but I saw and heard enough of it to enlist my sympathies with the Navahoes. A few days after the visit of the Utahs, I saw a solitary Indian of that tribe crossing the public square in the direction of the Governor's house, and driving before him a fat heifer. He went up to the Governor's door, to whom he sent word that he had a present for him, and was admitted. What followed, I learned from Ortise, an old Alcalde, with whom I boarded during the time of my stay in Santa Fé. As he entered the room of the Governor the Navaho prostrated himself on his face. The Governor stepped towards him and with a spurning motion of the foot which touched the Indian's head, asked him who he was and what he wanted. The poor Indian arose on his knees and said he was a Navaho, and had come to implore peace for his nation. "We are tired of war and we want peace," said he; "our crops are destroyed, our women and children are starving. Oh! give us peace!" The Governor asked the interpreter what he said, and being told, the *christian* replied, "Tell him I do not want peace, I want war." With this answer the Indian was dismissed, the Governor keeping his heifer. The poor fellow came to my store, announced his name and nation, and requested me to go among his tribe and trade. He said the rivers were full of beaver and beaver dams—that they had horses and mules which they would exchange for powder, lead and tobacco. The Indians are destitute of ammunition and guns, and Spanish laws prohibit all trade with them in these articles. I gave him several plugs of tobacco, a knife and other small articles, and told him when he went back to his country to smoke my tobacco with his chiefs and tell them if any Americans came to their country to treat them like brothers. He went off with a guard as far as the outposts on the route to his country. But I have no doubt he was murdered by the Spaniards long before reaching his home. About a week after this, sixteen Navaho chiefs came into the town of St. James, sixty miles below Santa Fé on the Del Norte, and requested the commander of the fort to allow them to pass on to the Governor at Santa Fé, saying that they had come to make peace. The commander invited them into the fort, smoked with them and made a show of friendship. He had placed a Spaniard on each side of every Indian as they sat and smoked in a circle, and at a signal each Indian was seized by his two Spanish companions and held fast while others despatched them by stabbing each one to the heart. A Spaniard who figured in this butchery showed me his knife, which he said had killed eight of them. Their dead bodies were thrown over the wall of the fort and covered with a little earth in a gully. A few days afterwards five more of the same nation appeared on the bank of the river opposite the town and inquired for their countrymen. The Spaniards told them they had gone on to Santa Fé, invited them to come over the river, and said they should be well treated. They crossed and were murdered in the same manner as the others. There again appeared three Indians on the opposite bank, inquiring for their chiefs. They were decoyed across, taken into the town under the mask of friendship, and also murdered in cold blood. In a few days two more appeared, but could not be induced to cross; when some Spanish horseman went down the river to intercept them. Perceiving this movement, they fled and no more embassies came in. The next news that came told of a descent made by the Navahoes in great force on the settlements in the south, in which they killed all of every age and condition, burned and destroyed all they could not take away with them, and drove away the sheep, cattle and horses. They came from the south directly towards Santa Fé, sweeping everything before them and leaving the land desolate behind them. They recrossed the Del Norte below Santa Fé and passed to the north, laid bare the country around the town of Taos, and then disappeared with all their booty. While this was going on, Malgaris was getting out the militia and putting nearly all the inhabitants under arms, preparatory to an expedition. I was requested to go, but I preferred to be a spectator in such a war. The militia of Santa Fé when on parade beggared all description. Falstaff's company was well equipped and well furnished, compared with these troops of Gov. Malgaris. Such a gang of tatterdemalions, I never saw, before or since. They were of all colors, with all kinds of dresses and every species of arms. Some were bareheaded, others were barebacked—some had hats without rims or crowns, and some wore coats without skirts; others again wore coats without sleeves. Most of them were armed with bows and arrows. A few had guns that looked as if they had been imported by Cortez, while others had iron hoops fastened to the ends of poles, which passed for lances.* The doughty Governor, Facundo Malgaris, on foot, in his cloak and *chapeau de bras*, was reviewing this noble army. He was five feet high, nearly as thick as he was long, and as he waddled from one end of the line to the other, I thought of Alexander and Hannibal and Caesar, and how their glories would soon be eclipsed by this hero of Santa Fé. After him followed the Adjutant in his jacket with red cuffs and collar, and with his frog-sticker, called a sword, at his side. He examined the bows and arrows, lances and other arms of these invincibles. He with the little Governor seemed big with the fate of New Mexico. At last when all was ready, the Governor sent them forth to the war and himself went to his dinner. In the meantime where was the enemy—the bloodthirsty Navahoes? They had returned in safety to their own country with all their plunder, and were even then far beyond the reach of Gov. Malgaris' troop of scarecrows.

In the beginning of March, finding that trade was dull and money very scarce in Santa Fé, I inquired for a better place of business and was advised by Ortise to go to Sonora on the Gulf of California, where gold and silver was more abundant than in New Mexico. I requested him to go with me; he declined going himself, but procured his brother, whom I hired, to go as guide for $12, for each mule load. I packed up my goods, and had got ready for the journey when Ortise came in with a gloomy countenance and asked if I had asked permission of the Governor to go to Sonora. I said I had not, and he advised me to see him. I went to his house, apprehensive of hostility, and found the dignitary walking with a lordly air up and down his piazza. As I approached he strutted away from me to the opposite end of the gallery without deigning to notice me. I stood and waited his return, and as he came up I accosted him politely, and said I could not sell my goods in Santa Fé and had called to obtain his permission to go with them to Sonora, where I had understood money was more plenty than in Santa Fé. "You can't go, sir," growled his Excellency, and continued his promenade. I followed and asked him why I could not go. He said he had no orders to let me go. I asked him if he had any orders to prevent me. He said no. I then said, you know that I have a passport from my government, approved by the Spanish minister. "Oh, we have nothing to do with the Spanish Government." But you have something to do with my government. I shall start for Sonoro, and if you arrest or imprison me on my way, my government shall hear from me. This appeared to agitate the little grandee and set him to thinking for a moment. He paced to and fro a while, stopped short, and asked how I was going. With Don Francisco Ortise as guide. At this he burst into a loud laugh. "Ho, ho! Don Francisco will go with you, will he? Well, Don Thomas, you can go, but I will send a party of soldiers with you to the outposts, and if any Spaniard attempt to go further with you I will have him brought back in irons and thrown into prison. You will have to pass through the country of the Apaches, and you will be robbed, perhaps murdered, if you have no Spaniard with you. Now go, Don Thomas, now go—ha, ha, ha!" I now turned and left him. Ortise, whom I considered my friend, advised me by no means to make the attempt to reach Sonora without a Spanish guide and I gave up the project. I regarded this the result of a plot to detain me in Santa Fé till spring, when they knew I was to return, and would have to sell my goods at any price. I went, on the evening of my interview with the Governor, to the house of a sick Lieutenant, where I found the Adjutant and several other officers. They asked, with a sly glance at each other, when I was going to Sonora. I am not going. "Why, so we heard, you were all ready to start. You have a passport, have you not?" Yes, said I, but the Governor threatens to imprison any Spaniard that attempts to go with me. He has imprisoned all my countrymen that came here before me, and I suppose, if he dared, he would imprison me. Here the sick Lieutenant shook my knee by way of caution, and the Adjutant leaped up exclaiming, "If he dared! What do you mean sir? be careful how you talk;" and put his hand on the butcher knife at his side, called a sword. I had a dirk at my breast, as good a weapon as his, and facing him, I repeated, "Yes, if he dared; but he dares not, nor dare any of you imprison me while I observe your laws. You have robbed and imprisoned all my countrymen heretofore, but my government will now stop this baseness and cruelty to the Americans. If you violate my rights while I have an American passport my government will avenge my wrongs on your heads." This appeared to cool the Adjutant, who said we were friends and that he would not tell the Governor. "Tell him or not, as you please," said I.

I wish, for the honor of my country, or rather, of my government, that the name of American citizen were a better protection in a foreign country than it is. Ancient Rome and modern England are examples to us in this respect. A subject of the English monarchy in a foreign country is sure that any flagrant violation of his natural rights will be avenged, if necessary, by the whole military and naval power of his country. An Englishman, like an ancient Roman citizen, knows that his government will look after him and is sure of protection. An American is sure of nothing. His government may, amid the turmoil of electioneering, demand him from his jailors, but it is more likely to overlook him entirely as beneath its regard. The case of Robert McKnight, who returned in April with John, his brother, from

Durango, after an imprisonment of ten years, was a remarkable instance of the delinquency of our government in this particular. His goods had been confiscated and himself and his companions thrown into prison, where they remained ten years, and during the whole time their own government was sleeping on their wrongs. No notice whatever was taken of them; and when McKnight returned to his country he was equally unsuccessful in seeking redress. "I will go back to Mexico," said he, "swear allegiance to their government and become a citizen. I have resided the prescribed term of years, and there is a better chance for obtaining justice from the Mexicans, scoundrels as they are, than from my own government. I will go and recover as a citizen of Mexico what I lost as a citizen of the United States. My own government refuses to do me justice, and I will renounce it forever. I would not raise a straw in its defense." He accordingly returned to Mexico, where he probably received remuneration for his losses, and where he now lives a citizen of the country.[8]

While in Santa Fé I was a frequent visitor at the house of the parish priest, a very gentlemanly, intelligent man, where I often found an interesting

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R. McKnight

[8] Robert McKnight returned to Chihuahua in 1824 and engaged in mining and trading, in which he made a fortune. He was after a time compelled to abandon his mines in consequence of the Apache Indians cutting off his supplies. Both Kit Carson and James Kirker were in his employ. Letters of administration upon his estate were granted in St. Louis, 31 August, 1846.

company assembled. I supped at his house on one occasion with sixteen Spanish gentlemen of education, and some of distinction. The conversation happened to turn on the power and condition of the United States, and particularly on the country west of the Mississippi. They said the country west of this river once belonged to them, and agreed that it would some day return to their possession. They said that Spain had ceded it to Bonaparte without their consent, and that it, of right, belonged to Mexico. They also expressed great dissatisfaction with the line of the Sabine, alleging that it ought to have been and would yet be the Mississippi instead of the former river. I told them that my countrymen were also dissatisfied with the Sabine as the boundary. "Ah," exclaimed one, "then we shall have little difficulty in changing it; both sides will be agreed." "Not so fast," said I; "we think the boundary ought to have been the Rio Del Norte." "What!" said they, "the Del Norte; that would take in Santa Fe." "Yes, Seignors," said I, "we claim to the Del Norte." "Never, never—you will never get it, and if it ever comes to a trial of power between Mexico and the States, we will have to the Mississippi. You will be compelled to give it to us." I told them to mark my words and said, "If ever the boundary is changed you will see it go westward and not to the east."

The spring was nearly gone and most of my goods remained unsold. Money was very scarce, and I had little prospect of selling them at any price. I offered them at cost, and at last found a purchaser of most of them in a Spaniard named Pino, who paid me one thousand dollars in cash and an equal sum in horses and mules. He borrowed the money of Francisco Chavis, the father of Antonio, who was murdered in the United States by Mason, Brown and McDaniel. The last two were convicted of the murder on the testimony of Mason and executed in St. Louis in 1844.[7] After this trade with Pino I had still on my hands a large quantity of brown and grey cloths, which were unsalable in the Spanish market; blue and other colors being preferred. These cloths I sold to Hugh Glenn, who again honored me with a visit in the latter part of May, stayed with me two weeks, borrowed forty dollars, in addition to the sixty I had already loaned him, and gave me his note for the money and goods, which (the note) I have held to this day. He wanted the goods to sell to his company, who were trapping near Taos, and promised to pay me the money as soon as he reached St. Louis and disposed of his beaver fur. Taking him for a man of honor, I treated him as such, to my own loss.

I was now ready to depart for home, having disposed or got rid, rather, of my goods and collected all my debts except one from the Governor. During the winter his Excellency had sent his Excellency's secretary to my store for some samples of cloth. The secretary after taking these with some shawls for the examination of his master, returned and purchased goods for his Excellency to the sum of eighty-three dollars and told me to charge them to his Excellency. I did so, and on the day before my departure I called at his Excellency's house and found his Excellency looking every inch a Governor, and very pompously pacing the piazza as was the custom of his Excellency. I remarked that I was going home. "Very well," said his Excellency, "you can go;" and walked on. I awaited his Excellency's return, and again remarked that I was going home; that I did not expect to return, and would be thankful for the amount of his Excellency's account with me. "I have not a dollar. The government has not paid me in ten years, and how can I pay my creditors." I offered to take two mules. "I have no more mules than I want myself," said his Excellency. With this I parted forever with Gov. Malgaris of New Mexico. Ortise told me I could not sue him, as he was "the head of the law."

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[7] Chavez was murdered in the spring of 1843, near where the Santa Fé trail crossed Cow Creek, in what is now Reno County, Kansas. The murderers, about ten in number, were apprehended in western Missouri, and brought to St. Louis for trial. William Mason confessed and became state's evidence. John McDaniel and William Brown were tried for murder and convicted. Some of the others confessed to robbery, and some were convicted of that crime, and were sent to prison. McDaniel and Brown were hanged in St. Louis, Friday afternoon, 18 August, 1844, on a scaffold erected a few hundred yards west of the Arsenal. As was the custom in those days a large number of men, women and children were spectators at the execution, and each of the criminals made a speech.

Some time before this I saw a Spaniard who had been imprisoned for more than a year, and was then set at liberty. He had just come from the Commandant, whom he asked for the cause of his imprisonment. "You are at liberty now, are you not?" "Yes, but I wish to know why I have been so long deprived of liberty." "You are at liberty now, and that is enough for you to know," said the Commandant: And this was all the satisfaction the poor Spaniard could get. The following will illustrate the summary method of administering justice in Santa Fé. There were many Americans deserters in the city from the fort at Nacatoche, some of whom had lived here sixteen years, and were generally of bad character. Robert McKnight had entrusted one of these, named Finch, with a valuable sword to sell for him. Finch pawned the sword for twelve dollars, and seeing him with money, I told McKnight he would never get anything for his sword as Finch was spending the money he had raised on it. "There is no danger," said he; "Finch would not trifle with me." On the next day he demanded his sword or the money from Finch, who refused to give him any satisfaction; whereupon McKnight seized and dashed him about twelve feet, head foremost against a door of the fort. I interfered and saved Finch from any further injury than a severe cut on his head. He then confessed the fact of his having pawned the sword and named the place where it could be found. McKnight now went before the Alcalde, a stern old Spaniard, who called his officer and handed him his gold-headed cane as a warrant for bringing up Finch, the sword and the pawnee.[8] They all arrived, Finch

[8] "The practice before the Alcalde in these days [1854] was exceedingly primitive, and whenever justice was obtained it was quickly meted out. A man, with his cause of complaint, went in person before that officer, and made a plain statement of the action, when the Alcalde directed the complainant to bring the defendant before him. When the parties appeared, the Alcalde allowed each to give his own version of the case, and occasionally examined witnesses sworn upon a cross made by crossing the finger and thumb. Sometimes the matter in dispute was left to the decision of third persons, but a trial by jury was unknown. The decision of the Alcalde was seldom made up according to the merits of the case, and much too frequently the judgment was purchased with money. When the

with his head tied up in a handkerchief, when the Alcalde took the sword from the Spaniard who had taken it in pledge, and asked him if he knew for what purpose Finch had received it. He admitted that Finch told him at the time of pawning it, that he had received it to sell. "Then," said the Alcalde, "if you had bought it, though only for five dollars, you could now keep it, but you had no right to take it in pawn;" and thereupon handed the sword to McKnight as the true owner. "But who will pay me my twelve dollars?" said the bailee. "That lies between you and Finch." "And what am I to get for my broken head?" said Finch. "I know nothing about that, Finch," said the magistrate; "but if you do not behave yourself better than you have done of late, I will drive you out of the province." So, McKnight got his sword and a little revenge without having a bill of costs or lawyer's fee to pay.

Most of my company had been engaged in trapping during my stay in Santa Fé, and some had gone far into the interior of Mexico. Collecting such as remained, and in company with the McKnights, I now, on the first of June, 1822, bade adieu forever to the capital of New Mexico, and was perfectly content never to repeat my visit to it or any other part of the country.

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defendant failed to appear at the verbal summons of the plaintiff, the Alcalde dispatched after him the regular process of the Court. This was a large cane dignified with the name of *baston de justicia*, or staff of justice, which was held in much more dread than a modern warrant. If he did not respond to the mandate of the cane, he was considered in contempt of court, and was sure to be punished accordingly." *El Gringo; or New Mexico and Her People*, by W. W. H. Davis. The Alcalde in McKnight's case seems to have known something of law, for his decision was strictly accordingly to rule.

CHAPTER FIVE

Col. Glenn's Conversion—His Profits Thereby—Avenues to New Mexico—An Instance of Spanish Treachery and Cruelty—Glenn's Cowardice—Meeting With the Pawnees—Mexican Indians—Battle Between the Pawnees and Osages—Disappearance of Glenn—Chouteau and the Osages—Indian Revenge—Passage of the Neosho—Singular Ferrying—Entrance Into Missouri—Robbery by the Osages—Interview With Missionaries—Arrival at St. Louis—More of Glenn—Home—Still Greater Troubles With Creditors Than With the Indians.

I STARTED from Santa Fé with Hugh Glenn on his return to Taos, whence he was to go with me to St. Louis.[1] On arriving at the Spanish village of San Domingo, about thirty miles north of Santa Fé and five from the Indian village of St. John, we stopped by invitation at the house of the parish priest, where the principal citizens visited us during the evening. Here I was somewhat astonished to hear Glenn, late at night, tell the priest that he wished to be baptized and join the church. He said in answer to the priest's questions that he had entertained this intention for a long time before coming to this country; that he had endeavored to instruct himself in relation to the tenets of the church, and produced a Catholic book, called the "Pious Guide." The priest told him to reflect on the subject and pray to the Almighty for light. In the morning Glenn appeared with a very sanctimonious face, and repeated his request. The priest questioned him on the Catholic faith and the novice answered very intelligently. It being Sunday, they went to the church to have the ceremony of baptism performed on the new convert. Leroy,[3] one of his company, acted as godfather, and the priest procured a very respectable old lady of the place to act as godmother. The saintly Colonel Glenn looked the very picture of sanctity during the performance of the rite; and he afterwards made a good penny by the operation. The people were very fond of their new convert, and showered honors and presents on Colonel Glenn. He was talking of coming back from the States with goods for this market, and many of the inhabitants entrusted him with mules and money to make purchases for them, of which they never heard again. Among his religious rewards was a lot of the finest Indian blankets. The Colonel was a great and good man among the people from this time and bore the cross of his religion with edifying humility.

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[1] Fowler says under date "Satterday 1st June 1822," that "We Set out Early to Join the party at the vilege [Taos] Wheare We found all Ready to Start—all So James and mcnights party from Stafee Had Joined ours and all moved on together." *Journal*, p. 142.

On the next day we reached Taos,[4] a small settlement near the mountains, in a beautiful and fertile valley through which the Rio Grande flows and offers most valuable inducements to the manufacturer by its water power; but none are here found with sufficient enterprise to seize the offer. The country in the hands of the Americans would bloom like a garden, while now it languishes in a state of half wilderness—half cultivation.

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[3] The man called Leroy by James, was Jean Baptiste Antoine Roy, born at St. Louis 13 August, 1794, son of Antoine Roy and Felicité Vasquez.

[4] Taos. "The name Taos originally given to the region of country embracing the headwaters of a river of the same name, has long since by universal custom been applied to the particular settlement of San Fernandez. The town is situated at the junction of the two principal forks of the *'Rio de Taos,'* and four or five miles from the western base of the Rocky Mountain range. Like most of the New Mexican towns it consists of a collection of mud houses, built around

Leaving Taos with eighty-three horses and mules, with Glenn and his company who had about sixty, we travelled in one day half way over the mountains, stopping at night in the middle of the pass. Here we were overtaken by some Spaniards with a mule load of bread, biscuit, sugar, chocolate and other delicacies, all sent as a present to the godly Glenn by his godmother. He took them, I suppose, with pious thankfulness, much as a hog takes the acorns that fall to him from an oak tree—without ever looking up. On my return to St. Louis I heard of Glenn's sneers and ridicule of the clergy of New Mexico. The truth concerning them was bad enough, but I was astonished to hear them villified and abused by the so-lately converted Colonel Glenn. He changed his religion more rapidly than his clothes, and made each change a profitable speculation to himself. Such pliability of conscicence may serve a temporary purpose to its fortunate possessor, but I have found very few of my countrymen, thank God,

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a miserable square or plaza. It contains a mixed population of seven or eight hundred souls." Peck, in Emory's *Notes*, p. 456.

Taos was later the home of Kit Carson, and there is much of interest told about the place in Sabin's *Kit Carson Days*, and see, also Miss Laut's *Through Our Unknown South West*.

so base as to practice hypocrisy to the alarming extent to which this sordid miscreant carried its exercise.

On the next day we marched to the foot of the mountain over which we had travelled for about fifty miles with the utmost ease through a regular and even pass with a very gradual ascent half the distance and thence with an equally gradual descent. There are three principal routes over the mountains to New Mexico. One below San Miguel, by which I went to Santa Fé, and which is easily passable for a large army without danger of surprise. The second, through which I was now returning to the States, and the third, a few miles to the north of this last and of Taos, are both excellent passes for travellers and emigrants, but would not admit of an army in the face of an enemy. They are quite narrow and closed in by mountains of a great height and by numerous defiles, which in possession of an enemy would present great obstacles to an invading army. McKnight, who came through the northern pass, informed me that it was much better than this, near Taos. These three passes are all of slight elevation, and present a gradual ascent and descent for about fifty miles, of no difficulty to the passenger and his teams. The most northern pass will probably become the great outlet of American emigration to California.

At the end of our two days' journey from Taos we encamped at the foot of the mountain near large piles of stones placed on each side of a ravine or gully. These were in shape like immense walls, from ten to sixty feet in length, about ten wide, and from four to six feet in height. They were the tombs of Camanche Indians, who had been massacred at this place many years before by the Spaniards. An old man in Santa Fé whom I employed about my store, informed me of the circumstances of ths cold-blooded butchery, in which he as a Spanish soldier took part. It happened when my informant was about twenty years of age, which was a few years previous to our Revolutionary war. According to his account, the Spaniards and Camanches had been at war with each other for many years with various fortune on both sides, when the Spanish authorities determined to offer peace to their enemies. For this purpose they marched with a large army to this place of tombs, and encamped, whence they sent out heralds to the Camanches with an invitation to the whole nation to come in and smoke the pipe of peace and bury the hatchet of war forever. The unsuspecting Indians came in, pursuant to the invitation, and brought their women and children to the number of several thousands. The council was held and a solemn treaty formed which one side hoped and expected would be inviolate forever. They smoked the pipe of peace and of brotherhood. Everything betokened lasting harmony, and for three days an apparently friendly and cordial intercourse took place between the two powers. During this time the Spaniards insidously bought up all the bows and arrows, and other arms of the Indians, at very high prices, and the third day found these simple children of nature stripped of their arms and entirely defenseless, in the midst of their treacherous enemies. Then ensued a scene of murder exceeding in atrocity even the celebrated slaughter of Glencoe, which occurred in Scotland a few years before this and under very similar circumstances. The Spaniards having surrounded the Indians, fell suddenly, at a concerted signal, upon them and killed all without regard to age or sex. The women and children clung to their protectors, who would not leave them and could not fight, and thus they were all slaughtered together. The bloody work continued most of the day and the dead were left in large heaps over the ground. The drain or gully, between the stone walls ran with blood on this terrible day, as the old Spaniard told me, like a spring freshet. Not a man, woman or child was spared; and my informant supposed that the example had deterred all the tribes of Camanches from making war on the people of Santa Fé from that day to this. The citizens of this town may have been exempt from attack, but we have always heard of the incursions of these tribes on the Spanish settlements, and conduct like this of the Spaniards near Taos would and did sow deep the seeds of incurable hate which have frequently germinated since in bloody retributions. The countrymen of the slaughtered Indians afterwards erected the stone walls near to which we were now encamped, and which covered a large extent of ground, as tombs and monuments for the dead. Their power was greatly broken by the loss of so many warriors and the nation was a long time in recovering its former strength.

On the next morning after crossing the mountain we entered the prairies, which were frequently quite broken and uneven. The spurs of the mountains were covered with pine and cedar. Directing our course to the north-east, in four days we struck the Arkansas a considerable distance from its head. On the next day, and the seventh since leaving Taos, Col. Glenn, who marched in advance of me, sent back a man with the news that the "Camanches were ahead."[4] I hastened forward with the McKnights, and found Glenn stretched out on his blanket in a cold sweat and shaking with fear as if he had the ague. I asked, where are the Indians? "Oh there they are, hid behind that willow bar." I searched and found nothing, when Glenn again cried out, "Oh there they are," pointing to two men riding towards us on the opposite or north side of river, and also to a company of about two lodges, or twelve Indians going from us to the north-west. I soon perceived that the two men first seen were white, and one crossed the river to our company. They were a company of about twelve from Boon's Lick, of whom one was named Cooper, on their way to Santa Fé.[5] Glenn, as much frightened as before, now insisted that the Indians whom we had seen had gone off to bring up their companions to attack us in the night. He had his horses and mules tied together and ordered his company to prepare for action. I determined to allow my horses to separate for grazing, and in looking for a good place for herding them, I espied and shot a buffalo under the cliff. This brought up all my company and a part of Glenn's to ascertain the cause of the shot, while Glenn was crying out to them, "Come back, you'll all be killed by the Indians." When I returned to the camp I told him to send some of his men for a part of the buffalo, if he wanted any meat. "No, I want no meat and I will not travel with men so rash as to fire their guns while so near the Indians." In the morning we took up our march, with one of Cooper's party on his return to St. Louis, and with Glenn in advance, who, intent on getting out of danger, soon out-travelled us. About two o'clock one of his men returned at full speed, calling us to hurry on—here are two thousand Pawnees."[6] On overtaking

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[4] Fowler's mention of these Indians is under date "Wenesday, 12 June, 1822;" he says, "a party of Indeans apeered on Hors back on the opeset Side of the River—We Hailed them the answered but Would not Come a Cross—We then Camped for the night—the Indeans moved off and Soon after a party of White men appeared on the Same Side one of them Came over to our Camp this was Cool Cooppers party from Boons lick on their Way to the Spanish Settlement With Some goods and Some traps to take Bever." *Journal*, p. 154.

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[5] Colonel Benjamin Cooper of Boon's Lick accompanied by his nephews, Braxton and Stephen Cooper, and some of his neighbors, fifteen persons in all, started for New Mexico in May, 1822. Glenn on his return to Missouri reported that he had met them on the Big Bend of the Arkansas. Later, rumors reached their homes that they had been robbed by the Indians and left in a starving condition, but these rumors were unfounded, and the party reached Taos without any serious mishap.

[6] Fowler (*Journal*, p. 157) under date 18 June, gives an account of this meeting with the Pawnees, in this way:—

Glenn I found two Indians, who said the main army would soon be with them. I had brought with me from Taos two Mexican Indians who wished to go to the United States. Glenn knowing that the Pawnees were at war with the Spaniards, said these Mexicans would be killed on the coming up of the Pawnee army, and implored us to let them be killed "peace-

"We then moved on about Eight miles and meet With Some Pawne Indeans—With Home [whom] We Camped—there Was With them one of the Ietan Cheefs Who Stated that He Was lately from Wasington Cetey—In the Corse of the Evening the Indeans Collected to the nomber of from four to five Hundred—it is Hear proper to mention that Captain James Had two Spanierds With Him and that Conl glann Head two all So—but the last two Ware dressed like our Selves—but James Spanierds Wore their own Clothing and Ware Challenged by the Indeans as their Enemeys—a Councel Was Held Which lasted about two Hours the Inquirey Was Whether these men Ware Spanierds if so the must be killed as Ietan Cheef Insisted the Ware Spanierds and must be killed but the Pawne Cheef Refused to Have them killed till He new the Ware Spanierds the two men Ware Sot In the midle of the Councel and there Interagated but maid no answer leting on that the did not no What Was Said to them—to Which the had ben advised before they Ware takeing In to the Councel most of those Indeans understand the Spanish language but Cold not git one Word from the men the then asked Mr Roy the Inturpurter If those men Ware not Spanierds He told the Indeans He did not kno who the Ware that He Cold not Speeke their langage to Which the Ietan Cheef Replyed you do not kno thim you kno How to gave them Horses and Can tell them How to Ride and yet you Can not Spapke to them Which is a little Strange How do you git them to Eat or Whare did you git them We See them Ride on your Horses—to which mr Roy answers as followes—for it is Hear now be Com nesceery to fib a little—that about two days back We met a party of White men going up the River and that those men Ware With them that the Ware from St lewis and Wanted to go back and Had Come this far With us that We Head Some Spare Horses and that the Had got on and Road—the Pawne Cheef then Said that Some four or five years back He Had Sene Some English men and french men together and the Cold not talk to Each other that maybe those Ware English men—to Which Mr. Roy answered that He Cold not talk English and did not kno these men—and So the Councel Ended the two Spanierds Pased for English men tho the Ware nearly as Black as pall [i. e. Paul, a negro of Fowler's]—but at all Events the Ware Blacker than the Indeans them Selves."

ably" and not endanger the whole party by any unnecessary resistance. I replied that these Indians were under my protection and should not be hurt. In a short time we saw the whole army pouring over the bend or knoll before us, which for half a mile was red with them, all afoot, except three, and every man carrying a rope *lasso* or *cabras* in his hand. Again did Glenn shake as with the ague, and the cold sweat stood on his face in drops. "Oh they are coming, they are coming," said he. One of their three horsemen rode past our band, then returned and halted at some distance as for a parley. I told Glenn to get up from the ground where he was lying and go out to speak with this Indian. No, no, said he, we shall be shot down if we go out there. The creature's courage and senses seemed to have left him together. I went out with McKnight, shook hands with the Chiefs and brought them in among our men who spread buffalo skins on the ground for their reception, while I prepared the pipe which we smoked together. The leader of this army was a brother of the head Chief of the Pawnee nation, and one of the finest formed and best looking men I have ever seen. He was six feet in height, with large and powerful limbs, a large head, with a well developed front, and keen dark hazel eyes. His manner was dignified and commanding, and he evidently possessed the confidence of his tribe. There was something in him that at once drew out my heart towards him and secured my esteem and respect. He was now going, he told me, down to the country of the

Camanches, Arripahoes and other tribes, near the Salt Plains, to conclude treaties of peace. They had been out ten days from their country and would have passed this place five days before had not this Chief been taken sick. He now looked feverish and weak. After smoking, the whole party of Indians, to the number of one thousand, gathered around us and four of them marched my Mexican friends into the circle and placed them before the Chief above mentioned, who was sitting on the ground. All the Indians except this Chief declared that these two were Mexicans and therefore their enemies, and many called for their scalps. A Kioway Chief made a violent speech against them. He understanding the Spanish language, desired them to speak with each other. They remaining silent, he then requested me to make them speak. I appeared not to understand, but said they were my men and under my protection. The Kioway then walked close to the Mexicans and in a friendly manner and confidential tone he said: "You are Spanish Indians, are you not? You can tell me; I am your friend. You know I am a Kioway; we are not at war with you. We are friends. You *are* a Spanish Indian are you not? The Mexicans looked like condemned criminals during this shower of questions, and one of them looking up and meeting the eye of the Kioway, slightly nodded an affirmative to the last question. Instantly that Chief clapped his hands and exclaimed: "Do you hear that, they acknowledged it—they are Spaniards, these are the men who have been murdering your women and children, kill them—kill them." I placed myself before the Mexicans to defend them, and told the Pawnee Chiefs they should not be killed, and the older Chiefs cried out, "come, come, go and get some wood and make fires. Kill some buffaloes and get something to eat." This entirely changed the current. Losing sight of their Mexican enemies, they ran off with a shout in obedience to their Chief and scattered over the prairies on my horses which I loaned them. Away they went in all directions and soon returned with an abundance of buffalo meat. When they had disappeared, the Chief who had so soon dispersed them looked at me with a smile and said, pointing to the two Mexicans, "they are Spanish Indians I know; but they are with you and shall not be hurt. Last winter my brother went to Washington and saw our Great Father there. He said a great many things to my brother and made him a great many presents. And what he said went into his ear, and my brother told it again to me and it went into my ear and down to my heart. Our Great Father told my brother to treat all Americans well who visited his country, and my brother promised the Great Father, in the name of the whole nation, that we would do as he wished us to do towards the Americans. You and your friends are safe. You shall not be hurt." This Chief told me of some of his exploits as a warrior, one of which, then the latest, I will relate. His nation were at war with the Osages and in the fall before he had approached near to one of their largest villages with a war party, too small, however, to risk an attack. He concealed himself and his men behind a large mound in the prairie at some distance from the village, and sent forward eight well mounted Pawnees to reconnoitre. A large party of Osages gave chase to these eight, who retreated before them to the mound and then separated, four going to the right and four to the left around the mound, and were followed by their enemies who rushed blindly into the ambuscade. Our hero, the Pawnee, now gave the war whoop, and fell upon the Osages, whose jaded horses were unable to carry them out of danger. A hundred of the Osages were killed in the fight or rather flight, and our hero, the Pawnee Chief, felt all the pride and pleasure of a Spartan in relating the triumph of his craft and valor.

We encamped at night in the company with the Indians, the Chief lying near me, and in the morning nothing had been disturbed. I made presents of tobacco to the Indians and selecting one of my best horses and a Spanish saddle, bridle and rope, and leading him up to the Chief, who had no horse of his own, I presented him with this one and the trappings. The Chief appeared ashamed at not having any thing to give in return, and said, "if you ever come again to my country, I will have two horses ready for you." I told him to treat all Americans well when visiting his country, and to protect them from their enemies. He appeared greatly affected and at parting, embraced me with both arms.

After proceeding about a mile on our way we saw about thirty Indians running towards us[7] and Glenn took another fright, said that these were coming to kill the two Mexicans, and again prayed me to give them up "peaceably." I said no, and the McKnights swore they would die themselves, rather than desert any of their comrades. They, with the rest of my company formed a circle around the Mexicans, while Glenn and his men hurried forward, and I stopped to speak with the advancing Indians. These were a hunting party belonging to the Pawnee army, who had not seen us before, having just returned from hunting, and now came to shake hands with us. They overtook Glenn for the same friendly purpose and then returned in high spirits to their countrymen. Glenn now pushed on in a trot and soon went out of my sight where he has remained from that day to this.[8] He sold his fur in St. Louis, went to Cincinnati, and cheated me out of his debt to me, as I ought to have expected him to do after his previous cowardice and hypocricy.

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[7] "Wensday 19 June. We Set out Early the Indeans apeer frendly —We moved on about five miles and looking behind We See the Indeans Runing after us—and all tho We drove the Horses In a trot the Will overtake us In a few minets—We Conclude it best to Stop and let them Come up Which Was done—We Stood prepared for Battle But Will Receve them frendly if We Can—now the Interpreter prepaired a pipe and offered them a Smoke as the Came up Which the all excepted of and looking amongst [us] asked Wheare the two men Ware Which the Soposed to be Spanierds and Ware Shone them—the then Went and Shook Hands With us all pointed us the Road Which We took and the Indeans Went Back the Ware fourteen In nomber"—Fowler's *Journal*, p. 159.

[8] "Friday 21st June 1822.—"We Seen James and partey this day a great distance to our Right makeing down the Arkansas River."

We now kept our course down the Arkansas, and on the next day crossed to the north bank of the river. One of my trunks fell into the river in crossing, and some rhubarb dissolving, became mixed with my shirts, journal, invoice and other papers in the trunk, and entirely destroyed them. The writing was obliterated from the papers, and my journal which I had kept since leaving home was rendered useless. My memory, which was always very retentive of events and incidents, enables me to supply this loss with sufficient accuracy.

On the third day after parting with the Pawnees we found the prairie strewed with buffalo skeletons, and saw at a distance in a bend of the river, a company of men wearing hats. I learned afterwards that this was a company of traders bound for Santa Fé, who had been robbed by the Osages.[9] Supposing it to be Glenn's Company, I passed on without

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Fowler's *Journal*, p. 161. The separation took place in what is now Barton County, Kansas.

[9] This was a party under the leadership of Captain William Becknell, also from the Boon's Lick neighborhood, which had started on 22 May. The company consisted of twenty one men with three wagons. Two of the men were taken by the Osages, and were stripped, barbarously whipped and robbed of their horses, guns and clothes. Colonel A. P. Chouteau came to the rescue and prevented further attacks upon the party. The party, anxious to avoid the circuitous route of the upper Arkansas, crossed that river at the place known as the Caches and took a south west course towards the Cimarron. Gregg says that being without water they were compelled to suck the blood of their dogs and mules, and that many of them had laid down to die, when some of the strongest of them having obtained water from the paunch of a slaughtered buffalo, succeeded in reaching the river and bringing back a supply to their perishing comrades. Becknell does not mention the "water scrape" in his *Journal* (2 Missouri Historical *Collections*), but says that they reached St. Michael (San Miguel) in twenty two days from the Arkansas.

hailing them, and encamped at night in a small grove in the edge of the prairie. We secured the horses and prepared our camp with care against an attack from Indians, who were evidently in our vicinity. One-half of our band slept while the rest stood as sentinels. In the morning about an hour before day a sound of violent crying and lamentation was heard, such as is customary with the Indians when bewailing the loss of a near relation. This is usually continued from early dawn till sun-rise, when they end in a sobbing hiccough like that of children after long crying. A mounted Indian soon after daylight, circled around the camp and stopped at a distance of a quarter of a mile. I cried out Mawhatonga, (long knife). The Indian repeated the word interrogatively, *Mawhatonga?* The Indians call the whites Long-knives, from their swords. On my answering *howai* (yes), this Indian came into our camp and informed me that an Osage village was near by, and that Chouteau,[10] Tonish,[11] and Pelche,[12] French traders, were with them. I started

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[10] For biographical sketch of Auguste Pierre Chouteau, see Appendix.

[11] Tonish is Antoine de Hatre of Florissant. He was with Washington Irving on his "Tour of the Prairies," and his grand-daughter, now living in Florissant, says that Mr. Irving did him "a great wrong" in writing about him as he did. Latrobe, who was Irving's companion on the "Tour," says of Tonish,—"Light, alive, in the prime of life, no horse could take him by surprise; no inclined plane could throw him off his balance. He was a man of no mean qualifications, full of makeshifts, and unspeakably useful in the woods; they were his home." *The Rambler in North America.* His grandfather, Louis de Hetre, came to St. Louis from Cahokia in 1764.

[12] Pelche must be the same person whom Lieut. Abert calls "Pilka, an old voyageur." He says of him: "He was one of those hardy men who had become inured to all kinds of difficulty in the service

A. P. Chouteau

Courtesy of John F. McDermott, Esq.

with the Indian for the village and came in view of it on ascending a hill a short way from the camp, where my companion went off at full speed, shouting at the top of his voice, and soon brought out the whole village with Chouteau and other French traders to meet me. A large company of Indians passed me to meet the company with the horses behind, and by their shouts and tumultuous riding gave my drove a *stampede* which made the earth shake beneath them. Chouteau invited me to breakfast with him, assuring me that my horses, which were now out of sight, would be recovered. I partook with him of a dish of coffee, the first I had tasted in twelve months, and of bread and other luxuries of civilization, which brought before my mind all the comforts of home to which I had been so long a stranger. After returning from Chouteau's *marquée,* about noon, we discovered that four horses and several articles belonging to me and McKnight and a keg of Chouteau's powder had been stolen by the Indians. Chouteau raged and stormed like a mad man and threatened to abandon the nation forever and stop all the American trade with them, unless they produced the

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of the American Fur Company, and, having been often placed by necessity in emergencies which called forth all the resources of his ingenuity, had acquired a facility of doing well every thing that he undertook. Such men know the necessity of discipline; and are ever ready in time of danger, and never allow their courage to be dampened, or their cheerfulness to be clouded by the difficulties with which they may be surrounded." Emory's *Notes of a Military Reconnoissance from Fort Leavenworth, in Missouri, to San Diego, in California,* p. 420. Though the identification is by no means certain, this seems to have been Henry Pelky (or Peltier) of Florissant, who died there in September, 1847.

stolen articles and abstained from molesting the property of his friends. At last two of the horses were brought up. Chouteau commanded them to return the rest of the missing goods, which however, could not be found. The Conjuror now appeared with his wand lined with bells, which he carried jingling through the village. When he started, Chouteau remarked that the lost goods would certainly be found by him; as the Indians had no hope of concealing any thing from their medicine man. The wand carried him directly towards the place of concealment, and the thieves to avoid detection soon brought up the goods which they had fortunately found. Two of my horses were lost beyond recovery. I remained with Chouteau that day till evening, and was treated by him and his French companions, like a brother. I saw a singular instance of Indian revenge, while here, which will illustrate their stern and inflexible sense of wrong. An old Osage was sitting on the ground when a younger Indian with a rope in hand stopped before him and said: "You struck me one blow, when I was a boy, I will now return it." The sitting Indian without a murmur bent his head and body forward to receive the justice which awaited him, while the avenger of youthful wrongs drew two large knots in his rope, and after swinging it around his head several times, brought it down with all his weight upon the back of his old enemy. The knots seemed to sink into his back their whole depth. Leaping up in a furious rage, the culprit rushed at the executioner, seized the rope and endeavored to wrest it from him, claiming one blow in return. As the pain subsided they became friends and thought no more of the old feud. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," is strictly their motto. The blow which he had received when a boy, had rankled in this Indian's heart for ten or twenty years, and now having paid it back with interest, he was satisfied and happy. Their method of curing diseases is very similar to the operations of our animal magnetizers. The Conjuror or Medicine man has an old cloth, which they supposed possessed the charm and power to restore health. With this magic cloth assisted by other Indians in the same exercise, he rubs the patient from head to foot, in a manner similar to the passes of the magnetizers, on their subjects. This is continued until the patient acknowledges himself relieved, or relief is proved to be hopeless.

My company started forward before me, and I remained behind till evening with Cunigam, for the purpose of finding the two missing horses, which were among the best. Failing in this, I with my companion, followed in the track of the company. Before we had gone far a black cloud gathered over our heads, with thunder and lightning in terrific grandeur. We hastened forward till night, when the storm broke upon us in torrents of rain which deluged the earth. We lay in the rain all night, and in the morning the river had risen above the banks, and nearly reached our place of sleeping. The marks of the muddy water and leaves was visible in a straight line on my companion as he lay asleep in a gully which the flood had washed without waking him. We saw, a little distance off, our company, encamped on the spot occupied by the Osages the night but one before. Pursuing our course down the river, we came to the Little Arkansas,[13] which enters the main river from the north, and crossing it, we encamped on its bank which is here very high. The river rose twenty feet during the night from the heavy rains which had just fallen. Here we left the Arkansas, which goes to the south, after making what is called the great northern bend. We travelled to the north-east, the rain falling abundantly, and came to a creek we were unable to cross. We encamped on its bank for that night, and the next morning before starting, some thirty Osages came up with some goods which they had stolen from a party of Santa Fé traders on the Arkansas above, and offered to us for sale. Our refusal to buy incensed them greatly, and they blustered and bullied around us until we showed them plainly how little we were affected by their bravado. One seized a belt of McKnight's, who wrenched it out of his hands and struck him with it a tremendous blow over the shoulder. After these Indians left us, we pursued our course on the trail of the Osages. The streams were all full and difficult in crossing, and the game exceedingly scarce. In ten or twelve days after severe suffering for want of food, we reached the Neosho or Grand River, where we found corn growing: this was just in the silk without any grain on the ear. We boiled and ate the cob with a hearty relish. Soon after this we were hailed by Indians, who came from the north, and finding we were whites, approached us in a friendly manner and invited us to their village, two miles distant. They laughed at our last meal and promised us something better than corn cobs. We fared well, with them, on hominy, meat and bread, which last was made of flour furnished to them by Mr. Sibley,[14] the factor at Fiery-Prairie Fort.[15] After smoking with these friendly Osages, we proceeded on our way, and with great difficulty crossed the Neosho, which flowed with the rapidity of a mill race. I hired some Indians to swim our horses and goods tied up in buffalo skins, across, while we followed, some swimming and others in skin boats towed by men and women in the water. I was ferried over by two women and a man, the former swimming with cords between their teeth attached to the boat, and the latter pushing behind, by which means I was safely landed on the shore. Here I found a new party of Indians, who while our party was crossing the river had stolen three of my horses. Continuing our course we crossed a creek on a raft near the White-haired village,[16] which was deserted, and in the evening of the third day after passing the Neosho, we crossed the Missouri line. Here my brother exclaimed,—"Thank God we are once more in the United States." We encamped for the night, and lay down in fancied security, without setting a guard, and in the morning discovered that a large number of the horses and mules had been stolen. We had not seen any Indians for three days, but had been followed by the prowling Osages, who had now effected their designs upon us. Thirty-eight of my best horses and mules were missing. We followed the thieves to the White-haired village, and found that they had crossed the creek on our rafts and were now beyond all pursuit. We returned and proceeded on with the remains of my drove. Our next stopping place was Chouteau's trading house[17] on the north side of the Osage river, about six miles from our last, where we found a hospitable reception from the French traders. McKnight and I went to the factory or Government store a few miles above on the river, where we saw a few Indians, the factor, and an interpreter, who advised me to go, or send some persons back to Grand River for my horses where they would probably be found. I hired him and an Indian, for forty dollars, to return with one of my men to recover the stolen property. In a few days they came back with the news that the thieves had hastened on towards Clermont's village[18] on the

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[13] The Little Arkansas heads in Ellsworth County, Kansas, and flows into the Arkansas River where the city of Wichita now stands. It is about seventy five miles in length.

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[14] George Champlain Sibley, explorer, b. in Great Barrington, Mass., in April, 1782; d. in Elma, St. Charles co., Mo., 31 Jan., 1863. He was the son of John Sibley, a surgeon in the Revolutionary army, and of a daughter of Samuel Hopkins, of Newport, and was brought up in North Carolina. He went to St. Louis, Mo., during Jefferson's administration as an employe of the Indian bureau, and was subsequently sent among the Indians as an agent of the government. Escorted by a band of Osage warriors, he explored the Grand Saline and Salt mountain, publishing an account of the expedition. After retiring from the Indian department, he was appointed a commissioner to survey a road from Missouri to New Mexico, and made several treaties with Indian tribes. He and his wife, Mary Easton, were the founders of Lindenwood college, St. Charles, Mo., giving the land on which it is built. He was interested in the scheme of African colonization and other philanthropic objects. (From Appletons' *Cyclopaedia of American Biography,* Vol. 5, p. 520.) The Missouri Historical Society has a large collection of Sibley's letters and papers.

[15] "Fiery Prairie Fort," was Fort Osage which was situated on the south side of the Missouri River in what is now Jackson County, Missouri, on the site of the present village of Sibley. Fort Osage was established by the U. S. Government in 1808, and was often called Fort Clark. For an account of it, see 3 Houck's *History of Missouri,* 147-9. Fire Prairie was near by, and took its name from the circumstance of some Indians having there lost their lives from the sudden conflagration of the dry prairie grass.

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[16] White Hair's village was on the Neosho River near the northeast corner of Labette County, Kansas. "Naniompa (the village of the pipe), so named because of a black stone in the neighborhood out of which calumets are made, consists of forty five to fifty lodges. Its chief is the old White Hair, uncle of the present grand chief" (Tixier). Flint (*Ten Years in the Valley of the Mississippi*) tells an interesting story of White Hair's presence at a dinner in St. Louis, and how he acquired the name of Pawhuska, or White Hair. "He was supposed to have derived his appelation of White Hair from a grey wig or *scratch,* which he had taken from the head of an American at the disastrous defeat of General St. Clair. He had grasped at the wig's tail in the *melée* of the battle, supposing it the man's hair, and that he should have him by that hold. The owner fled, and the scratch to his astonishment remained in his hand. It instantly became in his mind a charmed thing, a grand medicine. Supposing that in a like case it would always effect a like deliverance, he afterwards wore it, as a charmed thing rudely fastened to his scalp." White Hair died in Vernon County, Missouri, in the

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latter part of 1825, and was buried on the Blue Mound. The white human wolves in the neighborhood broke into his tomb and carried off his bones, thinking, perhaps, that the association might make men of them.

[17] This was Pierre Chouteau's trading house, the business of which was for many years under the management of Pierre Mellicourt Papin, for whom Papinsville, in Bates County, Missouri, was named. The trading post was situated near that place.

[18] The rivalry of Lisa and the Chouteaus for the trade of the Osages caused a separation in the nation about 1802, and a party headed by Clermont (*Manka-Chonkeh or le Chien Noir*) went south-

Arkansas, where they had probably concealed my chattels. Giving them up for lost, I returned to Chouteau's establishment and endeavored to obtain a skiff for descending the river. Most of my remaining horses were sore on the back or jaded so much as to be unable to carry any burdens. We learned from a blacksmith that there was a missionary station on the river a few miles above, where a good skiff which he had made, could be procured. The two McKnights, the blacksmith, and myself, went up to the station, where we found a small village of about fifty inhabitants, old and young, and a dozen houses.[19] A fine water mill was going up on the

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ward and established two villages, one known as *la Chenière* (the Oaks) and the other as *Grosse-Cote* (Big hill). Clermont was probably a chief of Chouteau's making, though he claimed that he was so by hereditary right and that White Hair was a usurper. Clermont was said to possess four wives and thirty seven children. See Nuttall, p. 237. Governor Clark writes to Secretary Calhoun, Oct., 1818, that the Osages have determined to unite themselves in one village.

[19] "Great Osage Mission; situated on the north bank of the Marais de Cygne, about 6 miles above its entrance into the Osage River, and about 80 miles southwest of Fort Osage. Rev. Nathaniel B. Dodge, Rev. Benton Pixley, and Rev. Wm. B. Montgomery, Missionaries; Wm. N. Belcher, Physician and Surgeon; and Messrs. Daniel H. Austin, Samuel Newton, Samuel B. Bright, Otis Sprague, and Amasa Jones, Assistant Missionaries. At this station there is a School of fifteen Indian children, living in the family." (*Missouri Intelligencer*, 27 March, 1824, from the *Amercian Missionary Register*, January, 1824). This mission was usually called Harmony Mission, and was situated in Bates County, Missouri. For a description of it, see 1 Houck's *History of Missouri*, pp. 197-9.

Harmony Mission was visited by Irving and Latrobe in the autumn of 1832, and the latter in his book, *The Rambler in North America*, says,—"As to the Missionaries on this frontier, my general impression was, that they were worthy men; rather upright than sound in their views for the civilization and moral improvement of the tribes among whom they were sent to labor; and, like many of their brethren all over the world, far too weak handed and deficient opposite or south side of the river. We found the owners of the skiff, related to them our wants and misfortunes, and requested the privilege of buying their skiff. They doubted if they could spare the skiff. We went down to the river and examined the subject of our negotiation, which was a rough made article, of the value in St. Louis of about three dollars. "We have no stuff to make another with, should we let this go," said one of the missionaries. "I have some plank," said the blacksmith, "the same as this was made of, that you may have to make another if you wish it. These men," continued he, "have been very unfortunate, and by letting them have the skiff you will do an act of charity. They can't travel without it," and I told them I would give any reasonable price for the accommodation. "Well, said the missionary, what would you be willing to give?" "Ten dollars." "Ho, ho!—I couldn't take that for the skiff, even if I could spare it. But we can't let it go, we want it for crossing the river to the mill. I v(e)ow and declare I can't spare it." "I will give you fifteen dollars," said I. "Oh no," whined the philanthropist, "we couldn't take that little, and besides I have no nails to make another with." "I will make nails for you said the blacksmith; that need not be in your way," and again the benevolent trader was headed. "But I

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in worldly wisdom to cope effectually with the difficulties thrown in their way by the straggling but powerful community of traders, agents and adventurers of every kind, with whom they must be associated in their intercourse with the Indians."

v(e)ow I don't know how to spare it," said he. I then offered twenty dollars in specie. "Oh no," said the missionary, "the skiff is worth more than that, but I don't think we can spare it;" and here the negotiation ended, my companions protesting that I had offered too much already. We went up to the village where they had three half-breed children under instruction, and these were all their pupils or converts whom they were paid by the Government to instruct—truly a disinterested company of men. Learning that we had arrived from Mexico, a number of them gathered around us with many questions concerning that country, and one asked if they were not in need of missionaries in that country, and whether much good could not be done and many converts made there. Robert McKnight replied, "they would convert you into the calaboose d—nd quick, if you were to go among them—you had better stay here." We left then, shaking the dust of the town from our feet and glad to get rid of the canting sharpers. We returned to the trading post, made a few bark canoes, and proceeded down the river; part of our company being in the canoes and the rest afoot with the horses and goods. At the mouth of the Osage, Rogers, the ferryman, informed us that at the village of Cote Sans Desans, on the opposite side of the Missouri, I could procure some perogues of the French inhabitants there. I crossed over to the village and purchased a canoe and perogue for sixteen dollars—loaded them with goods, and with the McKnights I hastened forward to St. Louis. The rest of my company with the horses, joined me soon afterwards. I here heard that Glenn had sold out his fur and gone to Cincinnati. As I remarked before, he has been among the missing to me ever since. His note I will sell for one per cent. on the principal.

I learned on the morning of my arrival at St. Louis, that Col. Graham,[20] the Indian Agent, had just started for the Osage country, to pay out annuities to the Osages. The two McKnights pursued and overtook him—gave him a written statement of my losses by that tribe, and claimed compensation, which he undertook to get for me. The Osages delivered up twenty-seven of my horses and mules, and said that these were all they had taken. The agent took their words for the fact against the written and sworn statements of the McKnights, which could have been corroborated by the oaths of my whole company, and neglected to retain the amount of what they had cost me in Santa Fé, which was forty dollars each, out of the annuities of the Osages, which were then paid in money. He brought on the twenty-seven, which he recovered, as far as the Osage River in Missouri, where he left them, at the house of a man named Rogers, who wrote to inform me in the winter following that they were dying with hunger. Col. Graham turned them out to go at large, and when two men whom I sent for them, arrived, only sixteen could be found. Four mules which were unable to travel were left, and only twelve horses and mules were brought back; to recover which I expended much more than their value. The agent, Col. Graham, was greatly culpable in not retaining the whole value of the horses stolen, out of the annuities of the Osages. The claim was proved and might and ought to have been secured by him.

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[20] Richard Graham was the son of Richard Graham, a Scotchman, who settled in Virginia in 1775, and there married, in 1776, Jane Brent. Richard Graham, the son, was born at Dumfries, Prince William County, 16 March, 1780. He was educated at the Catholic College at Georgetown. After leaving college he went to Kentucky, where he married Miss Fox. Of this marriage there were two sons, one of whom died early, the other entered the navy and died in the service. This son—John Graham—married Miss Sarah Selden of Virginia, daughter of Col. Selden U. S. A., and their daughter Fanny married the late Judge John Wickham of St. Louis.

Richard Graham entered the U. S. Army as Captain of the 19th infantry, and was promoted to be Major and was aide de camp to Gen. Harrison. After the war of 1812 he resigned, and received the appointment of Indian Agent with headquarters at St. Louis. His first wife having died he married, in 1825, Miss Catherine Mullanphy, daughter of John Mullanphy of St. Louis. By this marriage he had four children—George, Thomas Biddle, Jane Brent, and Lily. The latter married Daniel M. Frost. Major Graham bought the property near Florissant known as Hazelwood, and died there 27 July, 1857.

In the latter part of July, 1822, I arrived at my home in Monroe County, Illinois, after an absence of fifteen months. I was supposed to be dead by many, and my family were entertaining the most alarming apprehensions for me. The husband and the father only, can appreciate the joy and rejoicing which my coming occasioned, and the cordial welcome I received. After the hardships, exposures and wearing anxieties which I had endured for more than a year, I needed repose and relaxation, and I hoped to enjoy them for a short time. But in this hope I was disappointed. My creditors swarmed around me like bees, and were as clamorous as a drove of hungry wolves. I had brought from Santa Fé about $2500, the sole proceeds of my stock of

$12,000, with which I had left St. Louis the year before. This sum I immediately paid on my debts, and offered all my remaining property to my creditors; but they wanted money. The Sheriff, the Marshal and the Constables immediately beset me on every side, and seized and sold almost everything of mine that was levyable. I worked and struggled bravely to emerge from this thick cloud of difficulties. I drove a mill and distillery, and fattened a drove of hogs for which I could find no sale. The way was dark before me and I found more real trouble and corroding care in getting out of debt than I had experienced among the savages. Man in civilized society frequently requires more firmness of mind, constancy, fortitude, and real strength of character than in the most critical and dangerous crisis of a savage state. The poor man, struggling bravely against an accumulation of debt and difficulty, I have always thought, is entitled to more respect than the military chieftain, whose courage is only inflamed by the excitements of war and ambition. Peace has its victories as well as war, and a high state of civilization as it has stronger temptations to evil and higher though less pressing incitements to exertion, so it requires more energy and determined resolution of mind than any other condition of human existence. Many a brave and true man in the peaceful shades of private life will receive a meed of honor equal to that of

> "Great men battling with the storms of fate
> And greatly falling with a falling State."

CHAPTER SIX

Endeavors to Get Out of Debt—Proposition of John McKnight—Preparations for Another Expedition—Journey to the Arkansas—Ascent of the Canadian and North Fork—Hunting Bears, Elks, Etc.—Fort Commenced—Conversation With McKnight, and His Departure in Search of Camanches—Continued Ascent of the Canadian North Fork—A New Fort—Return of Potter and Ivy—Robert McKnight Goes Out In Search of His Brother—He Returns With Indians—Charges Them With the Murder of His Brother—I go out to the Camanche Village—Incidents There—A Council—The One-Eyed Chief—The Whole Band Starts for the Fort—A Guard Placed Over Me—Encampment—The One Eyed Adopts Me as His Brother—He Changes My Relations With His Tribes—Catching Wild Horses—Arrival at the Fort—Fright of Some "Brave" Men—Trade—A Robbery—The One Eyed Punishes the Thieves—Fate of John McKnight—Mourning Stopped—Indian Customs—A Dance—A Case of Arbitration by the One Eyed—Indian Horsemanship—Parting With the Chiefs—Conversation With Alsarea—The Horse Checoba—A Bucephalus.

SEEING no way of extricating myself from debt by any regular employment at home, I cast about for some other means of self preservation. John McKnight, who was to me a true and faithful friend, went to the mines[1] to obtain for me a lucrative situation, but without success. He then proposed to make another venture among the Camanches, and endeavor to obtain from them the fulfilment of Cordaro's promise to remunerate my losses among his countrymen. McKnight was sanguine of success, and I fell in with his proposal. We procured goods in St. Louis, on credit, to the value of $5500, shipped them on a keel boat, and the two McKnights, John and Robert, with eight men, started with them in the fall of 1822 for the mouth of the Canadian, where I was to meet them in the winter following. I went by land to the place of rendezvous, with a company of twelve men, through the towns of Batesville[2] (now Fredericktown), St. Francisville,[3] and the Cherokee country, and joined McKnight in the latter part of February. We had five horses with packs and travelled the whole route afoot. McKnight had awaited us about six weeks. We found him with the boat frozen up, about four miles above the Canadian, on the north side of the Arkansas and about thirty miles below Barbour's trading house. On going up to Barbour's McKnight and I found that he had secured the goods which we had *cached* on the island above in my former trip; but that the flour was damaged when he took it down to his house. He was just starting, when we arrived, for New Orleans, with furs and peltry on my keel-boat, which I had left with him the year before, and he promised to pay me, on his return, for the boat and goods. I never saw him again. He died on this trip in New Orleans. The ice being now gone, and our boat released, we prepared for ascending the Canadian. Robert McKnight with most of the men, descended the Arkansas with the boat, to enter the Canadian four miles below, while John, who was seldom separated from me, with the horses and a few men crossed the point and awaited them. After joining them we travelled in sight of the boat till we passed the falls about twenty-five miles from the mouth, when we struck into the best farming country I had ever seen: a beautiful land of prairies and woods in fine proportion. Below the falls we passed a very salt spring. Elk, buffalo, deer, wild turkeys and black bears were very abundant, and we fared on the fat of the land. The soil is extremely fertile, judging from the heavy grass of the prairies and the large and valuable timber of the woods, which were composed of walnut, ash, hackberry, spice, pawpaw, and oaks of a very heavy growth and of every species. The Canadian is very crooked and bounded by extensive bottoms. After travelling five days through this fine region, we struck the North Fork of the Canadian at its mouth. This river, like the other, is exceedingly crooked, and numerous rapids greatly obstruct its navigation. Our ascent was slow and difficult, and the boat twice stopped at night within a hundred yards of our encampment of the night before, owing to the irregular course of the stream. Our progress in the boat was at length stopped entirely by a rapid which we could not ascend. We made fast the boat to trees with strong ropes, put our bear and deer skins into it, and buried the heaviest hardware in the ground, where it remains probably to this day, as I never returned to its place of concealment. We made three perogues, into which we put our remaining goods except such as could be packed on the horses, and with them, we continued our ascent of the Canadian North Fork. Game of every kind known to the country was extremely plenty. We killed on this and the main river about twenty black bears, all of which we found in the hollow of trees where they had remained in a torpid state all winter. In one tree four were found, a she and three yearling cubs, which the men killed with axes, after felling the tree and stopping up the top to prevent their escape. After proceeding with our perogues about ten days the game became scarce and the company began to suffer from want of food. We stopped and all sallied out to hunt: the first day furnished but one wild turkey. The second and third days produced nothing more, the turkey subsisting us all for three days. John McKnight and I then went about ten miles in search of game, and found a bear's track, but our pursuit of the bear was unsuccessful. Returning by a different route from that by which we came, we described a herd of elk, lying down in the prairie. We crept on our hands and knees in the short grass to within two hundred yards of them, when one discovered us, leaped up, snorted and brought the rest to their feet. I instantly fired and wounded one, which we found and killed, and returned with a part of the meat to our companions, who were feasting on a wild horse. In the morning after bringing in the remainder of my elk, we pursued our journey and in a few days the game, became plentiful. We had hitherto travelled through a very fertile and beautiful country, which will in a few years teem with a dense population. The prairies are interspersed with valuable woodland, and will make as fine a farming country as any in the Union. We now reached the vast and sterile prairie west of the Cross-Timbers,[4] through the northern end of which we had passed, and we commenced our journey over the boundless plains beyond them. This is the region designated on the maps as the Great American Desert, though it is very different from those plains of sand in the Old World which bear that name. A short grass grows here, but no timber except the cotton-wood and willows in the bends of the rivers. Our path had before lain through fine groves of oak, walnut, and ash as we issued from one prairie and entered another, but now one vast plain extending on all sides to the horizon, presented no object to relieve the vision.

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[1] The mines here referred to are in Washington County, Missouri, and are described by Schoolcraft in his *Views of the Lead Mines of Missouri,* 1819.

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[2] Batesville was named for Frederick Bates, Territorial Secretary and, frequently, acting governor of the Louisiana and Missouri Territory, and governor of the State of Missouri. A town in what is now Arkansas being given the same name at about the same time (in honor of James Woodson Bates), the name of this place was changed to Fredericktown. Its site adjoined the old French settlement of St. Michel's, which it later absorbed.

[3] There is no record of any town in this part of the State named St. Francisville. The place referred to by James was the settlement in the neighborhood of St. François church, which was near the site of the present town of Greenville in Wayne County.

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[4] The Cross Timbers. "The immense western prairies are bordered for hundreds of miles on their eastern side by a narrow belt of forest land well known to hunters and trappers under the above name. The course of this range is nearly north and south, with a width ranging from thirty to fifty miles. The growth of the timber is principally small, gnarled post oaks and black jacks; and in many places the traveller will find an almost impenetrable undergrowth of brier and other thorny bushes. Here and there he will also find a small valley where the timber is large and the land rich and fertile, and occasionally a small prairie intervenes; but the general face of the country is broken and hilly, and the soil thin. On the eastern side of the cross timbers the country is varied by small prairies and clumps of woodland, while on the western all is a perfect ocean of prairie. The belt, therefore, for whatever purpose it may have been fashioned by the Great Creator of all things, appears to be an immense natural hedge dividing the woodlands of the settled portions of the United States from the open prairies which have ever been the home and hunting ground of the red man." Kendall, *Narrative of the Texan Santa Fé Expedition*, Vol. 1, p. 110. The cross timbers extended from about latitude 36° 30′ to 33° 30′. See map in Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies*, Vol. 1.

We soon discovered trails of Indians and came upon a deserted camp of what seemed a Camanche war party about five hundred strong. As we proceeded, the Indian "sign" increased. We next struck an Osage camp, also deserted, which seemed to have been made a few weeks before by a war party or a horse stealing party of Osages on their route northward from a plundering expedition against the Camanches. The country, as we proceeded, became more and more sterile, the grass shorter and the timber on the river banks smaller and more scarce than before. Travelling on, through a country nearly destitute of vegetation, in about ten days after passing the Osage camp, we arrived at the place of encampment of an immense Indian force in the summer previous, as we judged from the signs on the ground. The river had now become too shallow to be navigated any further without great difficulty, even by perogues. Here we stopped and commenced the building of a Fort. One of the men, now a near neighbor of mine, Justus Varnum,[48] had taken a cold, so severe that it affected his hip and back and prevented him from walking. He was conveyed up the river in a perogue for several weeks previous to our stopping, and he had to be carried every night in a blanket from the boat to the fires of the camp, and back again to the boats in the morning. One of the men, when we had stopped to build a Fort, killed a large rattlesnake with the entire bodies of two prairie dogs, larger than squirrels, contained within the stomach of his snakeship. I advised Varnum to try out the oil of the snake and rub it on his joints as a remedy. He applied the oil as I recommended, and in consequence became so limber and supple as to render walking painful to him, when I told him to stop the applications. I have frequently tried the same remedy for stiffness of the joints and think it might be of service in rheumatism.

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[48] In August, 1825, Justus Varnum was indicted in Monroe County, Illinois, for challenging Isaac Clark to fight a duel. Bad

The Fort being nearly completed, I proposed to go out with two men and find the Camanches, in whose country we then were, and who, we supposed from the "signs" around us, could not be very distant. John McKnight objected to my going out, saying that he or I must remain with the men and superintend the building of the Fort, as his brother Robert could not govern the company. "You, James," said he, "have a family. I have none, and therefore I can better afford to lose my life than

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blood, caused by a law suit about the right to some property was the cause. After some time the case against Varnum was dismissed without a trial. There were several persons of the name of Varnum in the county.

you. As we cannot, both of us go, you must remain." At his urgent solicitation, I acquiesced, though unwillingly, in this arrangement, and agreed with him in the event of the river's rising before we finished the Fort,[8] to put the goods in the perogues, and ascend the stream a hundred miles, after leaving a letter for him in a certain part of the Fort. I wished to get into the heart of the Camanche country with my goods, where I would sooner be able to open a trade with the nation. McKnight departed according to our arrangement towards the South, in company with Potter, Ivy and Clark, the last of whom was an obstinate, disaffected man, and went against the desire of McKnight. He, poor fellow, never returned. He found a soldier's death and a brave man's grave from the hands of the Camanche warriors. He was my friend—faithful and true to me—and I mourned his loss as that of one whose place could never be supplied to me or to society. I learned soon after this, the probable circumstances attending his death. A few days after McKnight left us, a heavy rain fell, causing the river to rise, and we thereupon abandoned the Fort about half completed, and with our perogues and goods ascended about the distance agreed upon, where the low water stopped our further progress. We encamped and commenced a Fort in an excellent position where the timber was abundant. We proceeded in building the Fort as expeditiously as possible, and with great labor soon completed it and a trading house, surrounded by stockades and defended by our swivel, which we mounted on wheels in an angle of the Fort. Before this, however, Potter and Ivy returned with the news that on the ninth day after their departure they fell in with Camanches and were conducted to one of their principal villages, (the bands in camp are called by that name), and that McKnight called a counsel with their Chiefs, but could not, for want of an interpreter, make himself well understood: Potter knowing less of the language than was supposed. McKnight then gave them to understand that he had a good interpreter in Spanish, referring to his brother Robert, and requested leave to return to us for him, in company with one man. The Indians permitted him to start alone and kept the remaining three as hostages. They gave him five days for his journey to our camp and back to them, and he left them with the promise to return on the fifth day. After his departure, Clark made known to them by signs that McKnight's company had many guns and a cannon. This excited their fears and they gave evident symptoms of alarm. On the same day a party of Indians came in, as from a hunt, and the Americans were told that two Camanches of their village had just been killed by Osages. The whole army then decamped and removed fifteen miles further south. The three prisoners heard moaning and lamentation for the deceased in two lodges, during the whole night. For seven days they were kept awaiting McKnight, when the Indians upbraided them with his failure and pretended treachery, but permitted Potter and Ivy to go out for the Spanish interpreter. They came in much surprised that McKnight had not appeared. I instantly conjectured his fate. A man sent by me down to the unfinished Fort, returned with the information that the letter I had left, was still there. Robert McKnight returned with Potter and Ivy to the Camanche village, and here he charged the Indians with the murder of his brother. His conduct among them was like a mad man's, storming and raging with no regard to consequences. At length they were persuaded, on the assurance that I was at the Fort, to send out forty mounted warriors, with McKnight, while the rest remained as hostages. On the third day after Robert McKnight went out, I saw an Indian on a mound, surveying our encampment. I hoisted the flag and fired the swivel, when he was soon joined by others, all splendidly mounted on the best of horses, and I noticed Robert McKnight on a mule in their midst, and guarded. They stopped on the hill as if waiting for a parley with us, and I took my pistols, placed a plume in my hat, and went out to them. McKnight pointed me to their Chief, who was a Towash,[*] and whom I invited into the Fort. He advanced with his band very cautiously and when within two hundred yards of the Fort alighted and walked around to the river bank, looking for some traces of the Osages. Finding none, but still suspicious, he entered the Fort and examined every nook and corner of it, and then looked at my goods. He appeared satisfied and called to his company, who rode up; but before they would enter the Fort they searched up and down the river bank for vestiges of their enemies. I entertained them with boiled buffalo meat, and while they were eating I enquired of McKnight if Big Star was at the village. He said no, and that these were another tribe whom I had not seen before. I remarked to him that I recognized one Indian among them, whom I had certainly seen before, and had endeavored to hire as an interpreter, at the village where we were robbed in my former trip. His name said I is *Whon* (from the Spanish John [Juan]). As I mentioned his name the Indian raised his head, looked at me and instantly cast his eyes on the ground. The Chief asked the interpreter what I said, and on hearing it, asked me where I had seen *Whon*. When I had told him of our former acquaintance, he and Whon conversed together a moment, when Whon arose and threw his arms around

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[8] James' Fort was in what is now Blaine County, Oklahoma. For mention of it by Gregg, see 2 *Commerce of the Prairies*, p. 24. Gregg gave the place the name Spring Valley.

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[*] Towash (Ta-wé-hash), a principal tribe of the Wichita Confederacy were of Caddoan stock, and of the same blood as the Pawnees. The French called them Pani Piqué (tattooed Pawnees), and Black Pawnees. The Towashes, at the time of James' expedition, lived in northern Texas and southern Oklahoma, in the neighborhood of the junction of the Red and Wichita rivers. They were a sedentary and agricultural people, but at times yielded to the temp-

tation to follow the buffalo. The only member of the tribe recorded in St. Louis was a woman by the name of Careche-Caranche whom Jean Marie Cardinal (for whom Cardinal Avenue is named) brought home with him, and to whom he was married at the old Cathedral 30 May, 1776; their eight children were baptised on the same day. Descendants of this couple are still living in Missouri.

my neck and asked in Spanish how I had been. McKnight asked why he had not spoken to *him* in Spanish as he spoke it so well. He said he had come to see if I was really the man spoken of by John McKnight and that he had been commanded not to speak Spanish or let us know who he was. John McKnight had told them as plainly as he could by Potter, that I had visited their country the year before, and had now returned because I had promised Cordaro that I would do so, for the purpose of trading with them. The Chief now told me that the nation would not come to the Fort to trade, on account of the Osages, and I agreed to go with them in the morning with goods to their village. McKnight proposed in the night to put all the goods into the boats and escape down the river, as they had undoubtedly killed his brother and might do the same deed upon us all. He was an impulsive, passionate man, with but little cool reflection. His courage in the midst of danger was of the highest order and perfectly unyielding, but he was unfit for a leader or guide in critical situations, requiring coolness and presence of mind. I refused to attempt an escape as utterly impracticable, and the height of injustice to the men who were in custody with the Camanches. In the morning I started alone with four mules loaded with goods and escorted by the Indians under Alsarea, for the village, where we arrived in the evening and were met by the head Chief about two miles from the town. He appeared friendly and took the goods and deposited them in his lodge. Potter and the other hostages were all in safety and had been well treated. They informed me that my old and formidable enemy the One-Eyed Chief was in the village. On the next morning, I prepared for trading by making presents according to custom, of knives, tobacco, cloths for breech garments, &c., which, though a large heap when together, made a small appearance when divided among all this band. The trade then began. They claimed twelve articles for a horse. I made four yards of British strouding at $5.50 per yard and two yards of calico at 62½ cents to count three, and a knife, flint, tobacco, looking-glass, and other small articles made up the complement. They brought to me some horses for which I refused the stipulated price. They then produced others, which were really fine animals, worth at least $100 each in St. Louis. I bought seventeen of these, but would not take any more at the same price, the rest being inferior. The refusal enraged the Chief, who said I must buy them, and on my persisting in my course, drove away the Indians from around me, and left me alone. After a short time he returned with a request that I should buy some buffalo and beaver skins, to which I acceded. He went away and the woman soon returned with the fur and skins, of which I bought a much larger quantity than I wished then to have on my hands. The Chief again came up and drove away all my women customers, and I was again left alone with the three who had come with McKnight. No Indian came near me for the rest of the day, and I sauntered around the village and amused myself as well as I could till night-fall. During this time and most of the night before, I had heard moaning, lamentations and weeping from two lodges in the outskirts of the village, on account of the two Indians, killed, their countrymen said, by Osages, but who undoubtedly met their death from the hands of John McKnight, fighting desperately in his own defence. In the evening the old Chief in whose lodge I staid, entered my tent with five old Indians, and all with a grave and solemn air sat themselves down in silence. The Chief, who was a little, low flat headed and simple looking old man, soon arose, took a pipe which he filled with tobacco and presented it to each of his companions in succession. He passed me by unnoticed and all regarded me with lowering brows. This I knew portended evil, and I feared the worst. After they had all smoked, the Chief made them a speech in Camanche, which I knew nothing of, and then turned to me and spoke in Spanish fluently. I understood perfectly, every word he uttered and heard him with intense interest. He asked when I was going away. I replied that I was an American and had come from my own country, a great distance, to trade with his people, because I had promised the Chief Cordaro the year before that I would come; that I had done according to my promise and brought them guns, powder, knives, tomahawks, and other things which I knew his people wanted. The Chief replied that they did not want to trade, but wished me to go immediately out of their country. "We are going to the Nachatoshauwa (Red River), and you must leave us." I offered to accompany them. "No, no, said he, our meat is scarce, the game is scarce; you must not go; away! away! (waving his hand) go out of our country." I felt that my fate and that of my men rested with this council, and that as they arose friendly or hostile, should we live or die the death of John McKnight. This old Chief evidently wished me to start on my way back to the Fort, and intended then to pursue me with his warriors and make my scalp and goods the prizes of the race or the spoil of the battle. I concealed all alarm in my demeanor, and reaching back as I sat to a tobacco keg, I broke off twelve plugs, and took out of a box six wampums, which are strings of long beads, variously colored, and greatly prized by the Indians. I then took out my *calama* or Indian pipe, and slowly filled it with tobacco, saying in an under tone and a musing manner, as if speaking to myself as much as to them, I shall have to go back to my own country after coming all this distance to trade with my red brethren, and when I tell the people of my nation how our red brothers have treated me, they will never come into this country. I have brought every thing that my red brothers want for war or for peace, guns and powder and ball, and clothes for their women, and now they are driving me out of their country like a spy or a thief, instead of a friend and brother as I am. When I had lighted the pipe, I presented it with one hand and the two plugs of tobacco and a wampum with the other, to the Chief, saying to him, this is better than you can get from the Spaniards. I well knew the sacredness of this offer, and that the Indian dare not offend the Great Spirit by refusing a present of tobacco and wampum, even from his bitterest enemy. The Chief hesitated long, but at last slowly raised his hand, took my presents and smoked the pipe. Giving one puff to the skies, one to the earth, two to the winds and waters on the right and left, and then a few whiffs on his own and our accounts, he returned the pipe to me. In the same manner I presented it to an old Indian who sat beside him, and who kept his head down and his eyes shut. I held the presents close to his face for some time, when the Chief spoke to him, and he slowly raised his hand without looking up, took the presents, smelled of the tobacco, pressed it to his heart and raised his head with a smile. The white man had gained the ascendant. The scene changed and all was friendly welcome where before was nothing but menacing and frowning coldness. All the others now received my presents and we smoked out the pipe in the friendship and confidence of brothers. The Chief then very earnestly asked me if I had seen the Osages. I said, I have not, but you know that this is their hunting ground and they may be in the country. They said they knew this, and some further conversation established our intimacy on a firm footing. The Chief then went out into the village and proclaimed in a loud voice that all should prepare to go next morning, over to the Canadian, to trade with the Tabbahoes, their white friends. Before this we were called Americanos, which was a less familiar and friendly appellation than the former. The proclamation was continued by the herald on horseback till late at night, each sentence ending with *Tabbahoes*. "Get up your horses and make ready to go over to the white man's and trade with the Tabbahoes. They have come a great way and brought us many good things—the Tabbahoes are good." This was loudly sounded before my lodge, and throughout the village all was preparation, joy and gladness.

About sundown Potter entered our lodge with the greatest alarm depicted in his countenance, and gave me a gun barrel which the One Eyed Chief had just thrown down before him, and told him to carry to me. This was the last man on earth that I desired to see, for I regarded him my most deadly and most dangerous enemy, who had probably killed John McKnight and was now seeking my blood. I asked Potter what else he said, and as he answered, "nothing more," he looked out and exclaimed, "there he is now, sitting on his horse. What shall I say to him?" I walked out to my old enemy and offered my hand. He took it with a steady and piercing look into my very soul; I returned his glance with an air of calm consideration and requested him to alight and enter my lodge. He did so, after delivering his horse to a bystander. In the lodge I motioned to him to be seated on a heap of skins. He sat down in silence and deep gravity. I lighted and smoked out the pipe with him in utter silence, and then took a silver gorget or breast-plate, and with a ribbon attached I hung it around his neck and placed two silver arm bands just above the elbows, and two upon his wrists. The warrior submitted to all this in passive and abstracted silence, as if unconscious of what I was doing. I then put two plugs of tobacco, a knife and wampum, in his lap, while he preserved the rigid and inflexible appearance of a statue. I again lighted the pipe and smoked with him, when he arose, without a word, went out, and rode off with great rapidity.

In the morning, all was confusion and busy activity in the village, and one half of the band started for the Fort before me. I followed with the three men, and without a guard. In crossing a creek near the village, a horse became entangled and I told the men to hasten on and take care of the goods, while I loosened the horse, which I did, and on crossing the creek found sixty men drawn up in two lines on either side and who closed around me as I approached them. I asked the Chief—who was Alasarea, the Towash—what he meant by this conduct. *"Kesh, Kesh, kinsable,"* said he, "stop, stop; who knows but you are taking us over to your Fort to have us all killed by the Osages?" I asked him if he ever knew me to lie. He said he had not, but he knew that the Spaniards were great liars. That may be said I, but the Americans never lie. "I do not know the Americans," said he, "but I know that the Spaniards are great liars." I then reiterated my bold assertion of American veracity and said, "when your tribe robbed me on the South Fork and I promised to visit your village on the Canadian and trade with you, did I not go as I promised?" "Yes," said the Chief. "And when Cordaro came to see me in Santa Fé, I promised him to go home and return with goods this year to your country. You know this, and have I not performed my promise?" "Yes you have," he said, and asked if I had not seen Osages. I told him I had not. With my words he appeared but partially satisfied and reluctantly proceeded with me under a strong guard, but promised that my mules, horses, and goods, should be secured. In this manner I travelled all day, during which time the One Eyed spoke not a word to me. Late in the evening we crossed the Canadian and encamped on the bank. I was marched to the head Chief's lodge, where I found the men at liberty and my horses, &c., in good order. I went into the lodge to prepare for passing the night as comfortably as possible, and was engaged in looking at my goods, when my enemy the One Eyed rode up and to my surprise addressed me fluently in the Spanish language. This was the first time he had ever spoken to me. The man who had done me more injury than any other human being, from whose hands I had twice, narrowly escaped a bloody death, such, as I had every reason to suppose, McKnight had suffered from him—this man spoke to me kindly and invited me to go with him to his lodge. Suspecting treachery, I was loath to accept the invitation, and while I was hesitating, the old Chief came up and called me to him. On hearing what the One Eyed wanted he told me not to go, because "he is a bad man." Again the One Eyed came to me and repeated his request, which I refused peremptorily, and he walked a few steps away with an impatient, angry air; then suddenly turning around, he fixed his piercing black eye intently upon me, walked up to me and implored, with a beseeching look and tones, that I should go with him to his lodge. I saw that he was unarmed, while I had two pistols, a tomahawk, and knife in my belt, and could anticipate the first hostile motion from him; also, that we were four men, in the midst of three thousand, and entirely at their mercy should they design to do us injury. I offered to visit the One Eyed on the following morning. "No, no," said he, "come now—oh! do come—come with me," in a tone of supplication. I, at length, yielded and walked on towards his lodge, till the village dogs attacked me so furiously that he was obliged to dismount from his horse to my defence. He then offered me a seat on his horse, in front of him. I mounted behind him as the safest position, when he applied the whip and flew with me to his lodge, which we entered and were received by one of his wives with smiles and glad welcoming. A wife of the One Eyed took his horse as he alighted. In the lodge I took a seat opposite that of the Chief, and, facing his arms which hung over his bed or cot of buffalo robe. I could thus watch his motions and foil any murderous design that he might manifest, by shooting him on the spot and making my escape on his horse. He lighted a pipe, however, and we smoked till his wife brought in some buffalo meat, of which we ate, while she apologised to me very kindly and politely for its poorness. "We have no marrow to cook with the meat and the buffalo are poor. It is the best we have, and you are welcome," said this charming squaw. The One Eyed only urged me to eat heartily, and when the repast was over, we again smoked the pipe in silence. Shaking the ashes into his hand, he slowly raised his head, looked into my face and asked if I knew him. I replied, yes. "Where did you first see me?" On the Salt Fork of the Canadian. "Where, the second time?" At the village on the Canadian Fork. "Did you know then that I wanted to kill you?" "Yes, I knew it." "True, I sought your life, and but for Big Star, the head Chief of the Ampireka band, I should have killed you and your men. I knew that you were traders with the Osages; you had their horses, their ropes, their skins, their saddles. The Osages had come and taken about two hundred of our horses, and I went out with a war party to recover them and punish the robbers. We found them, and fought a battle with them, in which my brother was killed. My brother was a great warrior, a good hunter and a good man. I loved my brother." He then talked in a strain of mournful eulogy on his brother, while the tears coursed down his face, and he ended in violent weeping. Recovering himself, he said that he had gone on a second expedition to revenge his brother's death, when he overtook me on the Salt Fork of the Canadian, and there intended to murder our company. He then put the ashes which he held in his hand, on the ground, and taking a handful of earth from the fire place, covered the ashes with it, patting it three times with his hand. Another handful he used in the same manner, and then a third, during which time he moaned and wept violently; so much so that I was uneasy for my own safety in this outbreak of grief. He then looked up with an altered countenance, and exclaimed, "there, I have now buried my brother; but I have found another. I will take you for my brother;" and in a transport of feeling he embraced me with the words, "my brother, my brother." He then placed a charm around my neck, which he said would protect me from all enemies. It had been his brother's but when going into his last battle with the Osages, the owner left it behind with his blanket, and *therefore*, was killed. He then asked if the old Chief had tried to dissuade me from coming to his lodge, and on hearing that he had, he said: "He is an old fool: he does not know whether he will kill you or not, and he wants me to be your enemy, so that he may have my assistance should he determine to destroy you. If he dreams a good dream he is pleasant and friendly to you; if a bad one, he is grum and gloomy and wishes me to join him in killing you. He is an old fool. He and his men expect to get back all the horses that you bought of them at the village, and that was the reason of their selling so many of the best to you; but you are now safe, you and your property. They shall not harm you or take back any of the horses. Though my men are few, yet every Indian in the nation fears me. They shall treat you well. I will describe you to all the nation, so that when ever you come among us you shall be safe from all danger. I will tell them you are my brother." We then conversed on various subjects, the battles he had fought, his ideas of religion, &c. He bore proofs of his courage on his person, in five wounds; some of them large and dangerous. An arrow had pierced his left eye and a lance his side; but owing to the charm, or "medicine," which he wore, his enemies had been unable to kill him. He had been christened in the Spanish country, and said, "I believe as you do in the Great Spirit. If I do well I shall go to a good place and be happy. If I do badly I shall go to the bad place and be miserable.

On taking leave, I requested him to accompany me to keep off the dogs. Take my horse said he. But how shall I return him? "You will not return him, you will keep him my brother—keep him in remembrance of me." I left with a lighter heart than I had brought to the lodge of the One Eyed Chief. I counted much on the benefit of his friendship, and subsequent events proved that I did not overrate its advantages. I met the old Chief on my return, who asked me if I had bought the horse of the One Eyed. His countenance fell on hearing the manner of my acquiring the animal, and he requested me to exchange for a fine spotted war horse of his own, and then offered to give two for that of "my brother's." I refused the insidious proposal, which was intended only to sow dissension between me and my new friend, and the Chief appeared very angry at his failure.

Early the following morning, I saw the One Eyed Chief coming with two ribs of buffalo meat, and calling to me "*moneta, moneta,*" (my brother) "your sister has sent some buffalo meat for your breakfast." The Chiefs of the army, who were all present and heard this unexpected salutation, looked at each other in astonishment at this extraordinary treatment of me by their greatest brave, who so lately appeared so implacable in his hostility to me. Their conduct towards me and the men immediately changed. No guard was, after this, kept over us, and we were treated with respect and kindness. My powerful "brother," put a new face on our affairs and very probably saved us from the fate of McKnight. We now proceeded towards the Fort, the One Eyed riding by my side and talking very good humoredly and with great animation on a variety of topics. About the middle of the day I noticed preparations making by the warriors as for battle. I asked the One Eyed what this signified, and before he could reply, Alasarea rode up and exclaimed, "Osages, Osages, a heap," and asked me whether I would stay or go over to them. I will stay said I. "Will you fight for us?" "I will," said I, and the One Eyed laughed and said they were only wild horses that had caused the alarm. I ascended a mound with him, whence I could observe the manner of catching these animals. In an incredible short time one hundred were captured and tamed so as to be nearly as subject to their masters as domestic horses reared on a farm. A small party of less than a hundred well mounted Indians were in ambush, while a multitude scattered themselves over the prairie in all directions and drove the wild horses to the place where the others were concealed, which was a deep ravine. As soon as the wild drove were sufficiently near, these last rushed among them and every Indian secured his horse with his lasso or noosed rope, which he threw around the neck of the animal, and by a sudden turn brought him to the ground and there tied his heels together. This was the work of a few minutes, during which both horses and men were intermingled together in apparently inextricable confusion. The whole drove was taken at the first onset, except a fine black stud which flew like the wind, pursued by a hundred Indians, and in about two hours was brought back tamed and gentle. He walked close by the Indian who had captured him, and who led him by a rope and wished to sell him to me. I feared his wild look and dilated eye, but his Indian master and protector said he was gentle and gave me the end of the rope with which he led him, when the noble animal immediately came near to me as to a new friend and master. He seemed by his manner to have ratified the transfer and chosen me in preference to the Indian. In twenty-four hours after their capture these horses became tamed and ready for use, and keep near to their owners as their only friends. I could perceive little difference between them and our farm horses. The Indians use their fleetest horses for catching the wild ones, and throw the lasso with great dexterity over their necks, when by turning quickly round and sometimes entangling their feet in the rope, they throw them on the ground, and then tie their legs together two and two, after which they release the neck from the tightened noose which in a short time would produce death by strangling. The sport is attended with the wildest excitement, and exceeds in interest and enjoyment all other sports of the chase that I ever saw.

A thunder shower now blew up, and the army stretched their lodges and encamped. After the shower, a war party of about seven hundred men, under the command of Alasarea, started with me for the Fort, where we arrived about sundown. Each Indian was armed with a short gun, a bow and arrows, and a lance; some had pistols, and each had two horses, one of which he rode for marching, and one, his war horse, which he led, for the battle. Their appearance was formidable indeed as they approached the Fort, and somewhat alarmed the garrison. They encamped for that night outside of the Fort, and in the morning I made them presents with which they were greatly pleased. At about ten o'clock the whole Camanche army came in sight, when some of my company were still more alarmed than they had been the day before. Several who before starting, talked boastingly of making a razor strap of an Indian's skin, now lay in their tents quaking with fear and sweating cold drops. This was the first Indian army they had ever seen, and their courage fast melted away before the spectacle. "Come out," said I to them, "now is your time to get a razor strap." The Camanches encamped in front of the Fort, on a space a mile and a half in length and about half a mile wide, and exhibited a friendly disposition. I traded with them for horses, mules, beaver fur, and buffalo robes. The former I sent as fast as I bought them, to a drove about a mile from the village, under charge of three men. On the morning of the third day four Indians, armed, went to the drove and took four of the best horses, in spite of the resistance of the guard, who were intimidated by their violence. I immediately went to my "brother," the One Eyed, and informed him of the robbery. He mounted his horse, with whip in hand, and in about two hours returned with two of the stolen horses. In the afternoon he brought back a third, and at night, came up with the fourth. His whip was bloody, and his face distorted with rage. He was in a mood to make men tremble before him, when none but the boldest spirits would dare to cross his path or oppose his will. After he had left the last horse with me, I heard his voice in every part of the camp, proclaiming what, the interpreter told me was a warning for the protection of my property. "Your horses are yours," said he, "to sell or keep as you please; but when you once sell them you cannot take them back. My brother has come from afar to trade with you and brought things that are good for you; and when you have sold him your horses and got your pay, you must not take them back." After this I was not molested again in a similar manner. The One Eyed Chief spent much of his time in my trading house, and assisted me by his advice and influence over the Indians. He allowed me to judge of the horses for myself, but selected the buffalo robes for me and settled their prices. I bought many more of the latter than I brought back with me and might have purchased thousands. One plug of tobacco, a knife and a few strings of beads, in all worth but little more than a dime, bought one of these valuable skins or robes, worth at least five dollars in any of the States.

The Indians had with them a great many young Spaniards as prisoners, one of whom, an excellent interpreter, wished me to purchase him. I offered the price of ten horses for him, but without success. I gave him many presents, which, he said, his masters took from him as soon as they saw them, and he requested me to give him no more, as said he, "it is of no use." He was an intelligent and interesting boy.

The Indians spent much time in drilling and fighting mock battles. Their skill and discipline would have made our militia dragoons blush for their inferiority. They marched and counter-marched, charged and retreated, rapidly and in admirable order. Their skill in horsemanship is truly wonderful, and I think, is not surpassed by that of the Cossacks or Mamelukes. I frequently put a plug of tobacco on the ground for them to pick up when riding at full speed. A dozen horsemen would start in a line for the prize, and if the leader missed it, the second or third was always successful in seizing it, when he took the rear to give the others fair chance in the next race.

There were six Pawnees from the river Platte, among these Camanches; one of whom came to me and said he knew me. "Where did you ever see me?" "At the Osage village," said he, "when you were buying horses." I then recollected that this Pawnee with several others had come into the village to make a treaty. He knew O'Fallon,[7] of Council Bluffs, very well, and gave me some news of the Upper Missouri, and the traders there. He went off and soon returned with several Camanches, and again talked about the Osages and my trading with them. Perceiving his treacherous purpose, I

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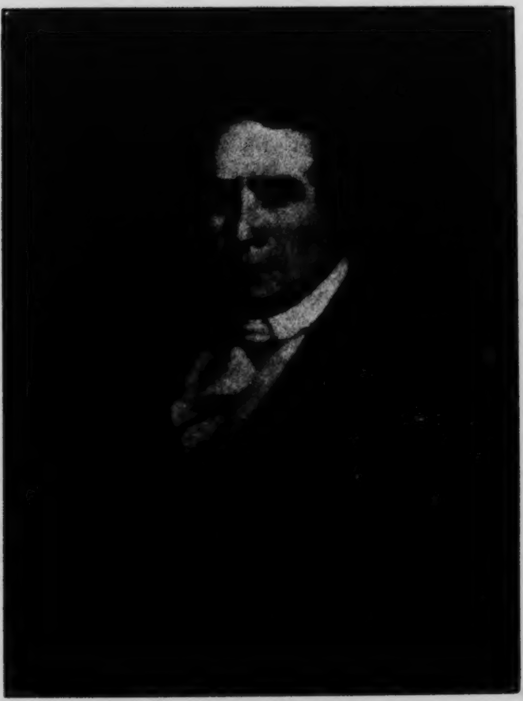
[7] Benjamin O'Fallon, son of Dr. James O'Fallon and Frances Eleanor Clark (youngest sister of Gov. William Clark) was born 20 September 1793, and died at his residence in Jefferson County, Mo., near St. Louis, 17 December, 1842. He served for many years as Indian agent on the Missouri River under Governor Clark. He was an honest, courageous and careful officer, who possessed great influence over the various tribes with whom he came in contact, and was very efficient in the discharge of his duties, though he occasionally lost control of his temper inopportunely. He married at St. Charles, November 1823, Sophia, daughter of Patrick Lee and Constance Condé, and had six children, only one of whom is now living. He is frequently mentioned in Long's *Expedition to the Rocky Mountains*, in Beckworth's *Life and Adventures* and in Larpenteur's *Journal*. His memory is perpetuated in the west by O'Fallon's Bluff on the Platte River in Nebraska, and O'Fallon's Creek in Montana, near Glendive.



B O. Fallon

From portrait presented to Missouri Historical Society
by Miss Emily O'Fallon

made no reply to his remarks which were as follows: "I saw you with the Osages; you bought horses of the Osages. Do you know where Osage village is? Is it not here?" marking on the ground the courses of the Arkansas, the Grand and the Verdigris rivers, and pointing to the place of their enemies' village. At last I told him I knew nothing about the Osages or their villages, which seemed to enrage him greatly, and he reiterated his assertions about having met me among the hereditary enemeis of the Pawnees and Camanches. Seeing the evil suspicions produced by his talk among the Indians, and the necessity of putting down the bad report without delay, I went to my "brother" and told him the Pawnee was setting his countrymen against me. He immediately went with me to the head Chief's lodge and had my Pawnee enemy brought before him. Fixing his dark eye upon him, the One Eyed Chief regarded him a moment in silence, and then said, "we have treated you well ever since you came among us. You lied to us when you said that you had seen the 'white haired man' (meaning John McKnight) at the village of the Osages. And now you say you have seen my brother, too, among the Osages. This is all a lie. You are trying to make mischief between our people and my brother, and if you say any thing more against him I will drive you out of the nation. You shall not stay with us." The Pawnee trembled under this rebuke and walked off in silence, with the manner of a whipped spaniel. I heard no more from him.

On one occasion my "brother" asked permission to bring, in the evening, a party of his friends into the Fort to dance, and I consenting to the proposal, a party of forty, headed by the One Eyed, entered the Fort and danced for several hours, to their own singing and the sound of bells on a wand, carried by their leader. They were gorgeously attired in the height of Indian fashion and *bon ton*. They wore eagle and owl feathers, and were gaudily painted in every conceivable manner. The One Eyed wore a showy head dress of feather work, from under which the false hair fell to the ground; they all danced with wonderful agility and grace, and kept time better than most of dancers in more civilized and fashionable life. At the close they danced backward out of the gate, the Chief in front driving them with his wand, and they, in compliment to their host, feigning reluctance to go. With a loud shout of pleasure they at last went out together with regularity and order.

At night we were aroused by shouting and singing on all sides of the Fort, and we took our arms to repel an attack. I saw hundreds of Indians, most of them young men, clambering up the sides of the Fort and trying the doors to get in. The noise suddenly ceased and in the morning the One Eyed told me that the young men had taken the opportunity when the old men were asleep to improve their acquaintance with me and to get some presents of tobacco as the dancing party had done in the evening before, and that he had quelled the disturbance and driven them off. I heard among this party both here and at the village where I first met them, the sound of moaning and loud wailing in two lodges, from a short time before sun set till dark. I had made a present of a gorget and arm bands to the Chief who befriended me so much on the Salt Fork of the Arkansas in my former expedition, and who was now in the village. A young Indian came to me, one evening, with the gorget and arm bands as a token, and requested me to go and see this Chief in his tent. I went with the young man towards the tent whence the sound of weeping was heard, and when within thirty steps, the messenger stopped and looked at my feet. I noticed that he was bare-footed; he took off my shoes, and with me approached the Chief, who was sitting in front of his lodge with bare feet, like the spectators who were standing deferentially around; and on the ground I saw two women and two girls, also bare-footed and smeared over the heads and faces, with mud and ashes. These were the same, whose voices I had heard on first entering the Camanche village. They were now rolling on the ground from side to side and weeping violently. Occasionally they scattered ashes over their heads and after short intervals of quiet, arising from exhaustion, they would burst out afresh in irrepressible fits of weeping and sobbing. The Chief arose, took be aside, and said that I could make these women stop crying. On my enquiring how I could do this, he replied, 'by covering them with cloth," meaning calico. I went to the store and got four pieces of calico, with which I returned, and covered each with a piece. The Chief now spoke to them in his language, and appeared to console them, and remonstrated against any further exhibition of grief. Their crying gradually subsided into deep, long drawn sobs and hiccoughs, like those of children after violent weeping. From this night forth I heard their lamentations no more, and a few Indians who had heretofore been cold and distant, now became friendly to me. I concluded that McKnight, in fighting for his life, had killed the husbands of the women and fathers of the two girls who were thus lamenting, and that they required a token of friendship from me as an atonement and sign of reconciliation. The Indians had now discovered their mistake; that in killing McKnight they had destroyed a friend instead of an enemy, and all regarded me more kindly on account of their own injustice to my friend. The One Eyed Chief, who was probably foremost in the murder, had taken me to his heart as his only brother, and was now ready to die for me, to atone for depriving me of my bosom friend, McKnight—"the white haired Tabbaho." The Pawnee's tale of having seen McKnight at the Osage village, was, I suppose, the reason for dispatching him; and in doing this, they had met with a desperate resistance from their victim, who was well armed and a most excellent marksman. The One Eyed did all in his power to recompense me for his loss. He was my fast friend, and exerted himself to the utmost to advance all my interests and wishes. His wife daily sent to her "brother" some delicacy, such as buffalo tongue, carefully cooked by herself. I began to be reconciled to a savage life and enamored with the simplicity of nature. Here were no debts, no Sheriffs or Marshals; no hypocricies or false friendships. With these simple children of the mountains and prairies, love and hate are honestly felt and exerted in their full intensity. No half-way passions, no interested feelings govern their attachments to their friends. When once enlisted for or against you, little short of Omnipotence can reverse the Indian's position. He loves and hates with steady persistence and consistency, and generally carries his first feelings regarding you, to his grave. His revenge is sure, his love is true and disinterested. You can count upon either with certainty, and need entertain no fear of being deceived as to their operations.

A scouting war party on one occasion brought in seven American horses, shod and branded, a tent, a kettle, an axe, and some other articles, which I knew must have belonged to a trading party. They brought up the horses to the Fort to have the shoes taken off by our blacksmith, when I charged them with the robbery of my countrymen. They denied the charge, and said that they had taken this spoil from a party of Osages with whom they had had a battle, and exhibited, in proof of their operations, two scalps as those of their deadly enemies, the Osages. I learned, at Barbour's, on my return that they told me the truth. The Osages had robbed a

Santa Fé company and were themselves attacked in the night, by a party they knew not of what tribe, who had killed two men and robbed them of the booty I have mentioned. It was a fair instance of the biters being bitten, the game played by Prince Hal upon Falstaff, who, after robbing four travellers was attacked by the Prince and plundered of his spoil. From the warriors of this scouting party we learned that the whole nation of Osages was very near to us; being encamped on the Salt Fork at the distance of about a day's journey, and they advised us to leave our present position for one of more safety. The Camanche Chiefs held a council of war, or grand talk, and determined to go out and give battle to their enemies. On the next day they sent all their women and children up the river and went themselves, with their warriors, towards the Salt Fork in quest of the Osages. When the last of the nation were about going, an Indian came to me and claimed his horse, which another Indian had sold to me without his authority. I was about to give him the horse, when the One Eyed came up and enquired into the case, which he decided at once in my favor, and told the claimant he must look to the Indian who sold him, for his indemnity. Not liking the law of this decision, I paid the Indian for his horse, and he went away satisfied and highly pleased. Before starting, the Chiefs, in a body, came and expressed great friendship for me and regret at leaving me as they were compelled to do. They said they wanted the American trade, and united in requesting me to encourage my countrymen to visit them with goods and trade with them. Trade with the Spaniards they said, was unprofitable; they had nothing to give them for their horses except amunition, and this they refused to sell to the Indians. They wished the Americans to be friendly and intimate with them, and complained bitterly that we supplied their enemies, the Osages, with arms and amunition with which they made war upon the Camanches. "The Osages" said they, "get their powder, balls and guns from the Americans, but we can get none, or very few from them; this is wrong, very wrong." The One Eyed, and several other Chiefs wished to visit their "Great Father," the President, and have a talk with him. They would have offered to accompany me to my "village" to see the Great Father, but said they, "you cannot defend us from the Osages, the Cherokees, and the Choctaws; these nations are all at war with us, and we should have to go through their country. But tell our Great Father when you go back to your village, that we want him to stop these nations from stealing our horses and killing our people, as they have been doing for many years! Tell him to protect us and send his people out to trade with us. We will not hurt his people, but will defend them when they come among us. We will be brothers with the Americans." The Chief of the Towashes told me that his tribe lived on the head waters of the Red River, and owned sixteen thousand horses, which were better than any I had bought of them. Judging from those which his warriors rode, I could believe what he said respecting the quality of their horses. He wished me to visit his tribe and trade with them. Many things did these wild Chiefs tell me to say for them to the "Great Father" when I reached my "village," and all insisted very earnestly that I should return to them in the Fall with goods, and bring the answer of their Great Father and all he said about them. "Then," said they, "we will go back with you and talk with him face to face." My "brother" told me to ascend the Red River in the Fall, and I should find the nation not far from the three big mounds near the head of that river, by which I suppose he meant some spurs of the Rocky Mountains. "And when you reach these mounds," said he, "you will see the smoke from the grass that we will burn every day so that you may find us. You can come with but two men and you shall be safe. I will speak of you to all the Camanches, and tell them you are my brother; and none will hurt you. You can travel without fear through all our country; no one will dare to injure you or take your property." At parting with the Chiefs, they all embraced me most affectionately. My "brother," especially, showed all the feeling of a real brother; he threw his arms around my neck and burst into tears. Alasarea, the Towash, came to me last, and sat down with a grave and serious countenance. He several times struck his breast and said his heart was troubled. On my asking him the cause of his trouble, he said, "When you came here, you had twenty-three men and now you have but twenty-two; one is dead. You say he was a good man." "Yes," said I, "he was a very good man." "You do not know how he was killed." "No, I do not, but perhaps I shall know one day." "Many Camanches," said he, "are bad; many Quawpas are bad; many of the Arripahoes are bad; many Towashes are bad, and so are many Pawnees. Some of all these are bad and they all hunt in this country. They might have killed the white-haired man. He might have wounded a buffalo and been killed by him. A rattlesnake might have bit him. He is dead and you know not how. Here is my war horse, Checoba. I give him to you; no horse among the Camanches will catch him. He will carry you away from every enemy and out of any danger." With this he led up a splendid black horse, worthy and fit to have borne a Richard Coeur De Leon, or a Saladin, into their greatest battles. No Arab could ever boast a finer animal than this; the finest limbed, the best proportioned, the swiftest and the most beautiful I ever saw. I brought him home, but before leaving the wilderness, his speed was greatly impaired by the bite of a rattlesnake.

CHAPTER SEVEN

We Start for Home—A *Stampedo*—Loss of a Hundred Horses—Interview With a Chief and His Tribe—Pursued by Indians—Passage Through the Cross Timbers—Death of Horses by Flies—Night Travelling—Arrival at the Arkansas—Death of Horses by the Farcy—Loss of Skins and Robes by Embezzlement—Start for Home—Breakfast With a Cherokee Chief—James Rogers—An Old Cherokee—Interview With Missionaries—Arrival at Home—Troubles From Debt—An Emergence at Last—Conclusion.

AFTER parting with these simple children of nature, we prepared for our departure homeward. On the next day after packing up the goods, we abandoned the Fort and began to descend the river in perogues, and by land with the horses. Those in the boats who started before the others with the horses were to stop at the unfinished Fort one hundred miles below, and there await them. I travelled by land with the horses and met with no occurrence worth mentioning till the second day. Then commenced a series of misfortunes and unavoidable accidents, which continued till I reached the settlements, and which destroyed all hope of profit from the adventure, and the consequences of which have weighed upon me to this day with a crushing weight. As we travelled along the north bank of the river, a small herd of buffalo suddenly rushed out from the river bank on our left before the horses, and frightened many of them into a *stampedo* as the

Spanish call the thundering sound of their stamping, flying hoofs on the prairie. A few of the men rode after them and succeeded in turning them back; but their shouts and use of the whips gave them another fright and they returned in a stampede among the drove and thus spread the panic among them. About one hundred ran off at a furious rate, on the route of the river by which we had come. Placing the best rider in my company on Checoba, I ordered him to try his best speed and bottom in the pursuit. He started and ran sixteen miles, where he headed the flying horses that had become mingled with a wild drove, and he was driving them all before him and Checoba, when a rattlesnake bit the noble animal on the fore foot. Checoba immediately sickened and was brought back with great difficulty. On the following morning his foot and leg were swelled, and he was very lame and weak. I placed him in mud and water, where he stood for several hours, when the swelling subsided and he was much relieved. By this accident I lost all the horses which ran off in the *stampedo*, and Checoba was materially injured for life. I remained till the next morning, when Checoba was able to travel, and I started with him in advance of the company. Soon after crossing a small branch, I saw an Indian about two hundred yards ahead in the prairie, who, riding onto a high mound, hailed me with the word *Tabbaho?* As I replied, yes, I perceived several Indians approaching me from the prairie and my company behind also observed them. McKnight and Adams[1] hastened to reach me before the Indians, who came up friendly, and spoke to us in the Spanish language. As we three spoke Spanish they took us for Spaniards, and said that they were of the Caddo tribe, who were in alliance with the Camanches. Some of the latter tribe and a number of Towashes were in their party, which they said was on its march behind them. They had just come out of a battle with the Osages, by whom they had been defeated, and were proceeding to tell us of the battle when I observed a party of about two hundred Indians coming towards us and also noticed a small grove a short distance before us. I ordered my party to hasten forward to this grove and occupy it in advance of the Indians. As they drove the horses forward, the rope which held the pack on a horse, which I had brought from home with me, got loose and was trod on by the horses behind, which pulled the pack under his belly. He started forward, kicking and pitching until he had got rid of his load, and then returned at full speed among the drove, which broke into another stampede. Off they flew, and many of them ran entirely out of sight on the level prairie, with the speed of birds on the wing. I lost about thirty in this flight. We reached the grove at the same time with the Indians, who then discovered us to be Americans and not Spaniards, which greatly displeased some. The Chief, however, was friendly. An Indian took up and examined McKnight's gun, which he had left leaning against a tree, and riding into the crowd, brandished it over his head, exclaiming that we had stolen the horses; that they ought to take them from us and kill us. The old Chief ordered him to be silent, and he said if they would not kill us he would go and bring men who would do so, and started off in a gallop towards the Canadian with McKnight's gun. Many of the Indians charged us with having stolen Checoba from Alasarea, the Towash, and seemed to believe the charge, and to consider us thieves who had been preying upon their countrymen. One who appeared to be the most bloodthirsty shot an arrow into the side of one of their own horses near the lights. The horse bounded forward and fell dead. This act excited them to the highest pitch, and the old Chief had great difficulty in protecting us from an attack; by an harangue and a decisive course he at length assuaged their animosity and excitement. Their late defeat by the Osages had embittered their minds, and predisposed them to view us with suspicion. Seven men among them carried wounds received in the late battle, and by request of the Chief I dressed these wounds with salve and sticking plaster. While I was thus engaged, I sent the men forward a short distance, when they awaited me with their rifles ready to return the fire of the Indians. But they parted with us peaceably, and the Chief with great cordiality entreated me to return to his country and trade with his tribe. We want, said he, the friendship and trade of the Americans. I always observed that the most sagacious and far-seeing of the Camanche Chieftains sincerely desired the friendship and alliance of the Americans. A proper course towards them will make them our fast friends and most valuable allies. An opposite one will render them most deadly and dangerous enemies, and especially so in the event of a war with England. A course of justice, fairness and liberality is the only judicious one; and in dealing with them, the greatest tact and much knowledge of Indian character is requisite for success in gaining their confidence and securing their lasting esteem and friendship. The Pawnees and all the tribes west of the Osages, called by the national name of Camanches, are all of the same original tribe, though bearing various names, and all speak the same language.[3] They are in the strictest alliance with each other, and could probably muster a force of forty or fifty thousand warriors at the time I was among them. The United States should provide against the consequences of their hostility.

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[1] James Adams, son of Calvin Adams and Sally Michau, was born in St. Louis, 17 July, 1802. Calvin Adams, one of the few Americans in upper Louisiana during Spanish times, came to St. Louis from Connecticut about the beginning of the nineteenth century. Seemingly only two of their children lived to reach maturity —James and his elder brother David. David went with Long's expedition as Spanish interpreter. Both James and David were with Bonneville, and after Bonneville left the mountains David Adams, in partnership with Jean Sibille of St. Louis, carried on the fur trade on the Platte for some years. James Adams owned sufficient real estate in St. Louis to have made good any claim which General James might have had against him.

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[3] This is an error. The Comanches are of the same stock as the Shoshonees or Snakes of the northwest. The Pawnees are of Caddoan stock. The language of the Comanches and the Pawnees is not the same.

After parting from the Caddo Chief, I sent the company with the horses forward, and remained behind with McKnight to watch against pursuit by the Indians. Finding that we were not followed, we hastened on and overtook the rest of the company, and all reached the unfinished Fort in the afternoon, where we found the perogues and swivel in charge of the men who had brought them down the river and were awaiting us according to the arrangement. We travelled on in company till nightfall, when the land party crossed the river at a bend and encamped with the others in a grove. We carefully secured our horses. On the following morning, as we issued from the timber into the prairie, a dead buffalo cow was seen with her calf standing near her. We soon saw another cow lately killed by a party evidently in pursuit of us. We travelled in company with the perogues, that we might have the benefit of the swivel in case of an attack. In the Cross Timbers, which we reached in four or five days after leaving the last-mentioned Fort, we again parted company with the perogues and struck out into the prairie. Here we soon afterwards observed a herd of buffalo running rapidly with their tongues hanging out of their mouths, and also eight Indians mounted, who did not perceive us. In three days we passed the Cross Timbers and reached the long-grass prairies on the east of them. Here the horse flies were so numerous and ravenous as nearly to destroy the horses, which were frequently covered entirely by them. Many of the horses died and all were wasting away under the inflictions of these venomous insects. To avoid them, we travelled only by night and slept by day. I took the direction by guess and in eight days, or rather, nights, we struck the Arkansas just five miles below the three forks, where Fort Gibson now stands, and the point which I was aiming to reach. I went up to the forks where Barbour's trading establishment was then situated and there obtained a canoe. Barbour, I afterwards learned, had died in New Orleans, whither he started with my keel boat on my outward trip. We travelled down the Arkansas to the mouth of the Canadian, and found the rest of my company with the perogues, awaiting us at the Salt works. Here I took an account of my stock, and found that out of three hundred and twenty-three horses and mules which I had purchased of the Indians and started with for home, I had lost by flies and *stampedos* just two hundred and fifty-three, leaving but seventy-one now in my possession. These I allowed to rest one day, and on the next day lost five of them by a disease called the Farcy, which causes a swelling of the breast and belly and generally terminates fatally. On the day and night following, eight or ten more of the horses died and about twenty were sick with the disease. I was too anxious for my family and too desirous of seeing them to delay my departure any longer. Here, at the mouth of the Illinois River,[a] a branch of the Arkansas, and near the mouth of the Canadian, I left the few horses and mules remaining, and the perogue containing the skins and robes, in charge of Adams & Denison. I never saw them again and lost all—horses and mules, beaver skins and buffalo robes. I returned home with five horses, just the same number I had started out with. Most of them died, and those that lived were never accounted for to me. The skins and robes were sold by James Adams, at *Eau-Post,* in Arkansas, on the river of that name, and the whole proceeds, amounting to a large sum of my money, were embezzled by him, the said Adams. He had been employed by McKnight and was unknown to me. In every respect, pecuniarily and otherwise, this was a most unfortunate venture. I lost by it my best and dearest friend, John McKnight, and all the money I had invested in it, with the vain hope of being thereby set free from debt and made an independent man. The object was a great one, and the risk proportionately great. I lost all that I had set upon the stake and was still more deeply involved than before. A dreary future lay ahead, but I determined to meet and struggle with it like a man.

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[a] The Illinois River (so named most likely by some *coureur de bois* from Kaskaskia) is a very crooked little stream which rises in

Leaving the river, in company with twelve men, some afoot and some with horses, we directed our course for the Cherokee country. We found no game and for several days all suffered severely from hunger. We at length approached the Cherokee set-

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Washington County, Arkansas, flows through Adair, Cherokee and Sequoyah Counties, Oklahoma, and joins the Arkansas River about five miles above the mouth of the Canadian.

tlements; and I went forward alone, promising the men to have a meal prepared for them at the house of John Rogers,[4] a half-breed Cherokee Chief. When in sight of his place I met Rogers and told him I wanted breakfast for myself and twelve men; that I had been among the Camanches trading, and that my company was coming up nearly starved. He replied that his tribe had been at war that year, with the Osages and had raised but a small crop. and that he had to pay one dollar per bushel for his bread. "But," said he, "I will get you something to eat," and entering his house, requested his wife to prepare breakfast for twelve men, and with a smile, "twelve hungry men at that." I noticed in his house, all the usual furniture of our best farmers, and he was evidently living well and comfortably. The men came up, and by their rough exteriors, long beards and hair, lantern jaws and lank bodies, they strongly impressed me with the idea of a gang of famished wolves. They glared at Mrs. Rogers, while she was getting their breakfast, like so many cannibals, and had she not been very quick in appeasing their appetites, I cannot swear but that they would have eaten her up. She, the good woman, squaw though she was, exerted herself in our behalf like an angel of mercy, and in a miraculously short time she set before us a noble meal of bacon, eggs, corn bread, milk and coffee; there was enough for us all and we arose filled, leaving some on the table, not from politeness but from inability to eat any more. Well, Mr. Rogers, said I, what shall I pay you for our breakfast?" "What," said he, laughing, "would be the use of charging men who have just come out of the woods and cannot possibly have any money?" No, said I, I am not begging my way; I will pay you with goods that I have. I then drew out my stock and sold him twelve dollars' worth, after paying for our meal. The father and sister of Rogers now came in and talked with us some time. The father, who was a white man, said that his son John killed the first Indian at the battle of the Horseshoe, where both served on the side of the Americans under Jackson. "The Creeks," said he, "always fight till death. It takes one Cherokee for every Creek, and of the whites a little more than one for one." Both father and son spoke in the highest terms of Gen. Jackson, as a man, a soldier and a commander.

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[4] John Rogers, chief of the Western Cherokees, was of mixed blood, Cherokee, Scotch and English. He was a half brother on his father's side, of Talihina, or Tiana, the wife of General Sam Houston. He was one of the early immigrants to Arkansas, and made his home near where Fort Smith was later built upon land sold by him to the United States.

No records of his personal history have been found, but it is said of him that "he was one of the most respectable of the civilized Cherokees, and one to whom that nation is much indebted for its development and growth."

Hildreth, writing in 1834, says, "Near our encampment is the dwelling of an old Cherokee named Roger [John Rogers], who has grown immensely rich, and lives in the greatest affluence known to his rude taste; he owns a large tract of land in the neighborhood, and so many head of cattle that he cannot count them; his pigs and poultry are so numerous that, notwithstanding the frequent poaching expeditions that are directed against them, they never seem to be diminished." *Dragoon Campaigns to the Rocky Mountains*, p. 196. And see 4 Long's *Expedition* (Thwaites' Ed.), p. 23.

I requested provisions to subsist us till we could get a supply, and obtained from him sufficient to carry us to Matthew Lyon's trading house at the Spadre.[6] Below this is a large Missionary station, which we were informed was well supplied with flour and meat, of which a boat load for their use had lately arrived. "If you find the missionaries in good humor," said Mrs. Rogers, "and do not go on the Lord's Day, you will be able to get some provisions, but not without. I was down at the station last week on Saturday and stayed over Sunday. A Cherokee woman came in on Sunday from Piney, twenty miles above on the river, with some chickens to buy some sugar and coffee for a poor woman who had been lately confined. I interpreted for the woman, and went to brother Vail and told him what the woman wanted. I don't deal with the females, said he; you must go to sister ———. We went to the sister that brother Vail had named, and she told me that they neither bought nor sold on the Lord's Day. Then take the chickens as a gift, said I, and give the woman what she wants. We neither give nor take on the Lord's Day, said she, and the poor woman had to go back with her chickens, and so I advise you not to go to the Missionaries on the Lord's Day." I could hardly believe that bigotry and fanaticism could go so far as this, until I found by experience, when I reached the station, that their meanness was fully equal to all I had heard. We left the hospitable house of the Cherokee Chief with many thanks and proceeded on our way. At a short distance from the Spadre, I was riding alone in advance of the company, when a met a gentlemanly and intelligent half-breed Cherokee, of whom I enquired if I could procure provisions at that place. He said I could not, but invited me to alight and take breakfast with him. There are too many of us, said I, twelve beside myself. This did not daunt him and he immediately extended his invitation to all, and the whole company accordingly entered his house and partook of an excellent breakfast, such as that which his brother had furnished us two days before. This man was James, the brother of John Rogers,[*] and lived like him in comfort and elegance. His wife was a handsome half-breed, whom I presented with some articles of dress, against the wish of her husband, who refused all pay for our breakfast. He purchased of me goods to the amount of fifteen dollars and paid me the money for them. We passed the Spadre that morning, where I saw the grave of Matthew Lyon, a man who made a considerable figure in politics in the Alien and Sedition times of John Adams. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." At Piney I saw a number of Indians, and enquired of them for provisions. We are hungry, said I, and have nothing to eat. A negro woman said they were starving themselves and could not help us to anything. I told the man we should be compelled to fast until we reached Weber's[7] or the Missionaries. An old Indian who stood behind me during this colloquy, caught hold of my arm as I started on, and with a sharp enquiring look into my eyes, exclaimed, "Nothing! nothing to eat?" Nothing at all, said I. "Come with me," said he. I followed him about one hundred yards up the bank of a creek where he turned up a hollow and entered a cabin under the brow of a hill; going to the chimney he took from within it a stick holding three pieces of bacon and gave me two of them. I offered him money. "No," said he, "I take no money, but when you meet a hungry Cherokee share with him whatever you have, as I have shared with you." Such conduct as this,

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[6] Spadra is a town on the north side of the Arkansas River at the mouth of Spadra Creek. It is in Johnson County, one hundred and five miles northwest from Little Rock. It now has a population of about one thousand.

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[*] James Rogers was a full brother of John Rogers (see note 4 ante), and probably immigrated with him to Arkansas. In 1817 he signed a treaty with the United States as one of the Arkansas Chiefs. In 1828 he was sent to Georgia by the War Department to explain to the Eastern Cherokees "the kind of soil, climate and prospects that await them in the West, and to use, in his discretion, the best methods to induce the Indians residing within the chartered limits of Georgia to emigrate." He was furnished with money by the United States to such a liberal extent that it aroused the cupidity of the whites, and they so plied Rogers with strong drink that his mission was wholly defeated. He was sent again to Georgia, in 1835, by his own people on a like errand, and on that occasion was successful. He was known among the whites as Captain Rogers, as Broke-arm Jim, and as California Jim, the latter name originating in the fact that he visited the gold fields of California in 1849. In

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his later years he lived on the Arkansas River, between the Neosho and the Verdigris, about two and a half miles west of Fort Gibson. There, for a time, his brother-in-law, General Sam Houston, was a near neighbor. Rogers died at an advanced age in the early seventies of the nineteenth century.

[7] "Mr. Walter Webber, a metif, who acts as an Indian trader, is also a chief of the nation, and lives in ease and affluence, possessing a decently furnished and well provided house, several negro slaves, a large well cleared, and well fenced farm; and both himself and his nephew read, write and speak English." (Nuttall). Webber lived at the foot of the Dardanelle hills (Shinn), in what is now Pope County, Arkansas.

thought I, is practical Christianity, call it by what name you please. Parting with this warm-hearted Indian, we hastened on towards the Missionary station,[*] which we reached the next day. This was situated on the north side of the river, and was composed of about one hundred persons, old and young, who occupied some twenty buildings arranged in a square. Here we hoped to obtain a full supply of provisions, being informed that one hundred barrels of pork and one hundred and fifty barrels of flour had lately arrived for the use of the Missionaries and their families. Entering the town, I enquired for and found the head of the concern, named Vail, laid before him our destitute condition and misfortunes in the Camanche country, and asked him for provisions enough to last us to the settlements on the Little Red, seventy miles below. "Well," said he, "I will speak to brother such a one about it," and went away for that purpose. Another man soon came up and asked me how much we wanted. I replied about one hundred pounds of flour and fifty of pork. "Well I vow and declare, I don't know how we shall be able to spare it; how much would you be willing to give?" Any reasonable price, said I; what do you ask. We are suffering from hunger and must have provisions. He left me, saying he would see brother Vail about it and I waited an hour without seeing either of them. I then searched out brother Vail and repeated my request for provisions. He vowed and declared that he did not think they had more than enough "to do them the year round." I then asked for one-half the quantity I had named before. "We have a very large family, and if we should get out we could not get any more from the settlements." I said that what little we wanted would not make more than one meal for his family, and he could easily procure a new supply to prevent any suffering. "Well," said he, "what would you be willing to give?" "Set your own price on your property," said I, "and I will give it, as I cannot do without provisions." He then went away, saying he would see the others, naming them. Robert McKnight now came from the blacksmith's shop, where he had got his mule shod on the fore feet and had been charged for that service the sum of two dollars. We concluded that they knew the price of horse shoes, if not of flour and pork. Again I sought out the "brethren," Vail and the other, reiterated to them our wants, and requested relief as before; the eternal question was again put, what would you be willing to give? Anything that you choose to ask, said I. "We do not think we can spare any provisions," said one. They were waiting for a bid, and I determined not to huckster with the canting hypocrites, nor gratify them by paying an outrageously exorbitant price, which they were expecting to get from my necessities. Without further parley I left them and went up to the bakery of the Station, where some of my company were trying to get some bread. I offered to pay for whatever they could sell. "No, we can't sell anything without brother Vail's permission." I offered to buy two or three bushels of fragments of bread, which I noticed on the table in a corner. "We use them in soups and for puddings and do not waste anything." My men were now furious and ready to take possession of the bakery and divide it out among them. With great difficulty I restrained them from this act. I told them they would render us all infamous in the settlements as robbers of the Missionaries, those holy men of God; that we should be regarded with horror by all, wherever we went, if we preyed upon these lamb-like and charitable christians. I told them we must go on and trust to Providence. "What!" said McKnight, "travel on without provisions when there are plenty of them here. I will have some, if need be, by force." I at length prevailed on them to start without committing any depredation. When leaving the town, I saw Vail at a distance, rode up to him and asked, "What are you doing here?" "We are instructing the Indians in the Christian religion." "I think," said I, "you might learn some of the principles of your religion from the Indians themselves. An old Cherokee yesterday gave me two out of three pieces of meat which he had, and refused pay for them in money. He told me to do the same by a Cherokee should I meet one in want. Here you are afraid to put a price on your flour and meat for fear of not charging enough. You wish me to name an exorbitant price. You wish to make the most out of me and you shall make nothing." He was saying that charity began at home, he must provide for his own household, and so forth, as I left him in disgust with his meanness and hypocrisy. We now left the river and bore eastwardly, and that evening killed a turkey, upon which we lived two days and a half, when we reached Little Red River,[*] where we procured an excellent dinner, and a supply of food from a settler whose name I forgot. This was the first meal we had eaten, sufficient to break our fasts, since we had left James Rogers' house, five days before.

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[*] This was the Dwight mission, situated, in what is now Pope County, Arkansas, on the west side of Illinois Creek, about four miles north of the Arkansas River, and about two hundred miles above Arkansas Post. Work was begun upon the clearing of the ground and the building of the mission houses, 25 August 1820, and the "mission family" arrived at the place 10 May 1821. The establishment was conducted under the auspices of the American Board of Foreign Missions whose headquarters were at Boston. The chiefs of the mission were the Rev. Alfred Finney and the Rev. Cephas Washburn; the attaches were mostly from Randolph, Vermont. Washburn seems to have been much esteemed by the people of Arkansas, but the memory of the others has not been preserved. Liberal extracts from the Journal of the Mission are published in the *Missionary Herald* for 1822, ending, however, with 5 June of that year. Later volumes of the *Herald* have been carefully examined, but nothing has been found relating to the time of James' visit.

There was a Rev. William F. Vaill who was principal of the Union mission among the Osages at this time, and a man named Vail who was, in 1821, connected with the Brainerd mission to the Cherokees east of the Mississippi. Both the Union and Brainerd missions were conducted under the same auspices as that at Dwight. The journal speaks of the presence of the former at Dwight in June 1821, but no person of the name is spoken of as being in authority there.

From this place I hastened home without any occurrence of note. My family was sick when I arrived, and my creditors soon became more clamorous than ever; each endeavored to anticipate the others, and the executive officers of all the courts, from the United States District Court down to those of Justices of the Peace, swarmed around me like insects in August. I gave up all my property, even the beds upon which my children were born, and after all was sold, though the officers supposed there was enough to satisfy the judgments against me, there yet remained a large amount still due. The whole is now paid. In the twenty years which have intervened I discharged all my debts on account of these two expeditions of which the narration is now closed. I lost by them about the sum of twelve thousand dollars, and after all the hardships I had endured, found myself poorer than ever. The reader has been told how I incurred these losses, most of which were, perhaps, under the circumstances, to have been expected. I was the first American that ever went among the Camanches for the purpose of trading. Before my first trip among them their name was unknown to our people; the Americans called them Pawnees and knew them only by that name. They were then wilder and more ignorant of our power than now, when they have probably learned that we do not all live in one village, and have derived from their kindred tribe, the Pawnees, and other neighbors, a tolerably correct idea of our strength and numbers. Traders would now run very little risk of the robberies which I suffered from them, and probably none at all of being killed in time of peace. The trade would now be profitable; equally so as when I was among them, and from the greater cheapness of goods a greater profit could be made, while the dangers would be far less. Were it not for advancing age, I should repeat the adventures, notwithstanding their unfortunate issues heretofore. Age, however, forbids any farther attempts to retrieve my fortune in this manner. I have been enabled through the real friendship of a brother to support my family and give my children the rudiments and foundation of an education; which, though not such as I would have given them had better fortune attended me, is sufficient, if properly improved, to enable them to go through the world with honor and usefulness. I have uniformly endeavored to instil in their minds principles of integrity and republicanism; and for myself, to bequeath, as the richest inheritance I could leave them, a good example and an unsullied name. With strong bodies and habits of labor, with honor and intelligence, they will succeed in a country of liberty and equal rights to all. I have always been true to my country, and uniformly studied to advance the interests of my countrymen in all my transactions with the savages and Spaniards; and I have my reward in the satisfaction derived from a conscientious and patriotic discharge of duty on all occasions. At the age of sixty-three, with broken health, I feel none of the peevishness of age; I look forward cheerfully and hopefully on the coming days, without

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[*] Little Red River rises in Van Buren County, Arkansas, and traverses Cleburne and White Counties to its confluence with White River, at a point directly west and about seventy five miles distant from Memphis. James struck the Little Red at about the point where it is crossed by the ancient Indian trail which led from St. Louis to Natchitoches, the general course of which is now followed by the Iron Mountain rail road. It was by this trail that James made his way homewards.

"Shuddering to feel their shadows o'er me creep,"

and rejoice, in my decline, over the rise and glorious prospects of my country. I have the consolation of being able to recall to my mind several manifestations of the confidence and esteem of my fellow-citizens, exerted towards me at a time when the hand of misfortune bore heaviest upon my head. They did me the honor, in eighteen hundred and twenty-five, of electing me General of the Second Brigade, First Division of the Militia of Illinois, an office which I now hold. I was also elected, in the same year, to represent the county of Monroe in the Legislature of Illinois, of which I was a member for two sessions. I was appointed Post Master in the same county in eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, and have held the appointment ever since.

I would mention my agency in the Black Hawk War of eighteen hundred and thirty-two, in which I served as Major, were it not a war in which no honor was gained by any one; and the history of which, for the credit of the country, ought never to be written.

These proofs of the esteem of my countrymen are gratifying and consoling amidst the difficulties which have so long weighed me down, and are evidence that a generous people will appreciate the intrinsic character of a man, independent of adventitious circumstances, the frowns or the favors of fortune.

APPENDIX

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE MANDAN CHIEF, SHEHAKA

SHE-HA-KA (Sha-ha-ka, She-he-ké, or Big White) was given a medal by Lewis and Clark in October, 1804, in recognition of his rank as chief, which medal is still preserved by his descendants. In August, 1806, on the return of Lewis and Clark from the Pacific, She-ha-ka accepted their invitation to visit "their great father" at Washington, and together with his wife (Yellow Corn) and his son (White-Painted House) and his interpreter Rene Jusseaume, his wife and two children, embarked with them for the journey. He and his followers visited President Jefferson at Washington, returned to St. Louis, and in 1807 undertook to ascend the Missouri to his home. He was driven back by the Arickaras and remained in St. Louis until June, 1809. For an account of the unsuccessful journey in 1807, see letter of Nathaniel Prior, *Annals of* Iowa, 3d series, vol. 1, p. 616, and Letter of René Jusseaume, 4 *Mo. Hist. Soc. Collections,* p. 234. Brackenridge met him in 1811, and says of him,—"He is a fine looking Indian and very intelligent—his complexion fair, very little different from that of a white man much exposed to the sun. His wife had also accompanied him—had a good complexion and agreeable features. They had returned home loaded with presents, but have since fallen into disrepute from the extravagant tales which they related as to what they had witnessed; for the Mandans treated with ridicule the idea of there being a greater or more numerous people than themselves. He is a man of mild and gentle disposition—expressed a wish to come and live among the whites, and spoke sensibly of the insecurity, the ferocity of manners, and the ignorance of the state of society in which he was placed. He is rather inclining to corpulency, a little talkative, which is regarded among the Indians as a great defect; add to this his not being celebrated as a warrior; such celebrity can alone confer authority and importance or be regarded meritorious in this state of society." Brackenridge's *Journal of a Voyage up the Missouri River in 1811,* 2d Ed.

An unpublished contemporary manuscript in the archives of the Missouri Historical Society contains these entries regarding him: "Tuesday 27 [August 1812],—the Big White, Mandan Chief, arrived with several of his braves and family to pay a visit; he had a few robes which he traded, and took some articles on credit." "Saturday the 3d [October 1812]—at sunset 2 Mandans arrived with the sad news of the Big White and Little Crow being killed by the Big bellies and 3 Mandans wounded: the Big bellies had 11 men killed and a number wounded." The family tradition is that he was killed by the Sioux, which is evidently erroneous. He was about forty six years old at the time of his death. For some particulars about the family see *Collections of the North Dakota Historical Society*, Vol. 2, p. 470.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF NATHANIEL PRYOR

NATHANIEL PRYOR was born in Virginia; the date and place of his birth have not been discovered, but the place was probably in Amherst County. His Pryor ancestry is untraceable; his mother was a daughter of William Floyd and Abadiah Davis who were married in Amherst County in 1747. Abadiah was daughter of Nathaniel Davis whose wife was the daughter of Nicketti, the daughter of the Chief Powhatan and the sister of Pocahontas. Through the Davises, Pryor was also connected with the Shelbys, the Lewises, the Cabells and with President Jefferson Davis. Nathaniel Pryor probably removed to Kentucky with the family of his uncle Charles Floyd. At Louisville, in 1803, Pryor and his cousin Charles Floyd joined Lewis and Clark, and both were given the rank of sergeant in the party. After his return from the Pacific Pryor entered the army, receiving an appointment as ensign in the 1st U. S. Infantry, 27 February, 1807, and of second lieutenant, 3 May, 1808. On 1 April, 1810, he resigned. After leaving the army he seems to have gone to the Dubuque lead mines and traded in lead with the Indians (Bradbury, p. 225). He again joined the army, 30 August, 1813, being appointed first lieutenant in the 44th Infantry, and on 1 October, 1814, he became captain. He was honorably discharged after the close of the war, on 15 June, 1815. He then engaged in trade at Arkansas Post under the name of Pryor and Richards. How long he remained there is not known. James found him among the Osages in 1821, living as one of the tribe (see Chapter III). And he went that year to New Mexico with Glenn's party, apparently as a trapper (Fowler's *Journal*). Later he had a trading house on the Verdigris River among the

Osages, where he was supplied with goods by Abraham Gallatin of St. Louis (a brother of Albert Gallatin). He died in 1831. His only estate was a small amount of money held for him by Governor Clark, much less than his debt to Gallatin. Pryor was a man of character and ability, but yielding to the fascination of the free life among the Indians he made no effective use of his talents. A stream in Montana and a creek and a town in Oklahoma bear his name.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT, ST. LOUIS MISSOURI FUR COMPANY

Articles of Association and Copartnership made and entered into by and between Benjamin Wilkinson, Pierre Chouteau, senior, Manuel Lisa, Augustin Chouteau, junior, Reuben Lewis, William Clark and Sylvestre Labbadie all of the town of St. Louis and Territory of Louisiana, and Pierre Menard and William Morrison of the town of Kaskaskia in the Territory of Indiana, and also Andrew Henry of Louisiana, for the purposes of trading and hunting up the river Missouri and to the head waters thereof or at such other place or places as a majority of the subscribing co-partners may elect, viz:

Article 1st. This association shall be called and known by the style & firm of the St. Louis Missouri fur Company; each member of which shall sign and subscribe these articles of association, and shall be bound to furnish for the joint benefit of the company to compose the outfits requisite for such expedition, and generally to pay equal proportions of all and every expenses whatsoever, which may be deemed expedient by the aforesaid majority of the company in order to carry on the above mentioned objects of trading and hunting.

Article 2nd. Each member of the association shall be obliged to accompany the expedition in person or to send some person or persons, to be approved of by a majority of the company; and each member of the company failing to do so, shall pay the sum of five hundred dollars per annum for the benefit of and to be divided amongst such of the co-partners as may accompany the expedition.

Article 3d. Each partner binds and obliges himself to do every thing which may be in his power for the joint benefit of the company during the period of time fixed upon for the existence of these articles of association; to refrain from trading directly or indirectly with all and every party or nations of Indians or the men employed by the company contrary to the true spirit and meaning of these articles of co-partnership or contrary to the joint interest and benefit of the company. And it is expressly agreed and understood that if any member of the company shall during the existence of these articles, be discovered or known to traffic or trade for his own separate or individual interest or contrary to the true spirit and meaning of these articles of association he shall not only forfeit & pay for the joint benefit of the Company all his portion of the stock and profits but also to be forever thereafter excluded from the Company. Provided however that a majority of all the members agree to such forfeiture and expulsion.

Article 4th. No member of this Company shall during the existence of these articles be permitted to traffic or trade with any party or nation of Indians, nor with any other nation or description of men whatsoever at or above the Mandane nation of Indians or their towns, villages or usual places of residence for his or their separate and individual profit, nor contrary to the true intent and meaning of these articles, and that a breach of this article shall subject the party offending to the same penalties for the same uses, and also to expulsion as specified in the last preceding article.

Article 5th. And whereas the above named Manuel Lisa, Pierre Menard and William Morrison were lately associated in a trading expedition up the said River Missouri and have now a fort established on the waters of the Yellow Stone river, a branch of the Missoury, at which said fort they have as is alleged by them a quantity of Merchandise and also a number of horses.

Now therefore it is agreed that this Company is to accept from them the said Manuel Lisa, Pierre Menard & William Morrison all the merchandise they may have on hand at the time the first expedition to be sent up by this Company shall arrive at said fort. Provided however that the same is not then dammaged, and if the same or any part thereof should be dammaged then the company shall only be bound to receive such parts and parcels thereof as may be fit for trading or such parts as may not be dammaged, and for the whole or such parts thereof as may be received by a majority of the other members of this company then present this company is to allow and pay them the said Manuel Lisa, Pierre Menard & William Morrison one hundred per centum of the first cost.

Article 6th. The present company is also bound to receive from said Manuel Lisa, Pierre Menard & William Morrison the number of thirty eight horses which it is alleged had been left by them at said fort when Manuel Lisa took his departure from there or so many of said Horses as a majority of the other members of this Company then present may approve of, and to allow and pay them the sum of thirty dollars for each Horse so approved of and accepted. This Company is also bound to receive from them the said Manuel Lisa, Pierre Menard & William Morrison such other Horses the number and quality of which to be approved of in like manner as may have been purchased by their agent for them at said fort, at the time the aforesaid expedition shall arrive there and which may then be delivered for which this Company is to allow any pay them the first cost of the merchandise paid for said Horses and also one hundred per centum on the first cost thereof.

Article 7th. All the Horses purchased by the agent of said Manuel Lisa, Pierre Menard & William Morrison since the departure of Manuel Lisa from said fort, for money or Peltry, and which shall be accepted and approved of as aforesaid are to be received by this Company at first cost to be paid said Manuel Lisa, Pierre Menard & William Morrison.

Article 8. Every person approved of & accepted as above mentioned to act as the agents of any absent member of this Company shall always be subject to the orders of a majority of the Company then present, and on refusal so to do shall thereupon be discharged and the Partner for whom he acted, shall be bound to pay the same sum of money annually as those who neither attend the expedition in person nor furnish an agent, the time to be computed from the time such agent shall be discharged. Which said annual sum shall also be for the exclusive benefit of such members of the Company as may be with the expedition.

Article 9th. When the aforesaid expedition shall arrive at or above the Mandan nation of Indians, each partner accompanying the expedition shall be bound to proceed to & reside at such post or places as may be designated for him by a majority of the Company then present and also when there to do and perform as far as may be possible all those duties required of him by such majority of the Company. Each member failing to comply with this article shall be bound to forfeit and pay to the Company one thousand Dollars per annum to be computed from the time of the first breach of this article in each year untill he shall comply with the aforesaid duties required of him by such majority.

Article 10th. The members of this association having contracted with his Excellency governor Lewis to convey the chief of the Mandan Indians now at St. Louis to his nation: It is hereby agreed that Pierre Chouteau senior shall have the command and complete control of this present expedition: to have the full direction of the march; to have the command of such officers as may be appointed under him; to point out their duties and give each officer his command agreeably to rank—so far as the company is bound by the aforesaid contract with the Executive to observe Military Discipline.

Article 11th. Manuel Lisa and Benjamin Wilkinson are hereby appointed factors to trade with the Indians or men employed by the Company, they shall keep just and fair accounts of all their Company transactions subject to the inspection of the Company or any member of the Company at all times, to use their utmost industry, skill and knowledge for the benefit of the company, to make purchases of peltry and merchandise, to engage men and draw bills of exchange on the agent of the Company hereinafter mentioned residing at St. Louis for such purchases & engagements to the full amount of the funds which such agent may have in his hands belonging to the Company and at that time unappropriated by the Company.

Article 12th. No purchases of Merchandise are to be made without the consent and approbation of a majority of the Company.

Article 13th. The above mentioned factors are to continue as such during their pleasure or that of a Majority of the company and to be subject to no responsability except for personal neglect or willful waste of the goods or property they may have in charge or possession.

Article 14th. William Clark is hereby appointed agent of this company to reside at the Town of Saint Louis. He is to receive all Peltries, furs, monies or other property sent or delivered to him by the Company or any member thereof; and the same to keep & preserve in the best manner he can for the interest of the company, untill the same shall be divided, and for the preservation and keeping of said Peltries, furs or other property of the company the said agent shall be paid and allowed all necessary expenditures made by him.

Article 15th. Whenever any Peltries, furs or other property belonging to the company shall be sent down and delivered to said agent, the same shall be (as speedily thereafter as may be) divided equally between all the partners, and their respective proportions paid to them or their agents on demand.

Article 16th. Should the company or a Majority thereof deem it expedient to purchase a greater quantity of Merchandize, or engage a greater number of men than may at any time be had on hand or engaged, the aforesaid agent is to purchase the said Merchandize and engage the men on the best possible terms, for the interest of the Company, always having regard to the Inventories of such articles as may from time to time be forwarded to him by the aforesaid factors, for all of which said purchases of merchandize or engagement of men each member of the Company shall be bound to pay an equal part of the expense.

Article 17th. It is agreed that Pierre Chouteau senior, Manuel Lisa and Pierre Menard are to be thefirst of the co-partners accompanying the expedition who will be permitted to return to St. Louis. They will however each be bound under the penalty mentioned in the Second article either personally to return to their respective posts or join the expedition up the river during the Spring succeeding their arrival at Saint Louis; or to send an Agent as is also provided in the Second article; to act in their place—and in ascertaining the amount of forfeitures for a breach of this article the time shall be computed from the arrival of the party at the Town of St. Louis; which said forfeitures shall also be applied & appropriated as is provided in the aforesaid Second article.

Article 18th. Benjamin Wilkinson & Augustus Chouteau Junior are to be the next members of this Company accompanying the expedition who will be permitted to return to Saint Louis subject to the same provisions as are Contained in the preceding article and those of Article Second.

Article 19. No person shall hereafter be admitted to become a member of this company unless by the unanimous consent of every partner.

Article 20th. The foregoing articles of association and Co partnership are to have effect and continue in force for and to the full end and expiration of the term of three years from and after the date hereof, subject to such alterations as a majority of the Company may deem necessary.

In testimony of which we & each of us have hereunto subscribed our names at the Town of St. Louis this seventh day of March eighteen hundred & nine—interlined in tenth line from beginning before signed, and also Dennis fitzhugh of Louisville Kentucky.

Signed in presence of
Meriwether Lewis
Requier

Pre Chouteau
Manuel Lisa
Ben Wilkinson
Stre Labbadie
A. P. Chouteau
Ben Wilkinson for Reuben Lewis
Wm Clark.
Manuel Lisa pr Pierre Menard
Manuel Lisa pr William Morrison
Andrew Henry

Article 21. Previous to the division of the Peltry fur and other property mentioned in article 15 all expenditure of whatever nature incurred by the Company previous to said Division shall first be deducted from the gross amount of Property to be divided as specified in said article.

Article 22. William Clark & Pierre Chouteau or either of them in the absence of the others are hereby appointed and fully authorized by the Company to sign and execute all notes, bills, obligations, receipts discharges & acquittances for and in behalf of the Company.

Meriwether Lewis
Requier

Pre Chouteau
Manuel Lisa
Ben Wilkinson
A P Chouteau
Manuel Lisa Pr Pre Menard
Manuel Lisa pr William Morrison
Ben Wilkinson for Reuben Lewis
Stre Labbadie

Andrew Henry
two interlineations approved

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE PARTNERS IN THE FUR COMPANY

Ben Wilkinson

BENJAMIN WILKINSON was a son of General Joseph Wilkinson, of Maryland, and a nephew of General James Wilkinson. He entered the army at an early age and was commissioned second lieutenant of the Third Infantry 16 February 1801, promoted to first lieutenant 15 January 1803, and reigned 30 November 1805. He came to St. Louis in 1805, and entered into partnership with Risdon H. Price, who was also from Maryland, under the name of Wilkinson and Price.

They conducted a sutler's store at Fort Bellefontaine, and also did business in St. Louis, where they advertised, in July 1808, that they would pay cash for bills of exchange on the government.

Wilkinson was in August 1808 elected captain of a St. Louis company of Volunteers for defence against the Indians. He was active in promoting the Fur Company, but did not go up the river. He died at sea in December, 1809, on his way from St. Louis to Baltimore, *via* New Orleans. His estate was administered upon in St. Louis by his kinsman Walter Wilkinson.

PIERRE CHOUTEAU was born at New Orleans 10 October 1758. He came to St. Louis in September 1764 and died there 10 July, 1849. He was a half brother of Colonel Auguste Chouteau. Pierre Chouteau at an early age engaged with his brother in trade with the Osages, and in 1795 was appointed lieutenant of militia and commandant of Fort Carondelet which was situated in what is now Vernon County, Missouri (Houck's *Spanish Regime in Missouri*, I. p. 101). In 1804, he was appointed by President Jefferson, United States Agent for the Osages, which position he held for many years. Victor Tixier, who met him in 1840, on a voyage from New Orleans to St. Louis, says: "Major Chouteau, to whom I was particularly recommended, showed me much care and attention. The Major is one of those men whose natural goodness is apparent in his physiognomy. He lived a long time on the prairies the life of the Osages. He was one of the best hunters of that nation, with which he was engaged in the fur trade." "To-day," said he, "since age is coming on, I rest from my labors; formerly I lost little time in the schools, and I acquired my education in the school of the Osages (a l'academie osage)." *Voyage aux Prairies Osages.* After his retirement he lived at St. Louis on his plantation near the present Fairground Park. His plantation home was a place to which all celebrities visiting St. Louis were taken, and in the books of travel of that day frequent mention of visits to him is made. Mr. Peyton who was his guest in 1848, when he was over ninety years old, tells of his quoting Horace in the original, which shows that not all of his education was obtained among the Osages. He served as chairman of the board of trustees of the village of St. Louis, and he was lieutenant, captain, and major in the Territorial militia; which last title clung to him for the remainder of his life. He was twice married, first to Pelagie Kiersereau and second to Brigitte, daughter of Francois Saucier. He had nine children—eight sons and one daughter.

MANUEL LISA was a son of Cristobal de Lisa, a native of Murcia in Spain, and Maria Ignacia Rodriguez, who was born at St. Augustine, Florida. Manuel was born in Lower Louisiana about 1776. He engaged in the Indian trade at an early age and made several voyages from New Orleans to the Wabash. He came to St. Louis in 1799, and engaged at first in the Osage trade of which he obtained a monopoly from the Spanish government. His first voyage up the Missouri was in 1807, and from that time until his untimely death in 1820, he was the recognized leader in the Missouri River trade. His influence with and control over the Indians was very great, because, as he says, he treated them as friends and not as objects of pillage. He had many bitter enemies and some devoted friends. He was suspected and accused of wrong doing, but a study of his acts shows convincingly that these accusations were unfounded.

He died in St. Louis 12 August, 1820. He was twice married among the whites, but his only living descendants are the children and grand children of his daughter Rosalie, whose mother was of the Omaha nation. Further particulars about him may be found in a sketch of his life in 3 *Mo. Hist. Soc. Collections*, pp. 233, 367.

"His active and eventful life, his palatial residence of that day, his remarkable Indian acquaintance and his popularity [with the Indians], his very extensive fur trading establishment, and his character for probity and honor point him out as one of the great builders of the fame of St. Louis." (Shepard, *The Early History of St. Louis and Missouri*, 56.)

AUGUSTE PIERRE CHOUTEAU was the eldest son of Pierre Chouteau and his first wife Pelagie Kierseraux. He was born at St. Louis 9 May 1786, and died at his trading post and plantation at the Grand Saline on the Neosho river about fifty miles above Fort Gibson, in what is now Oklahoma, 25 December 1838. He was graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point in June 1806, and appointed Ensign in the Second Infantry. He served on the south west frontier, threatened by a Spanish invasion from Texas, as aide-de-camp to General Wilkinson. He resigned from the army 15 January 1807. He commanded a trading expedition up the Missouri River in 1807, which was accompanied by a military detachment under the command of Ensign Nathaniel Pryor which was sent to carry the Mandan Chief Shehaka to his home. They were attacked by the Arikaras, two of Chouteau's men were killed, and both parties driven back. Chouteau went up the river again in 1809 with the party the story of whose adventures is here told by James. He returned to St. Louis in May, 1810. In the War of 1812 he served as captain in the Missouri Territorial Militia. In 1813 he was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas by acting governor Bates, and took his seat on March 1 of that year, but does not appear to have continued in service. In 1815 he and Jules de Mun of St. Louis fitted out an expedition to go to the head waters of the Arkansas River to trap beaver and to trade with the Arapahoes and neighboring Indians. They were successful until the spring of 1817, when they and their men were captured by the Spanish and taken to Santa Fé, where Chouteau and de Mun were put in irons and their property to the value of over $30,000 was confiscated. They were kept "in the dungeons of Santa Fé" for forty eight days when they were released and allowed to return home, "each with one of the worst horses we had." A claim for indemnity was made against the Spanish government, which was paid long after the death of both Chouteau and de Mun.

After his return from New Mexico, Chouteau engaged in trade with the South-western Indians, maintaining an establishment on the Neosho River, one at Camp Holmes near the junction of the

Little River with the Canadian, another on the Canadian near where is the present town of Norman, and another on the Cache River near the present town of Lawton. Nearly all of the travellers through that country mentioned Col. Chouteau with great praise for his hospitality and courtesy.

Latrobe says of him: "The Colonel whom we considered for the time being the head of the party, generally led the van, a fine, good humored, shrewd man, of French descent, with claims both to fortune and family in Missouri. As our conductor, we were all beholden to his courteous manners, and extensive information on every subject connected with the country and its red inhabitants, for much of our comfort and entertainment. In the pursuit of his profession of Indian trader, he had often dared captivity and death. Among the Osages, whose principal trader and organ with government he had long been, he was supposed, and I believe justly, to possess the greatest influence. In fact he had been brought up from his early boyhood, more or less in their camps, had hunted, feasted, fought with and for them, and was considered by them as a chief and a brother. From him we were glad to take our first lessons in hunting, camping and backwoodsman's craft, and enjoyed our first peep at that kind of life, which judging from his fine vigorous person, and the health shining on his sun-burned features, was, with all its hardships, congenial to health and good humor." (1832.) *The Rambler in North America,* New York, 1835. Vol. 1, p. 116.

William Waldo says: "Of all the great house of Chouteau, Auguste was the most brilliant and gifted. He was a favorite with General Jackson during his presidency, and was consulted by him more than was any other man in the United States upon all questions connected with the numerous Indian tribes. Two years before General Sam. Houston left the Cherokee country with the secret purpose of revolutionizing Texas, he, under the injunction of confidence, laid all his plans before his friend Colonel Chouteau and invited him to join in the enterprise. Chouteau, being then advanced in life, declined the proposition, but honorably kept the secret until after the independence of Texas had been accomplished. (Manuscript in archives of Missouri Historical Society.)

Colonel Chouteau was serving as United States Indian Commissioner at the time of his death. He married at St. Louis 15 August 1814, according to the Church Register, his cousin Sophie, daughter of Sylvestre Labbadie, who, with one son and five daughters, survived him. Col. Chouteau was buried in the garrison burying ground at Fort Gibson with full military honors.

Reuben Lewis

Reuben Lewis was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, 14 February, 1777, and died there in 1844. He was the only brother of Meriwether Lewis with whom he came to Missouri in 1807, when the latter assumed the Governorship of the Louisiana Territory. Reuben was appointed by his brother as subagent of Indian affairs, and as such was present at Fort Osage, 10 November, 1808, when a treaty was made with the Osages. He became a partner in the St. Louis Missouri Fur Company and went up the river in 1809, and remained there, in command of one of the forts, until 1812. He was again appointed to the Indian Department, by Governor Clark, and served as agent at Arkansas for the Quapas and Cherokees. He left the service in 1820 and returned to Virginia, making his home on the family plantation near Charlottesville. He married, in 1822, his cousin Mildred Dabney.

WILLIAM CLARK, son of John Clark and Ann Rogers, was born in Caroline County, Virginia, 1 August 1770, and died at St. Louis, 1 September 1838.

In 1784, the Clark family removed to Kentucky and settled at Mulberry Hill near Louisville. By the time he was seventeen William began to take part in defensive expeditions against the Indians, and when he was twenty he was commissioned as ensign in the United States Army, and two years later he was first lieutenant. He served under General Wayne and was leader of a column at the battle of Fallen Timbers. He retired from the Army in 1796, because of ill health. In 1803 he accepted the invitation of his friend Meriwether Lewis to join him in command of the projected exploring expedition to the Pacific Ocean, the story of the successful accomplishment of which is so familiar. On 12 March 1807, about five months after his return, Clark was appointed by Mr. Jefferson, superintendent of Indian affairs and brigadier general of the militia of Louisiana Territory. His friend Lewis was at about the same time appointed governor of the Territory. Clark returned to St. Louis early in 1807, and made his home there for the remainder of his life. Through him, St. Louis became the center of activity in the dealings of the Federal government with the Southern and Western Indians, and because of the color of his hair, it became known to all of the Indian nations as Red Head's town.

In 1813, Clark was appointed governor of the Territory, the name of which had been changed from Louisiana to Missouri, and he continued to administer that office with great ability until the admission of Missouri as one of the United States in 1821. He continued as superintendent of Indian affairs to the day of his death, and no man was ever more successful than he in winning and deserving the respect and trust of the aboriginal Americans. On 5 January 1808, General Clark married Julia, daughter of Colonel George Hancock of Fincastle, Virginia, in honor of whom he had, on his western expedition, given the name of Judith to the river now called the Big Horn. She died 27 June 1820, leaving him five children. He married, second, 28 November 1821, Mrs. Harriet Kennerly Radford, a cousin of his first wife, who died 25 December 1831, having borne him two children. Clark made his home in St. Louis at the south east corner of Main and Vine Streets, where near his residence he erected a building which was used as an Indian council house and museum, and is frequently referred to by visitors to St. Louis. Sometime before his death, however, he lived with his son, Meriwether Lewis Clark, whose house stood at the south east corner of Olive Street and Broadway, where, on the Bank of Commerce building occupying the site, a tablet has been placed in his honor.

Of the many sketches of the life of Governor Clark, the most satisfactory, perhaps, is that by the late Reuben Gold Thwaites which appears in 2 *Missouri Historical Society Collections* at page 1.

SYLVESTRE LABBADIE (in his later years he spelled the name Labadie), son of Sylvestre Labbadie and Pelagie Chouteau, was born in St. Louis, 19 February, 1779. His father died when he was fifteen years old. No record is found of his occupations during his youth, but he no doubt engaged in the Indian trade, with his kinsmen, the Chouteaus, and he served with them in the *milicia* in which he attained the rank of Major.

In 1800 he petitioned Governor de Lassus for a grant of land in what is now Franklin County, "wishing to form a permanent establishment free from the misfortunes to which one is exposed on account of the precarious state of commerce in this country." The grant was made, covering nearly fourteen thousand acres of land on the south shore of the Missouri River, and the title was afterwards confirmed to him, by the United States. Unlike most of the owners of Spanish grants, he lived long enough to receive the confirmation to himself; most of the confirmations were made to the assignees or to the heirs of the grantee. The tradition is, that returning from a trading expedition, his further progress was prevented by ice forming in the river, and that he camped for the winter on the site of his subsequent grant. The present town of Labbadie is situated upon this land, as is also Point Labbadie on the river. In 1806 or 1807 he joined with Auguste P. Chouteau in out fitting Ramsay Crooks and Robert McClellan for a trading voyage up the river.

In 1809, Labbadie went with the expedition chronicled in this book, returning to St. Louis in the Summer of 1810. Though he retained his connection with the company for several years, there is no record of his having taken part in any later expedition. He engaged in business in St. Louis, and had a mercantile establishment at the north east corner of Main and Chestnut streets. In 1818, he built the first saw mill in St. Louis. It was situated on the Mississippi near the present foot of Ashley street; the power was furnished by oxen walking upon the side of an inclined wheel. Subsequently he added a flour mill to the plant. Being possessed of great wealth, he retired early from business.

He died in St. Louis, at his home on Olive between Fifth and Sixth streets, 25 July, 1849, and it was said of him, after his death, "that he never failed in his duties as a citizen, a husband or friend."

Mr. Labbadie married 16 August, 1806, his cousin Victoire, daughter of Charles Gratiot and Victoire Chouteau, they had three children, two of whom died in infancy. A daughter, Virginie, married Captain Joseph A. Sire, and died 22 September 1828, aged twenty years.

Mrs. Labbadie died 5 May 1860, aged seventy five years.

PIERRE MENARD was born 7 October 1766, at Saint Antoine upon the River Richelieu in the Province of Quebec, and died 13 June 1844, at Kaskaskia. His father, Jean Baptiste Menard *dit* Brindamour, was a native of Languedoc in France, and his mother, Marie François Cirée *dit* St. Michel, was a native of Canada, her grandparents having removed there from Paris.

Pierre Menard was in Vincennes in 1787, in the employ of Col. Vigo. In 1789 he accompanied Vigo to Pennsylvania where they had an interview with Washington. He subsequently removed from Vincennes to Kaskaskia where he was married 13 June 1792 to Thérèse Godin, then nineteen years of age, daughter of Michel Godin *dit* Touranjeau and Thérèse St. Gemme Beauvais. She died in 1804, leaving four children. Menard married, second, 22 September 1806, Angelique Saucier, daughter of François Saucier and Angelique Roy *dit* Lapenseé. She died in 1839 leaving six children. He held many military and civil offices; among them he was lieutenant colonel of the Territorial militia, judge of the Court of Common Pleas, United States Indian Agent, Commissioner, in conjunction with Lewis Cass, to treat with the Indians, and Lieutenant Governor of Illinois. To make him eligible for the latter office a special provision was inserted in the State Constitution of 1818. For the voyage up the Missouri in 1809, Governor Meriwether Lewis commissioned him captain of infantry on special service.

In his early days Colonel Menard, as he was usually known, was an active Indian trader. Later he acquired great land holdings and was the *grand seigneur* of South-western Illinois and South-east Missouri. His home at Kaskaskia was the abiding place of all distinguished visitors to this part of the country and his hospitality was unbounded.

Wm Morrison.

WILLIAM MORRISON was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, 14 March 1763, and died at Kaskaskia, Illinois, 19 April 1837. He was a son of John Morrison and Rebecca Bryan. John Morrison, son of Sir John Morrison, was born at Middletown, County Cork, Ireland in 1729; he came to America in his early manhood settling in Bucks County, where he married Rebecca Bryan, 5 August 1760. Just when William Morrison came to Illinois is not known, but he was there before 1 August 1790, and he became soon after his arrival one of the most influential and conspicuous citizens of the country.

Governor Reynolds says of him, "Dignity and polish of manners seemed to be natural to him. Nothing little or cramped existed in his character. His mind and impulses were fashioned on a large scale. He was not only kind and benevolent in all his relations with society, but also honest and upright. By his great activity and sound judgment, he was the head and front of almost all the commercial operations of Illinois and upper Louisiana during a long series of years.

He was associated with his uncle, Guy Bryan of Philadelphia, in merchandising, and the firm of Bryan and Morrison was known throughout the west as one of great wealth and honorable standing. Bryan himself did not operate in the West; so that his partner, Morrison had the control of all the commercial business of this vast region of country. The business of this house extended from Kaskaskia around to Pittsburgh, New Orleans, Prairie du Chien, and the Rocky Mountains, and William Morrison was the master spirit that managed and conducted all these vast mercantile transactions to a successful termination." He was the first citizen of the United States to essay the opening of trade with New Mexico; the story of his sending Baptiste Lalande to Santa Fé in 1804, is told by Pike, and repeated by all subsequent writers on New Mexican history. He also took part with Lisa and Menard in the expedition up the Missouri in 1807. Mr. Morrison was married three times, first, to Catherine Thaumur *dit* Lasource, who was a descendant of a well known Canadian family, one of whom was in Illinois in the early years of the eighteenth Century.

Guillaume, a son of this marriage, was baptized at Kaskaskia 7 June 1795. The second wife was Euphrosine Huberdeau, of Ste. Genevieve, whom he married 27 November 1798, and the third, Elisa, daughter of General Daniel Bissell whom he married at St. Louis, 20 July 1813. There were children by each marriage, and one of his daughters died recently in St. Louis. He built a home in Kaskaskia (a large stone building), and maintained an establishment which rivalled Colonel Menard's in hospitality. It is said that the Indians gave him the name Wau-kom-ia, because he diluted his liquor with water before drinking it, a practice which was not to their taste.

Morrison was followed to the West by his brothers, Robert, James, Jesse, Samuel and Guy, all of whom were vigorous, effective men and leading citizens. Many descendants of the Morrison's are living in Missouri, Illinois, California and elsewhere.

Samuel Morrison (mentioned *ante* on page 16) came to Kaskaskia in 1807. He spent some years in the Rocky Mountains as a clerk of Manuel Lisa's Company; he returned in 1811, married shortly afterwards, and settled in Covington, Washington County, Illinois, where he died in 1828. It is said that an unfortunate love affair caused him to seek forgetfulness in the wilderness.

A Henry

Andrew Henry, son of George Henry and Margaret Young, was born in York County, Pennsylvania, about 1775. He first came to Upper Louisiana in April 1800, seemingly by way of Tennessee, since George Breckenridge, in his note book, says that after two years he returned to Nashville. Henry came again to Ste. Genevieve in 1803, and after some time went to the mining district in what is now Washington County where he made his home. He married, 16 December, 1805, Marie, daughter of Louis Dubreuil Villars and Marie Louise Vallé. William H. Ashley was one of the witnesses to the marriage. Henry separated from his wife 3 January, 1806, and divorced her 15 October, 1807. He went up the river with the Fur Company's expedition of 1809, and commanded the party which crossed the mountains and wintered in what is now Idaho, on the branch of Snake River which has since been known as Henry's Fork. He returned to St. Louis in the Fall of 1811. In 1814 he was major of the Washington County regiment of which William H. Ashley was lieutenant colonel commanding. In 1822 he again engaged in the fur trade, this time with his friend Ashley. He ascended the river in command of a party of about one hundred men, leaving St. Louis in April 1822. He established a post at the mouth of the Yellowstone where he spent the winter. The next spring he made a trip to the westward and was attacked and defeated near Great Falls by his old antagonists, the Blackfeet. Upon his return to his post he was summoned to reinforce Ashley who had been defeated by the Arikaras. Henry joined Ashley in July and remained with him until after the fiasco of Colonel Leavenworth's punitive expedition against the Arikaras in August. After Leavenworth's retirement Henry with a party of eighty men went again to the westward and erected a post at the mouth of the Bighorn River, and discovered, near the source of that river, the South Pass through the mountains. On this expedition, Hugh Glass, one of Henry's men, had the adventure with a grizzly bear made famous by Glass' marvellous escape from death after being abandoned by his comrades. In the summer of 1824 Henry came down to St. Louis with the furs which had been accumulated, and while here he enlisted a number of men with whom he went back up the river in October. The next we hear of him he is at his home in Washington County; his place in Ashley's company being taken by Jedediah S. Smith. For the remainder of his life Henry gave his attention to mining. At one time he was a large land owner, but little of the land was held by him at the time of his death. He was married a second time in 1819 to Mary, daughter of Patrick Fleming of Ste. Genevieve. They had five children, Jane, Patrick, Mary, George and Missouri, all of whom survived their father except Missouri who died in infancy. Henry died at his residence in Harmony Township, Washington County, 10 June, 1833. "He was a man much respected for his honesty, intelligence and enterprise," but the tradition still lingers that "he was his own worst enemy."

CONTRACT TO CONVEY THE MANDAN CHIEF TO HIS HOME

Articles of Agreement Made and Indented at the Town of Saint Louis in the Territory of Louisiana the Twenty fourth day of February in the Year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and Nine by and between His Excellency Meriwether Lewis Governor of the said Territory of Louisiana, and Superintendent of Indian affairs within the same, for and on behalf of the United States of America, on the one part, and the Undersigned members of and belonging to the Saint Louis Missouri Fur Company of the other part.

Witnesseth, that the said Company for and in consideration of the articles, stipulations and conditions hereinafter contained on the part of the said Meriwether Lewis, have covenanted and agreed, and do hereby covenant and agree to and with the said

Lewis, his successor in office, heirs, Executors, and Assigns, to and for the sole use behoof and benefit of the said United States, as follows, To-wit.

First.—To Engage and raise one Hundred and Twenty five effective men (of whom Forty shall be Americans and expert Rifle men) who together shall form a body of Militia of this Territory, and act in a Military capacity, on an expedition from the said Town of Saint Louis, to the Mandan Villages, on the River Missouri, for the safe conveyance and delivery of the Mandan Chief his Wife and Child, to the Mandan nation. The members of which body thus raised for the purpose aforesaid shall be approved by the Governor of this Territory.

Second.—The said Company shall furnish the said detachment for the aforesaid expedition, with good and suitable Fire arms, of which Fifty at least shall be Rifles, and a sufficient quantity of good ammunition, the quantity and quality of all which shall be approved by the Governor of this Territory.

Third.—The command of the said detachment shall be given to Peter Choteau, the United States Agent for the Osage nation of Indians (who will be specially commissioned and instructed by the Governor for that purpose) until the said expedition shall arrive at the Mandan nation or Villages, and at that place or the last of them, the military functions of the said Choteau, and the officers appointed under him for this service shall cease and expire.

Fourth.—The said Company shall provide comfortable, and suitable accommodations on board of Covered Barges, for the said Mandan Chief, his Wife and Child, and for Jesson (the Interpreter) his Wife and child, and shall furnish them and each of them with a sufficiency of Good and Wholesome Provisions for their and each of their consumption, from the day of their embarkation, until their arrival at the Mandan nation—the said accommodations in this article mentioned, to be approved by the Governor of this Territory.

Fifth.—The said Company shall also provide and furnish accommodations in some of their Barges or Boats, for Two other Interpreters, and transport them therein as far as the said Peter Choteau Agent as aforesaid shall direct, and shall also furnish them with a sufficiency of good and wholesome provisions for their consumption, so long as they shall continue with the said Company. The said accommodations to be approved of, and the

Interpreters to be such as shall be for that purpose selected by the Governor aforesaid.

Sixth.—The said Company shall safely deliver the said Mandan Chief, his wife and Child, Jesson (the Interpreter) his Wife and Child, at the said Mandan Village, as soon as practicable after the departure of the said intended Expedition from Saint Louis, and shall defend them from all War like and other attacks, by force of arms, and every other means to the extent of their power, and at the risque of the lives of the said detachment, and shall moreover use and employ their and each of their diligent exertions for the health, preservation and safety of the said Mandan Chief, his Wife and Child, Jesson (the Interpreter) his Wife and Child, and for preventing of any accidents to them, each and all of them —and if unfortunately, the said Mandan Chief, his Wife and Child, Jesson (the Interpreter) his Wife and Child, or all or either of them, should by any unavoidable accident or the death of all or either of them be fail to be ~~prevented from being~~ transported to the said Mandan Village, not by reason or through the fault, neglect, omission, want of care, or want of defence on the part of the said Company and detachment, the same being sufficiently proven to the Government of the United States, or to the particular officer or person charged and authorized to that effect, then the said sum of Seven thousand dollars herein after mentioned, shall be fully paid as is herein stipulated. If, on the contrary, the said Mandan Chief, his Wife and Child, Jesson his Wife and Child, should not be by the said Company safely delivered at the Mandan Nation or Village through the fault, omission, neglect or want of defence on the part of the said detachment, then the said Company shall not be entitled to the sum of Seven thousand dollars herein after covenanted to be paid nor any part thereof; and all sum or sums of money by the said Lewis advanced to the said company by reason of this agreement, shall in the latter case, be by the said Company refunded and paid to the said Lewis, his successor in office, heirs, executors or assigns, on request—for the use and benefit of the United States.

Seventh.—The said Company shall cause the said Expedition, and detachment to Embark and Start from Saint Louis aforesaid, on or before the Twentieth day of April next, and to proceed with all convenient and necessary speed to the place of destination—

and in case of any unforeseen accident, proventing the same before or on that day then the said expedition, shall without any pretense of delay whatsoever embark, start and proceed as aforesaid, on or before the Tenth day of May then next, under the penalty for default thereof of paying to the said Lewis, his successor in office, Heirs, Executors or Assigns, to and for the sole use behoof and benefit of the said United States, the sum of three thousand dollars; lawful money of the United States.

Eighth.—The said Company shall safely convey such Goods, Wares Merchandizes Articles and Utensils as the Governor of the Territory shall deem necessary to send as Presents to the Indians up the Missouri, either by the said Agent Peter Chouteau, or by the said Mandan Chief.

Ninth.—The said Company shall immediately after the safe arrival at the Mandan Village of the said Mandan Chief his Wife and Child, the said Jesson, his Wife and Child dispatch a Messenger to the Governor of this Territory, with a written report giving him information thereof.

And the said Meriwether Lewis, for and on behalf of the said United States, and for and in consideration of the articles, conditions, stipulations and covenants herein before contained on the part of the said members of the Saint Louis Missouri Fur Company, doth hereby promise and covenant to and with the said Company their Heirs & Assigns as follows, To-wit—

First.—To pay to the said Company, their assigns, certain attorney or attorneys or to their authorized agent the sum of Seven thousand dollars lawful money of the United States, the one moiety or half part thereof on the request of the said Company, or a majority of the members thereof after the said detachment is fully formed, completed, armed, furnished and equipped to the approbation of the Governor of this Territory, and the remaining moiety, or half part, when information as aforesaid shall have been received from the said Company by the said Governor, that the stipulations and covenants herein before contained on the part of said Company have been fully, completely and *bona fide* performed and fulfilled.

Second.—The said Lewis shall not before the last day fixed herein for the departure of said expedition, ~~License or permit~~ authorize any other person or persons to ascend the Missouri any higher or further up said River than the mouth of the River La Platte, for the purpose of Trading with the Indians. Nor permit any party accompanying the said detachment or any other party, to ascend the River, go before or in advance of the said detachment commanded by said Choteau from the mouth of the said River La Platte, to the Mandan Village.

And it is further mutually understood, agreed and covenanted by and between the parties aforesaid, that in the absence of the Governor of this Territory, the direction and approbation of General William Clarke of Saint Louis in all matters and things in which the direction and approbation of the said Governor is required in this agreement, shall be as good, effectual and binding on the parties aforesaid, as if the same were given by the said Governor of this Territory personally.

For the true and faithful performance of each and every of the Conditions, Covenants, and Stipulations, herein before contained the said parties respectively, do hereby jointly and severally bind themselves, their Heirs, Executors, Administrators and Assigns each to the other in the penal sum of Ten thousand dollars lawful money of the United States.

In Witness Whereof the parties aforesaid have hereunto interchangeably set their hands and Seals, the day and Year and place first before written.

Signed sealed and delivered in presence of - - - - the words "be prevented from being" in the sixth article on the second page being first erased, and the words "fail to be" interlined at the same place, and the word "Permit" in the second article on the third page erased and the word "authorized" interlined before signing.

Wm. Clark
E. Hempstead

Meriwether Lewis (Seal)
Pre Chouteau (Seal)
Manuel Lisa (Seal)
Wm Morrison (Seal)
Ben Wilkinson (Seal)
A. P. Chouteau (Seal)
(Seal)
(Seal)

(Eight wafer and paper seals attached along right margin)

CONTRACT BETWEEN THE FUR COMPANY AND THOMAS JAMES

Articles of Contract and agreement, this Day entered into between Benjn Wilkinson Agent for the St. Louis Missouri fur Company of the one Part and Thomas James of the St. Louis District of the other part, Witnesseth, That the said Thomas James has this day engaged, promised and bound himself, and does by these presents engage, promise and bind himself to do and perform all and singular the services that may be required of him by the said Company in the prosecution of a voyage from St. Louis to the Head Waters of the Missouri, or to other Places on the Waters of said River Missouri, and to obey do and perform all Duties and lawfull Commands required of him the said Thomas James by such Person or Persons as have the management or command of the embarkation or expedition up the said River, among which Duties and Lawful Commands the following are recited, to wit—that the said Thomas James is to present himself in proper Person at the town of St. Louis at such Periods as the Company may deem Proper ready and prepared to commence said Voyage—that he is to labor and assist in the transportation of baggage, loading and unloading of Boats, rowing, towing and all other things connected with or relating to the safe and secure passage of Men, Baggage, Merchandise or other things from the town of St. Louis to the Head Waters of the said River, that on his Arrival there he is to Labor in trapping, hunting and collecting Furs, meats, Peltries, and to the best of his abilities, skill and cunning, and is to remain with said Company or to be removed by the said Company from place to place on the said Waters of the Missouri as may be deemed most to their advantage—always in case of a removal to assist in transporting baggage, merchandise &c., and finally is bound to do and perform all those things which men engaged under similar Circumstances and with the same Views, are bound to do and perform, obeying and executing with promptness all Lawful and reasonable orders which may be given him by those Persons who command the expedition, and the said Benjn Wilkinson in the Name and on behalf of the St. Louis Missouri Fur Company does covenant with the said Thomas James as follows to wit—that the said Thomas James shall be furnished with four men and the necessary Equipment for himself and four men for hunting and trapping and to allow him as full compensa-

tion one equal fifth part of his and the four men's hunt, this contract to continue for the term of three years, unless sooner discharged by the Company.

All which the contracting Parties aforesaid promise to do and perform under the penalty of Five Hundred Dollars, if either party shall break this Contract.

St. Louis March 29th 1809.

Thomas James.
Test
Benjamin Wilkinson
Jno A. Graham.
Agent for the said Company.

LIST OF DESERTERS

1 William Ferguson,
2 Joseph T. Willey,
3 J. Crump,
4 John Sluman,
5 Richard Windsor,
6 Warren White,
7 John Ferguson,
8 Dennis Cochran,
9 Moise Lemire,
10 François Hebert,
11 Joseph Cassé,
12 Michel Arnois,
13 John Collins,
14 John Burk,
15 Peter Fite,
16 Isaac Mallot,
17 Henry Oldridge,
18 John Blye,
19 John Davis,
20 Joseph Manseard,
21 Charles Bourguion,
22 Nicolas Brazeau,
23 Joseph Richard,
24 Joseph Guibeau (or Guibault) *dit* Parisien,
25 François St. Michel,
26 Louis Baril,
27 Nathan Fisher,
28 James Shields,
29 Nathan Shields,
30 Christopher Tool,
31 Richard Ware,

Discharged Because of Disability or Incompetency

1 William Montgomery,
2 Daniel Converse,
3 John Stubblefield,
4 B. La Becasse,
5 Zacharia Malin,
6 Bte. Janis,
7 Joseph Morris,
8 François Tison,
9 John Bellair,

Most of these men had obtained advances from the Company: the total amount of their indebtedness was about thirty seven hundred dollars. Some of them stole the canoe, which Lisa says, "was for the purpose of getting provisions for our men, and the safeguard of the expedition." Two of the deserters, Richard Windsor and John Collins, were men who had crossed the continent with Lewis and Clark. A man named John Collins was with Ashley, and was killed in the fight with the Arikaras, 2 June 1823.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF RAMSAY CROOKS

RAMSAY CROOKS, son of William Crooks and Margaret Ramsay, was born at Greenock, Scotland, 2 January, 1787, and died in New York, 6 June, 1859. He crossed the ocean to Canada in 1803, and came to St. Louis in 1805 or 1806. He and Robert McClellen undertook a trading voyage up the river, having been outfitted by Sylvestre Labbadie and Auguste P. Chouteau. Lisa met him at Fort Osage and wrote to General Clark 10 July, 1807,—"Mr. Croucks left this yesterday to join Mr. McClellan he said, and promised that he would wait for us there. If we do not find him there I will be compelled to take an assortment and go after him with my boat, which is the fastest going boat we have." The place where Crooks promised to wait was, evidently, at the Omaha village, where he was found. Crooks and McClellan followed the Fur Company's expedition up the river and were mistreated by the Sioux and had to retreat. In 1810 Crooks met Wilson Price Hunt at Mackinac and engaged with him for the Astoria expedition, the story of which is told in Irving's *Astoria.* On this journey he suffered almost incredible hardships. On his return he joined Mr. Astor in the American Fur Company of which he became the manager in the west and later the president. He married at St. Louis, 10 March, 1825, Emelie Pratte whose mother was a niece of Pierre Chouteau and a sister of Sylvestre Labbadie. They had several children most of whom survived their parents. Mr. Crooks was a man of high character and of great ability and energy.

LETTERS OF PIERRE CHOUTEAU TO WILLIAM EUSTIS, SECRETARY OF WAR

To the Honble Wm Eustis St. Louis November 22d—1809
Secretary of War

I have the honor to acquaint you that I returned to this Place, two days ago, From my Missoury Excursion After having accomplished the Principal objects of my Command as detailed in the orders and Instructions of the late Governor Lewis.

The mandane chief and his interpreter, together With their Wives and children Were Restored to their People on the 24th day of september Last

I shall have the honour of making my respects to You, in the City, in the course of a few Weeks, When the several incidents of this Expedition will be more minutely Reported to you.

The late Transactions in the indian department of Louisiana have been of so Extraordinary a character, that I am impelled, by the strongest motives to solicit an opportunity of Explaining Personaly the Share Which I have had in them.

I have the Honor to be with Great respect,
Sir, Your most obedt Servant
Pierre Chouteau.

The Honble
Wm Eustis
Secretary of War
Washington city

St. Louis, Dber 14—1809

The Honble
William Eustis,
Secretary of War,
Sir,

I had the honor of addressing you on the 22d ultimo announcing the safe arrival of the mandan chief, his wife and family at their nation and my return here.

At the date of that letter I had Proposed to give you a detail of the incidents on that voyage in person, but am now informed by the superintendent of Indian affairs that from the absence of some of the indian agents from the territory my actual Presence cannot without endangering the public service be dispensed with—as soon however as is practicable I shall, unless otherwise directed from your Department, leave this for Washington City.

In the mean time, in order to complete the duties required of me by the written Instructions of the late superintendent of Indian affairs dated June 8th 1809 (a copy whereof I now have the honor to enclose) as well as to show that those instructions have been my sole and only Guide in conducting this expedition; those incidents which have Occured in the prosecution of it are now submitted.—sensible that the detail will be lengthy, and Perhaps uninteresting, I still deem it my duty as a public agent to lay before the Government a minute & faithful account, that it may be seen whether my conduct merits a continuance of that confidence the Government has Placed in me or whether I have forfeited it.

Conformably to the orders of Governor Lewis before alluded to. I took the command of the expedition for the conveyance of the Mandan chief his wife and family to their nation—one expedition with the same object in view had failed; it was Impressed upon me that where the honour and good faith of the Government was Pledged and where I might be of service, that I ought not to hesitate, and the command though full of danger was accepted the more cheerfully, the detachment proceeded to fort osage where it was inspected and mustered by Capte clemson—the Panis, otto and Kanzas tribes of indians were there waiting for me with loud complaints because there were no merchants among them, and praying that some might be sent—they were referred to Governor Lewis—the expedition left fort osage and proceeded on, and saw no other indians untille it Arrived at the mahas, there, at the request of those indians, we went with the mandan chief to the mahas village, about forty leagues from this fell in with a band of three hundred & fifty of the Sioux, who had daily and continual communications with the indians further up the missoury—from them I learned that the sioux had formed them selves into twelve or fourteen bands, who alledging that they had been Promised a plenty of Goods, and cheap, and deceived for Two years, would be deceived no longer, and conceiving that the Boats of the expedition, were loaded with merchandize, they intended each Band to seize a Boat—after this we met large numbers of the prairies sioux, one of the most barbarous tribes of indians, who are said to be from two thousand five hundred, to three thousand strong—the chiefs of this tribe said they remembered now, that I had treated them with Great hospitality at saint Louis, and on that account the party should not be molested—and I am convinced that to Persuation and favor, and not to the strength of the detachment, is to be attributed our having Peaceably Passed that nation—agreably To my Instruction I attempted to avail my self of an auxiliary force of three hundred sioux, to cooperate with the detachment against the ricaras and was refused, they said one tribe ought not to countenance an attempt to destroy another, and if I still persisted in that resolution my self and Party might be destroyed before we reached the ricaras. for the more perfect safety of the mandan chief and his family, as well as to secure success to the enterprize, I then determined to engage some of the chiefs of the sioux to accompany us to the ricaras, and succeeded in Procuring six of the principal chiefs—the expedition then departed, and arrived and encamped on the Bank of the river near the ricaras—there the detachment made a martial appearance and conducted with perfect Good order, the ricaras expecting their village was to be attacked, sent away their old men, women and children. Eighteen or twenty of the chiefs and Principal men of the mandan nation fearing that another attack might be made on the Party who were Bringing their chief, had been waiting the arrival of the detachment for several days, and came to our encampment. those chiefs with the chiefs of the sioux who had Accompanied us, then demanded the Pardon of the Ricaras.—Without Giving them any assurences, I expressed a desire that some of the chiefs of the ricaras might come to my camp. four of their chiefs Soon after came, to whom I expressed my astonishment that no more of the chiefs of their nation had come. they replied that the alarm in their nation was Great, and the others dare not come.—the day being Far advanced I dismissed them under a promise of returning to the Council the next morning with more of their chiefs, none of them however appeared. I sent an interpreter to them to enquire the reason, Who was told that their nation was more alarmed and unless *hostages* were Given to them they would not again appear at the council. Anxious to hold a council with their nation, four of the Principal Persons of the detachment were Given as hostages—Eight of their Principal chiefs immediately came to the council—I told them that their Great father the president of the united states had sent me to conduct the mandan chief to his village a second time. the first time you Permitted your selves to fire upon the colors of your Father, and to attack his men— I have orders to destroy your nation, but the chiefs of the sioux and mandan nations have united together and interceded for your Pardon. at their Particular request, I shall Ground my Arms, until new orders can be received from your Great father who alone can pardon or destroy.—You may now call back your old men, your wives and children, who have fled and secreted themselves—the mandan chief who had hitherto been kept in the Boat was sent for

I presented him to them and observed to them,—this chief and his family are under the safe conduct and protection of the united states, I am obliged to deliver them at their village, and if any of your tribes shall dare to molest them, I shall put fire to your villages. the chiefs of the ricaras then took the mandan chief by the hand, saying, if they fired upon him the first time, it was because the principal chief of the nation was then absent; that the death of their chief in the united States had been the cause of Great dissatisfaction in their nation, but that he might with Great safety now pass in their villages without fearing any thing—it may be proper to observe here, that five or six hundred of the Ricaras believing that they would be attacked had Provided themselves with Guns, ammunition and horses, the hostages were returned and the detachment then embarked for the mandan Nation, where it arrived without further obstruction. I then caused the mandan nation to be assembled, as also the minnetaré and ahwapaway nations of indians, in council, and presented to them the mandan chief, his wife and family, who were received with the Greatest demonstration of joy, I explained to them the cause of his detention.

I then demanded of him the presents which had been sent by him to be distributed among these nations, he replied that the presents he had brought were not to be distributed, they were all his own. this seemed to occasion Jealousies and difficulties among all the tribes, and the more so as "One Eye" the great chief of the minetaries had in a quarrel a few days before murdered one of the Principal men of the mandans—I then Presented to "One Eye" the large medal and flag in the name of his Great father The President of the United States, and as a token of the amity & friendship of the United states twords his nation, and to prevent any further misunderstandings between the mandans and the minetaries and to appease the Jealousies which had been created by the refusal of the mandan chief to have the presents distributed, I distributed among them sixty Pounds of Powder, and one hundred & Twenty Pounds of the Ball which had been furnished for the contemplated warfare with the ricaras, and ten pounds of vermillion, and one hundred and fifty Pounds of tobacco, which seemed to restore harmony amongst them.

Two days before my arrival at the mandan village information was Given me, that three persons belonging to the British north

West Company were at the village. Immediately sent forward an Express desiring them to await my arrival but they feared being detained and departed: they however informed a white man who Resides at the mandan village, that the north west company had erected a fort at the three forks of the missoury.—this information is believed to be true from the circumstances of about thirty American Hunters, who had used to visit the mandan village, not being seen nor heard of since about eighteen months. Had my orders not required my Immediate return from the mandan's, I should have ascertained the truth or falsehood of the report.

On my return I saw at the river Platte Mrs. McClelland, Crooks & miller who were licensed to trade & Hunt in the upper Parts of the missoury. In passing the *Prairie sioux* they with a party of Forty chosen men had been stopped and fortunately saved themselves by stratagem, taking advantage of the night and returned to Pass the winter where I saw them. those indians it is feared will continue to be troublesome, and commit depredations upon the traders until they are regularly supplied with merchandize

I have thus Given you a faithful, and I trust satisfactory, detail of a voyage in which I have encountered many difficulties and dangers, and which was by me undertaken with the more pure motives, and in obedience to the express orders which I conceive my self bound most rigidly to obey.

If the confidence of the Government in me has been or is about to be diminished, I shall not fail to regret it as one of the most unfortunate events of my Life. . . . . . .

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JOHN COLTER

John Colter

was born in Virginia, but removed to Kentucky and lived at Maysville where he joined the Lewis and Clark expedition in the fall of 1803. He rendered efficient service on the journey, and upon the return of the expedition when the Mandan villages were reached, in August 1806, he applied to the Captains for permission to leave the party and join two trappers (Forest Hancock and Joseph Dickson) who had been met on the Yellowstone, and who proposed an expedition up the river in which they were to find traps and give him a share of the profits. Lewis and Clark gave him the desired permission and parted with him with regret. As Lisa's party ascended the river in 1807 they met Colter at the mouth of the Platte on his way down and Lisa persuaded him to return. It was probably during the Autumn of this same year that he made the lonely journey during the course of which he discovered the wonders of the district now known as Yellowstone Park. He returned to St. Louis in the spring of 1810. While in St. Louis he brought suit against the estate of Meriwether Lewis in which he obtained judgment for $377.60, which was however uncollectable because of the insolvency of the estate. John Bradbury met him near his home in Franklin County Mo. (near where Dundee station on the Missouri Pacific railroad now is) in March 1811. "He seemed to have a strong inclination to accompany the expedition," says Bradbury, "but having been lately married, he reluctantly took leave of us." He died at his home in November 1813. His wife, Sally, within two years after his death married James Brown. From the inventory of his estate it appears that Colter had been engaged in farming. His library consisted of "three histories." He seems to have been a typical example of the pioneer Virginia—Kentucky—Missourian, simple, fearless and trustworthy. He has his peculiar niche in the history of the country, and few characters have such romantic interest.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JOHN DOUGHERTY

It is with feelings far deeper and sadder than even similar bereavements usually call forth, that we record the death of one of our oldest, most useful and most respected citizens. On Friday, the 28th ult., at 6 P. M., Major John Dougherty, breathed his last, at his residence in this county—full of years and full of honors, he fell asleep surrounded by his sorrowing wife and children (whose gentle and assiduous attentions, for long weeks had soothed the intense suffering of the stricken husband and father). Major Dougherty was born near Bardstown, Nelson County, Ky., 12 April 1791—and hence, was nearly approaching his three-score and ten years.

Impelled by an energy and self-reliance that characterized him in all his subsequent life, at the early age of seventeen he took leave of his family and the familiar friends and loved scenes of his childhood, came to the wild forests of Missouri Territory, and commenced the battle of life, gallantly and unaided—marked ever by true merit, and ultimately crowned with eminent success. Descended from an early pioneer, to the "dark and bloody grounds"—the tales of adventure more thrilling than romance—so permeated a bold and enterprising nature, that it is not astonishing that his first essay in active life should have been one of extreme danger, peril and hardship. In the year 1808, soon after his arrival in the French Village of St. Louis, he became connected with a company for the purpose of traversing the plains, crossing the Rocky Mountains, and descending the Columbia to its mouth. This trip is now destitute of romance; it has become common—it is the work of a few months—not so fifty-two years ago—then it was a *terra incognita*— the labor of years and full of danger—as the wily savage watched for the daring adventurer along his entire voyage. He spent many years in hard and dangerous enterprises in the Indian country, in which he became more perfectly acquainted with the habits, manners, tastes, and peculiarities of the North-Western tribes, than any man ever did before, or since—and no man has ever acquired such an influence over them—this did not result so much from his peculiar knowledge of them, as it did from the man himself—his face, his form, his physique, were perfect; a commanding and easy dignity, a bright and intellectual eye; an unvarying candor, and directness in all his intercourse with them, at once pleased, charmed and overawed them. For these reasons added to his intelligence, business habits, and high sense of honor, he was selected by his Government as the principal Agent for all tribes from the border of Missouri to the crest of the Mountains; and this position he retained for nearly twenty years; and, although an unwavering Whig, Gen. Jackson was too good a patriot, and had too much regard for manly worth, to dispense with his invaluable services—it was left to his wily successor to inaugurate the corrupting policy "that to the victors belong the spoils." Major D. soon after, removed to this county, and was elected one of her Representatives in the hard contest of 1840; and well and faithful to the State and county did he discharge every duty. His strong common sense, his large fund of acquired knowledge—much from books, but more from men (that volume of rich treasures to him who can read and understand it—and few possessed the charmed key that unlocks and reveals human nature in its inmost recesses, and used it with a master's hand, more perfectly than the deceased),—his bland manners, his high social qualities, his rich and unfailing fund of pure and original anecdote, gave him an enviable standing in the House; and has left garnered up in the memories of his fellow-members, the most kindly and respected feelings; and not one of them will hear of his death without feelings of sadness and sorrow.

In all the relations of life, Major D. was a most excellent citizen—his hightoned patriotism, confined to no party and no section, embraced all that the Constitution and Union of his country embraced—public spirited and liberal in the rearing and endowing schools, colleges and churches; building railroads, and all other public works; he was of the first to start them, and of the most liberal to sustain them. He was kind, courteous and hospitable, a good neighbor, a warm and devoted friend, and an affectionate husband; and he has given the best evidence, that man can give of the manner in which he had discharged the delicate duties of a father, in the social and moral deportment, usefulness and high standing of every one of his children. This is his best eulogy, and it was a cheering solace to him, when the dark shadows of death was slowly, but surely, falling over him. The last years of his life, like the first, were characterised by energy and usefulness, morality and virtue; and he died trusting in a merciful redeemer. The public and his many warm friends will deeply feel his loss, but none can feel as his bereaved wife and children, who received his last sign. This feeble tribute is from one who had known him long, and intimately, and known him with increasing admiration, respect, and friendship.

[Alexander W.] D[oniphan].

(From *The Liberty Tribune*, Friday, January 4, 1861.)

Major Dougherty was appointed United States Indian Agent in 1820. His headquarters were at Fort Leavenworth for the first ten years of his incumbency; at St. Louis for the years 1830-1833; then for a short time at Council Bluffs, and again at Fort Leavenworth where he remained until 1837, when his service terminated and he removed to Clay County, Missouri. He married at St. Louis, 13 November 1823, Mary, daughter of Joseph Hertzog and Catherine Wilt.

They had five children: Lewis Bissell, born at Fort Leavenworth, 7 December 1828, the first white American born in what is now the State of Kansas. He served in the Confederate Army as Captain in the Third Missouri Infantry, and is now living at Liberty, Missouri. Anne Elizabeth, born at Council Bluffs, 29 August 1824; she married General Charles F. Ruff, U. S. A., and died at Philadelphia, 11 July 1909. O'Fallon, born at St. Louis 5 June 1832. He was active as a banker and stock-raiser, but has now retired from business and is living at Liberty, Mo. John Kerr, born at St. Louis, 6 February 1835. He served in his brother's regiment in the Confederate Army, and was killed in the battle of Franklin, Tennessee, 30 November 1864,—a day long bemourned in Missouri. Mrs. Dougherty died in Philadelphia, 27 March 1873, aged seventy-four years. A large collection of Major Dougherty's letters and papers is in the archives of the Missouri Historical Society.

LETTER OF ANDREW HENRY TO FRANCOIS VALLE

5 June 1810

Dr. Francis.

Since you left the fort I was told by Charles Davis that some days past you expresd some regret at going down. If that is the case & you have any wish to stay, You shall have the same bargain which Manuel gave you last fall & better should you desire it. But on the other hand If you have really a wish to decend I will by no means advise you to stay but would rather advice you to go home to your family who I know will be extreemely glad to see you, alltho the pleasure of your company for a year in this wild country would be to me inestimable.

Should you continue down please present my respects to Joph Pratt & family, to Terry Weber, the Doctr Thomas Colo & Reuben Smith & all my friends, Geo. Bullit Doctr Elliot &c.

I am Dr Francis
very respectfully
yr friend
A Henry

Mr Francis Vallé
(Address)
Francis Vallé Eqr.
On the Madison
Mr. Davis)

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF WILLIAM WEIR

WILLIAM WEIR was born in Kentucky, probably in Muhlenberg County, in 1787, of Scotch-Irish parentage. He was of an adventurous spirit and left home at an early age to seek his fortune. He came to Missouri and enlisted with the Fur Company. He was one of the party who went with Henry across the mountains in the fall of 1810, and upon their return to the Missouri he remained at one of the forts and continued in the service for a number of years. He was an active, efficient man, brave and skilful, and took rank with Dougherty and Colter. In 1818 he was appointed by the Territorial legislature one of the commissioners to establish the county-seat of Cooper County, and in 1820 he was charged with a similar duty for Cole County. In 1819 and 1820, and perhaps for a longer time, he was justice of the peace in Moreau Township, Cooper County. About this time he married, and afterwards went to Crawford County where he cleared a farm and made a home for himself and family. The spirit of adventure was too strong in him to allow him to bide contentedly at home, and he joined a trading party on a trip through Texas to Mexico. He died at his home in Missouri in 1845, leaving ten children. One of them, John Weir, went to Texas in the 30's, and there did good service in helping to achieve the independence of the country. In 1853 he crossed the plains to California, and in 1858 he went to the Puget Sound country where he spent the remaining years of his life, and where his descendants remain. To Allen Weir, Esq., of Olympia, I am indebted for much of the information about his grandfather given above.

INTERVIEW WITH PIERRE MENARD, JULY 1810

A few days ago Mr. Menard with some of the gentlemen attached to the Missouri Fur Company arrived here from their Fort at the head waters of the Missouri, by whom we learn that they had experienced considerable opposition from the Blackfoot Indians; this adverse feeling arose from the jealousy, prevalent among all savage (and some civilized) nations of those who trade with their enemies. The Crows and Blackfeet are almost continually at war. The Company detached a party to trade with the latter, This gave offence to the Blackfeet who had not the same opportunity of procuring Arms, &c. The Hudson Bay Factory* being several days journey from their hunting grounds, and with whom they cannot trade with equal advantage.

A hunting party which had been detached from the Fort to the Forks of Jefferson River were attacked in the neighborhood of their encampment on the 12th of April by a strong party of the Blackfeet, whom they kept at bay for sometime, but we are sorry to say unavailingly, as the Indians were too numerous; the party consisted of 14 or 15 of whom five were killed, say, Hull, Cheeks, Ayres, Rucker and Freehearty; Messrs Vallé, Immel and companions escaped and carried the unpleasant tidings to the Fort, but with the loss of Tents, Arms, Traps, &c.

Early in May George Druilard accompanied by some Delawares, who were in the employ of the Company, went out to hunt, contrary to the wishes of the rest of the party who were confident the Indians were in motion around them, and that from a hostile disposition they had already shewn it would be attended with danger, their presages were too true, he had not proceeded more than two miles from the camp before he was attacked by a party in ambush by which himself and two of his men were literally cut to pieces. It appears from circumstances that Druilard made a most obstinate resistance as he made a kind of breastwork of his horse, whom he made to turn in order to receive the enemy's fire, his bulwark, of course, soon failed and he became the next victim of their fury. It is lamentable that although this happened within a short distance of relief, the fire was not heard so as to afford it, in consequence of a high wind which prevailed at the time.

Adding all those untoward circumstances the Fur Company have every prospect of success, although the majority of the season was occupied in distributing the hunting parties and exploring the foot of the mountains: although they have had upwards of $12,000 worth of valuable furs consumed, yet they have been able to send down about fifty packs of Beaver, besides other Furs of a considerable amount and have taken measures to ensure more than double that quantity in the spring. (*Louisiana Gazette,* Thursday July 26th, 1810.)

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* The Hudson Bay Company have Factory's on the head waters of the Red River, on the same river the Mackinaw Com. have two trading houses; these houses are established for the purpose of procuring dried Buffaloe and Venison from the Missouri Indians, the north country being destitute of that kind of food. Our hunters who visited the british factories say that they are mostly Scotsmen having European wives, and living in well built log houses, and in possession of as much comfort as any person can enjoy so near the Pole—they were informed that the north sea was about 1800 miles from their Forts calculating the meanderings of the Red river.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF GEORGE DROUILLARD

George Drouillard

GEORGE DROUILLARD (Druyer, Drewyer) was the son of Pierre Drouillard and a Shawnee woman. His great grandfather Drouillard immigrated to Canada in the latter part of the seventeenth century, married at Quebec in 1698, and was one of the early inhabitants of Detroit, in which neighborhood his descendants still live. Pierre Drouillard was in the British service as Indian interpreter and agent, and was the means of saving the life of Simon Kenton, whom he found a prisoner at Sandusky. He married at Detroit in 1776, Angelique Descamps, of which marriage there were several children. A letter from George Drouillard to one of his half sisters is printed in Wheeler's *On the Trail of Lewis and Clark.* George probably came with his mother's people to Missouri in his early youth, as he describes himself as of the District of Cape Girardeau. We know little of him prior to his association with Lewis and Clark, though mention is made of him as being at Fort Massac and at Kaskaskia. He went to the Pacific and back with Lewis and Clark, and Lewis wrote of him,—"I scarcely know how we should subsist were it not for the exertions of this excellent hunter;" "a man of much merit; he has been peculiarly useful from his knowledge of the common language of gesticulation, and his uncommon skill as a hunter and woodsman; these several duties he performed in good faith, and with an ardor which deserves the highest commendation. It was his fate also to have encountered on various occasions, with either Captain Clark or myself, all the most dangerous and trying scenes of the voyage, in which he uniformly acquitted himself with honor." He was one of Lisa's chief men on the voyage of 1807, when he had the misfortune to shoot and kill Antoine Bissonette, a deserter, and for which he was tried, in St. Louis, and acquitted.

NOTICES OF THE EXPEDITION OF SMITH, McLANAHAN AND OTHERS TO SANTA FE IN 1809, WITH A LETTER FROM McLANAHAN TO GOVERNOR BENJAMIN HOWARD

We are informed that about the 20th ult. Capt. R. Smith, Mr. M'Lanehan and a Mr. Patterson set out from the district of St. Genevieve upon a journey to St. a Fee, accompanied by Emanuel Blanco, a native of Mexico. We presume their objects are mercantile; the enterprise must be toilsome and perilous, the distance being computed at 5 to 600 miles, altogether through a wilderness heretofore unexplored. (*Louisiana Gazette*, Thursday, 28 December, 1809.)

Mr. Editor
Sir.

I learn that some gentlemen of the district of St. Genevieve have set out with an intention of visiting Mexico, as far as St. a Fee, the capital of that Kingdom, their shortest rout will be through the great Osage Nation to the source of the Arcansas river, where they will fall in with the Aytan or Padoca nation, who will conduct them to St. a Fee where they will meet with the good and benevolent gentleman in the person of the Governor of that province who is also colonel of the troops stationed there. The governor general of the upper provinces has given his positive orders to send in all strangers who may arrive at that corner of the Kingdom. In obedience to orders, they will be conveyed 600 miles south to his residence where they will be tried as smugglers or spies, as these gentlemen will not come under either of those denominations they will be imprisoned a few months and then sent to the first U. S. post.

A. Traveller.

(*Louisiana Gazette*, Thursday, January 4, 1810.)

Last November we announced the departure for St. Fe, of three of our citizens and a Spaniard as a guide (Manuel Blanco) to open a commercial intercourse with the upper provinces of Mexico. Since that period we have had no communication from that quar-

ter; we then ventured to express some fears for their safety, grounded on that narrow policy exhibited in Spanish America: which alas were too well founded.—From one of our late eastern papers we extract the following paragraphs:

Philadelphia, August, 14th

It appears that Bonaparte's plans against the Spanish dominions in America have not had that happy issue which he contemplated, and that his stratagems have not produced the least effect on the loyalty of the Spanish Americans, which is not inferior to that which the inhabitants of the peninsula have manifested for their sovereign Ferdinand VII.

Three Americans, and a Spaniard called Blanco, spies or emissaries of Bonaparte, have been arrested at Chihuagua by Don Nemesio Salcedo, in consequence of the seasonable advices which the Vice Roy of Mexico communicated to the commandant general of said province, that these persons had arrived at Upper Louisiana from Baltimore and were going to the town of St. Fe. These four individuals were travelling with two negro slaves amongst the Indian tribes subject to this province, without any passports from the Spanish authorities of Ferdinand VII from the place whence they proceeded, which is indispensably necessary in order to enter the Spanish dominions without being considered as a spy; there were found in their possession a paper written in English and a letter from the curate of St. Genevieve in France* also thirteen fire arms, six cutlasses, three axes and five flasks of powder. In their first declaration they stated that the object of their journey from Upper Louisiana, was no other than to establish themselves in the dominions of his majesty Ferdinand VII, to whom they were greatly attached; as if persons going from this country to the Spanish possessions were ignorant that it is requisite to have permission from the government and the necessary passports from the established authorities to obtain an entrance into the Spanish territories. They were immediately conducted to the Castle of St. Elezario for trial, it will not be long before they will suffer the punishment due to such traitors according to the strict orders of the council of regency of Spain and the Indies, that in case of this nature justice should not be delayed in order to purge the Spanish soil of such vermin."

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* Mark the pretended ignorance of those bloodhounds, they knew these gentleman were from St. Genevieve in the *Territory* of Louisiana, they well knew the character of the worthy pastor (Rev. Mr. Maxwell), whose letters of credence they bore.

Vermin! what a prostitution of language! Messrs. Smith, M'Clanahan and Patterson strangers to the policy of Mexico and the monkish barbarism of the natives, they conceived they would visit white men clothed with the christian name; unhappy credulity! They would have found more generosity in the breast of an Arab, more hospitality in the den of a Hiena.—*The assassins of Mexico have ere this butchered three respectable inhabitants of Louisiana!!* Men whose virtues were admired by all who knew them. Men who never dreamt of coalesing with any hostile party, who would not resign the name of American Citizen for all the honors in the gift of a Joseph Bonaparte, or the blood stained gold of Mexican Inquisitors. Yet a little while and a day of terrible retribution will arrive. (*Louisiana Gazette,* October 4, 1810.)

We understand that Mr. Bates sometime since, in the exercise of the government, has transmitted to Mr. Crittenden the Attorney General now on the circuit at St. Genevieve, information of the arrest, by the Osage Indians of eight men who were found in their country without licenses; That Capt. Walker, late of the United States Army, is one of the prisoners, and the head of the party.

In connection with the foregoing, a report also circulates which we believe to be authentic, that the secretary's dispatches to the Attorney General, contain some confessions or avowals of Capt. Walker, and of Mr. Scott, one of his associates, of an enterprise contemplated against the Mexican provinces—Capt. Walker's party it seems was in advance of the main body, for the purpose of ascertaining the most convenient route. Three hundred men, well equipped, from Kentucky, Tennessee and the Illinois Territory, were expected to rendezvous at the mouth of the Canadian forks of the Arkansas River by the 25th of this month.— The object is said to be the release of Messrs. Smith, M'Clanahan, Patterson and others; and to bring off what gold they could conveniently seize; or (if such a course offered fairer prospects of speculation) to join the revolutionary party.

We are happy to know, that our local officers are properly impressed with respect to the positive wrong and the mischievous tendencies of these illicit expeditions. (*Louisiana Gazette,* March 14, 1811.)

St. Louis, June 18, 1812.

To His Excellency
Governor Howard:

Sir,

From the nature of the government under which the undersigned are proud to consider themselves citizens, and from the character of those who now administer it, they are persuaded that the subjoined statement of facts and annunciation of views will excite a becoming interest and obtain a just countenance from those to whom they are now unreservedly communicated. From a government whose object and whose operation are the protection of *all* we presume to think that the knowledge of the sufferings of *any* should not be withheld. Having suffered in what we conceive a laudable pursuit from the tyranny of a foreign government, we feel that we have a right to make it known, and meditating further enterprize we consider it a duty to declare to you, sir, and through you to the paternal government of the union, that projected as it has been with honorable views, it shall not be commenced in secrecy or deception.

Indulging in common with our fellow citizens of the United States a portion of that spirit of enterprize which has with unparalelled rapidity advanced our country in the scale of prosperity and happiness the undersigned commenced in the autumn of 1809 a journey into the interior provinces of Spain going west of Louisiana, for the purpose of geographical and commercial information. The suspicious jealousy and unaccountable opposition of the Spanish government to the diffusion of information were well impressed on our minds. But it is known to your excellency that a new era has taken place. The Spanish monarchy in Europe was shaken to its centre. The Dynasty was completely set aside. The spirit of change and of consequent amelioration had pervaded many of the governments on the continent of America. Successful revolutions had been vouchsafed to some, and with all, an intercourse on a more friendly and familiar footing from the corresponding sections of the United States was established or meditated. We forbear to enlarge on those considerations of a reciprocal interest and a just policy which recommended the establishment of such an intercourse. In the spirit of these considerations, and under the genius of our liberal institutions our tour was commenced, but ere it was permitted to us to traverse the territory claimed by the United States, its progress was averted and its objects frustrated. On the head waters of Red River we became the prisoners of the armed agents of the Governor of Santa Fe. As such we were guarded and conveyed to the capitol of the Province. From thence we were in some time transmitted, in irons, to Chigugua, the capitol of the four interior provinces. At this place we were separated and committed to distinct places of confinement for nearly a year. We were afterwards brought back to Chigugua where we remained for nearly another year under circumstances of suffering and privation which we feel unwilling to detail, and of ignominy from which we would equally banish reflection. To this situation whether characterized by distress or insult we should have found submission more tolerable had we supposed that it had been incurred by any conduct of our nation or of ourselves, or that those who were the authors of the punishment inflicted, could themselves assign a reason for their cruelty. But the despotism which ruled us was sullen and silent as it was unmerited and unmeaning—alike inaccessible to remonstrance on our part and to explanation on that (of) its author. Having experienced some inconsiderable and occasional relaxation of our confinement during its latter period, and having that confinement attributed by vague, indefinite and remote insinuations to secret information relative to the hostility of our views we were enlarged without further accusation, without a shadow of trial, with the loss of health and of property, and in poverty and rags commanded to find our way by the most direct route to the territory of the United States.

We feel desirous to guard your excellency from inferring from this detail that the treatment we received in the Spanish Provinces met with the approbation of the inhabitants thereof or excited no sympathy for our fate. As far as information could be collected in our situation, embarrassed too as we were by the difficulties of an unknown tongue, and the suspicions of a tottering government we have no hesitation in avowing that the conduct exhibited us was condemned by all but the immediate dependants of government. That a free and reciprocal intercourse with the citizens of these states was ardently desired by them, and that our return under more auspicious circumstances and with whatever views would be hailed by them with joy and exultation. The causes which produced the treatment of which we have complained may not again operate, the same concurrence of events may not again take place, there may be nothing to awaken the suspicion of a feeble government, or if awakened facts may present themselves in such a shape as to allay or render it harmless.

These impressions, Sir, are indelibly fixed on our minds and we are determined to obey their promptings. We consider it due to the nation not to abandon an intercourse which is not denied in others of the Spanish Provinces. We consider it due to ourselves to avail ourselves of the advantages of our local situation—we consider the admonition of our patriotick President equally acceptable to the private citizen and the legislator, to watch the events that are developing themselves in that interesting portion of our continent and not to be unprepared for whatever may take place. As we quote from memory, these may not be the words of Mr. Madison. They however convey his ideas on the subject.

The reasons Sir, which suggested to us the laudable nature of our first enterprize operate now upon us with double force. Although blindfolded as it were by tyranny we have yet seen enough to awaken enquiry and stimulate exertion. Instructed by hard experience we can form some idea of the difficulties we may have to encounter. We think we can calculate the amount of opposition, we feel that we can justly appreciate the glowing reception we shall meet from the unfortunate, the imbruted American Spaniards. Like most children of hope we realize to ourselves some compensation for shattered constitution for injured fortune and lost time. We flatter ourselves with the power of making valuable additions to geographical knowledge, of communicating a correct view of wants to be supplied and productions to be exchanged.

In a former part of this letter we have taken the liberty of submitting to your excellency a brief statement of our situation while we remained in the Spanish Provinces, but we are aware that at present it cannot be made the subject of remonstrance much less of redress. We think it however not unworthy of record, as far as it has reference to us as citizens of the United States, or as it may have influence on our own individual conduct. We have full confidence that in future negotiations it will receive that attention which its merits demand. We have mentioned only because we believed it proper, and we shall think of it only as far as it may be useful. In our persons we have considered the sovereignty of the American people insulted, and with views of honest industry in again visiting these provinces we have no disposition to forget what is due to personal respect or to patriotism.

The enterprize, Sir, which we contemplate undertaking may as you will readily perceive be attended with difficulty and danger, and its features may be varied by unexpected occurrences. It is therefore impossible to give you as distinct a view of it as we could wish. The intentions with which it is undertaken and the means by which it is to be conducted may be partially collected from the communication which is now hastely presented to you. And we cannot permit ourselves to apprehend that the countenance and approbation of our venerated government will be withheld from an expedition, whose views we know to be correct, whose means we pledge ourselves shall be honorable, which may make large contributions to national prosperity, may extend the bounds of knowledge and multiply the means of happiness.

Signed in behalf of Reuben Smith, James Patterson & myself

J. McLanahan.

(In Dalton Collection of Manuscripts in Archives Missouri Historical Society.)

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JAMES BAIRD

JAMES BAIRD was born at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in July 1787, where he learned the trade of blacksmith and bear-trap maker. He was married at Path Valley, Pennsylvania, in September 1784, and soon after established himself at Fort Duquesne. In May 1786, he removed to Erie, and in March 1809 to Pittsburgh. In August 1810 he came to St. Louis and started a blacksmith shop on Main Street and Clark Avenue. The next year he built a shop on Third Street between Spruce and Plum, which later was the first St. Louis Theater. In 1812 Baird together with Robert McKnight, William Chambers, Benjamin Shreeve, Alfred Allen, Michael MacDonough, William Mines, Peter Baum, Thomas Cook and François Maille started on an expedition to Santa Fé. They were at Fort Osage, on the Missouri, 4 June, 1812, and as Gregg says that they followed the direction of Captain Pike, they probably went to the southwestward instead of following the South fork of the Platte, which was previously the usual course. When they reached Santa Fé they were arrested and sent to Chihuahua, where they were kept in prison for upwards of nine years for entering the country without passports. In the *St. Louis Enquirer* of 12 July, 1820, it is said that "the progress of the revolution in Spain has forced from that miserable wretch Ferdinand VII, an order for setting at liberty all such Americans of the United States as have been made prisoners within his dominions," and that the individuals named above, except Chambers, who is not mentioned, will be entitled to their liberty in consequence of the above order. "It is said that two of the party contrived early in 1821, to return to the United States in a canoe which they succeeded in forcing down the Canadian fork of the Arkansas" (Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies*, p. 20). One of these was Baum whom James saw in St. Louis before his departure: the other, James says, was one of Pike's men. Baird is said to have made the trip from Santa Fé back to St. Louis without company. He and his old partner, Chambers, organized a second expedition which left St. Louis late in the fall of 1822. They were caught in a blizzard at the crossing of the Arkansas; they lost all of their animals and were compelled to spend the winter at that place. They got through in the spring and went to Chihuahua where they sold their goods at such prices as made the venture a successful one. Baird died at El Paso del Norte, in December 1826. Much of the information about Baird is derived from a manuscript, by Capt. J. W. Baird of Louisville, in the archives of the Historical Society.

In an article in the Southwestern Historical Quarterly for January 1916, p. 256, is a letter from Baird to Ramirez, the chief officer of the El Paso district, of date 26 October, 1826, stating that he had entered upon the enjoyment of the rights of Mexican citizenship, having resided in the provinces for fourteen years, and complaining, as a citizen of the great Mexican nation, against the extraordinary conduct of some foreigners, Anglo-Americans, who were hunting beaver in the Mexican territory and begging that the foreigners be confined to the limits which the laws permit them, "and that we Mexicans may peaceably profit by the goods with which the merciful God has been pleased to enrich our soil."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JACQUES CLAMORGAN

JACQUES CLAMORGAN came to St. Louis before 1784, and died there about the 11th day of November, 1814, aged eighty years. It is said that he came from Guadelupe and was of Portuguese birth or descent. There is less to be learned about him than about any other man of equal prominence of his day. This may be because of the fact that he was of alien blood from the French and Spanish inhabitants, and without family connections in St. Louis. And it may be because his manner of life did not commend itself to the people. He maintained a harem of negro or mulatto slave women whom he emancipated when they bore him children. Among his grandchildren was a son of Lord Edward Fitzgerald who visited St. Louis in 1789. Clamorgan was active, bold and enterprising as a trader, and obtained from the Spanish government grants of immense tracts of land in what is now Missouri and Arkansas amounting in all to about one million arpents. (For information as to one of these "claims" see U. S. Reports 11 Otto 822.) He was the leader in the company formed at St. Louis in 1794, for trading on the upper Missouri. He also traded in partnership with Regis Loisel, with Isaac and Andrew Todd of Montreal, and was the representative of Daniel Clark of New Orleans. In 1807 he and Manuel Lisa sent a barge load of goods to New Mexico with a party commanded by Louison Baudoin. Among Flint's boatmen, in 1816, was a man who "had been in the Spanish country, through which he had penetrated by the almost interminable courses of the Arkansas and Red River;" most likely one of Baudoin's men. Clamorgan, notwithstanding his great business activity, left but a small estate at his death, out side of his land grants which were never confirmed by the United States.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JULES DE MUN

Jules de Mun

JULES DE MUN was born of French parents at Port au Prince in the Island of San Domingo, 25 April 1782, and died at St. Louis, 15 August 1843.

His family was of the ancient nobility of the old Province of Bigorre in the south of France. When quite young he was sent with his brother to France to be educated. The negro outbreak in San Domingo drove his parents from the island, and, France being then in the throes of the Revolution, they took refuge in England. Jules and his brother were sent for, and escaped from France in disguise in charge of a faithful family servant. The father, Jacques de Mun, died in England about the beginning of the nineteenth century. His widow remained in England until 1808 when she brought her family to this country and made her home at Ste. Genevieve.

Jules de Mun soon after established himself at St. Louis, and here, on 31 March 1812, he married Isabel, daughter of Charles Gratiot and Victoire Chouteau. In September 1815, de Mun went on a trading and trapping expedition to the head waters of the Arkansas River in partnership with August P. Chouteau, and some account of his adventures is given in a letter written by him to Governor Clark, which is printed in *American State Papers* Vol. 4, Foreign Relations, p. 207. Mr. de Mun removed with his family to Cuba in 1819, and remained there, engaged in coffee planting, until 1830 when he returned to St. Louis. Shortly after his return he was appointed Secretary and Translator to the United States Board of Commissioners which was charged with the duty of adjusting the titles to French and Spanish land grants in Missouri, the duties of which positions he discharged with marked ability. He was afterwards appointed Register of the United States Land Office at St. Louis, and later elected Recorder of Deeds of the County of St. Louis, which latter office he held at the time of his death. He left surviving his widow and five daughters. Madame de Mun died in St. Louis 13 July 1878. Four of the daughters married in St. Louis, Isabella, the eldest, to Edward Walsh, Esq.; Julia to Leon Chenie; Louisa to Robert A. Barnes, and Emélie to Charles Bland Smith, Clara, the youngest daughter, died unmarried. Descendants of Mrs. Walsh and Mrs. Chenie now live in St. Louis.

OBITUARY NOTICE OF MATTHEW LYON

Died, at Spadre Bluff, Arkansas Territory, on Thursday, the first of August, after a short illness, Colonel Matthew Lyon, United States' Factor for the Cherokee Nation on the Arkansas, aged 76 years.

Colonel Lyon was born in Ireland but emigrated to America at a very early period of his life. He was one of the first settlers in Vermont, and married a daughter of one of the early governors of that State. During the Revolutionary war, he took an active part in support of the liberties and independence of his adopted country. After the war he was chosen to fill several important civil offices. He was a member of the Convention that formed the constitution of Vermont, and was several times elected to the Legislature of that State. About 1779 he was elected a Representative to Congress by the people of Vermont.

Having been unsuccessful in an extensive manufacturing establishment in which he was engaged in Vermont, and having a young and growing family to provide for, Col. L. determined to emigrate to the Western Country. Accordingly about the year of 1802 he removed to Eddyville, Kentucky, on the Cumberland river, where he was for some time extensively engaged in the exporting and ship building business.

In 1803 he was elected a Representative in Congress from Kentucky, and was re-elected during the succeeding twelve years. He was also several times elected to the Legislature of that State.

While in Congress, no man was more attentive to the interests of his constituents than Col. Lyon; he likewise evinced his usual zeal and patriotism on all important national questions. During 20 years of his life he has been a member of different State Legislatures, was a member of Congress during 14 sessions, and has been a member of 7 or 8 Conventions raised for revolutionary purposes or for forming or amending State Constitutions.

Having embarked his all in promoting improvements in his new settlement on the Cumberland, he, like many other enterprizing and useful men, was unfortunate, and in the decline of life, had the misfortune to find himself reduced from affluence to poverty. His friends having made his misfortunes known to the Executive, he was, in 1820 appointed to the situation, which he filled at the time of his death.

About 6 or 7 months after his arrival in this Territory, an election took place for Delegate to Congress. He announced himself as a candidate, and notwithstanding his advanced age, the short time he had been in the territory, and the respectable standing of his opponent, he nearly succeeded in being elected.

In private as well as public life, the character of Col. Lyon stood fair; his manners were calculated to make friends; he was frank, generous and sincere. (*Missouri Intelligencer*, Oct. 4, 1822—From *Arkansas Gazette.*)

For an account of Lyon's prosecution and imprisonment under the Sedition Law, of which he was the first victim, see 2 McMaster's *History*, pp. 399-402. Also Pliny H. White's *Life and Services of Matthew Lyon*, Burlington, 1858.

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